

Defy The Alpha(s) - Chapter 913: Gave Everything She Had[1,535 words]

Violet stood floating in the air, staring down at the district she had once called home.

She had never thought she cared much about this place. In fact, growing up, all she had ever wanted was to leave District One behind. Yet now that it stood on the verge of destruction, she found herself unable to look away.

The streets and buildings were familiar to her. It was her roots. To think President Roy had the audacity to blow it all up.

Technically, the virus had started in Aster City and yet they had done everything in their power to contain it. Resources had been poured into it while solutions had been explored. He had fought desperately to keep it under control.

But when it came to District One, the quickest solution was to bomb it? Why? Because it was home to the poor masses and not the rich?

Even if the situation had spiraled beyond control, there should have been evacuation efforts for the humans still trapped inside.

Instead they chose destruction.

The thought alone sent anger coursing through her veins, and that anger fueled her power. Darkness moved around her in vast waves before spreading across the streets below.

Violet didn't need to think about how she had healed the zombies the first time. She didn't know the science behind it. All she understood was that she wanted to save them, and her powers responded to her desire.

The darkness surged across one street and swallowed an entire cluster of zombies. They dropped to the floor at once. Violet didn't need to fly down and check if it worked. Deep down, she knew.

So while their bodies began to change, the twisted flesh, gray skin and signs of decay breaking away to reveal healthy skin beneath, Violet had already turned her attention elsewhere.

She stretched out her hand and did it again. The darkness swept across another section of the district and more zombies collapsed. The rot vanished and their humanity returned.

She continued street after street. Everywhere her darkness passed, the infected fell.

Except there was a problem.

District One was too vast and despite everything she had already accomplished, it felt like she was doing nothing at all.

Asher and Micah had joined Alaric on the ground, rescuing as many civilians as possible.

Lightning flashed across entire roads as Alaric blasted away clusters of zombies after them. Asher moved from one group of survivors to another, directing them toward safety while putting down any infected that got too close. Micah was everywhere at once, appearing beside trapped families only to vanish with them a second later.

But the scale of it was overwhelming.

For the first time, uncertainty crept into Violet's chest. What if she wasn't powerful enough? Perhaps she had gone way over her head this time.

Meanwhile, back at the command center...

"Sir, I think you have to look at this."

General Graham frowned at the urgency in the data officer's voice and stepped toward the monitor.

Around him, the command room remained busy. Officers relayed information across channels while analysts monitored the bombers heading toward District One. The operation was proceeding exactly as planned.

Or so he thought.

The young officer enlarged a section of drone footage.

At first Graham saw nothing unusual. It was only one of the infected. But that was until the zombie who had collapsed on the street slowly pushed herself to her feet. Dirt covered her clothes and face, but that wasn't what drew attention.

She looked human.

"What is this?" Graham could not believe his eyes.

A murmur swept through the control room since they were getting similar videos.

"Sir..." the officer breathed. "I dare to say, I think she's reversing the infection."

"That is impossible," Graham said immediately.

The officer quickly pulled up more drone footage of recovered civilians.

A teenage boy sat in the middle of the road staring at his own hands in confusion. An elderly woman cried openly while touching her face as if reassuring herself she was still alive. A man looked around wildly, trying to understand how he had ended up surrounded by the chaos.

There was nothing feral about them. If anything, they looked disoriented like people waking from a nightmare.

The young man enlarged Violet's image again as she controlled the darkness rolling across the streets beneath her.

"Sir," he said, pointing toward the screen. "I think I figured out the pattern. Wherever that shadow of hers touches, it reverses the change."

His voice grew urgent.

"Sir, I think we have to call back the planes."

"What?" Graham said.

The officer turned fully toward him.

"General, if she's healing the zombies, then we have to give her enough time."

Graham's jaw tightened. Instead of answering, he looked toward another analyst.

"Have the pilots arrived?"

"One minute to target range, sir."

The analyst hesitated.

"Should I call them back?"

For a second, something like uncertainty passed across Graham's face. Then it vanished.

"No."

Nearly every officer in the room looked toward him, shocked.

The data officer stared. "But sir, if she really is curing them—"

"Then she should have appeared before the bombs started falling," Graham snapped.

Silence struck the room.

Graham pointed toward the screen.

"Look at the rate she's going. Do you think she's going to cover the whole district?"

The officer swallowed.

"But sir, we can give her time. She already shows promise. Even if it takes days, I'm sure she can do it, especially if it means saving lives."

"And what if she can't?"

"What?"

Graham folded his hands behind his back, glaring at the man. "What if her power has limits?"

The officer had no answer. He knew nothing about Violet Purple. Not to mention how her powers worked. Heck, this was the first time he was seeing her in action.

"What if the healing isn't permanent and those people revert?" His gaze swept the room. "Then we'd have a real crisis on our hands."

This time the officer couldn't say a word because Graham did have a point.

At least on the surface.

What nobody knew was that Graham wanted District One erased.

The District was infested with gangs, crime and poverty. To him, the place was a stain on the face of the United Dorminia. It was a vermin that would never fix itself. Not unless he did something about it.

"Sir," the officer tried one last time. "We can still give them a chance."

This time Graham called him by name.

"Officer Mike."

The young man immediately stiffened.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you take orders from me or is it the opposite?"

He lowered his head.

"No, sir."

"Then proceed."

The young man hesitated for only a second before transmitting the final authorization.

Graham stared at the screens with quiet satisfaction. Soon it would all be over.

Meanwhile, Violet continued healing the district. It was small progress, but it was something.

Even if it took her days, she wouldn't stop.

Only when President Roy saw the results would he give her a chance to continue.

She just needed enough proof that could not be denied. Then perhaps the humans would finally stop dropping bombs on their own people.

If only she knew.

Roman's voice suddenly echoed through the Matebond.

We have incoming.

Violet immediately looked up and her heart sank. Six planes approached from the horizon.

She frowned. Couldn't these people see what she was doing? She was saving their people!

"They can't drop those bombs," Violet said mentally. *"They'd be slaughtering innocent people."*

But no sooner had the words left her mouth than the lead aircraft released its payload.

For a second, Violet could only stare as the bomb fell. Then another. And another.

"No!" Violet screamed.

Something inside her shattered.

Perhaps it was desperation. Or perhaps it was the thought of watching innocent people die when she still had power left to give.

Just like that, darkness exploded from her body without warning or restraint. It burst outward like a tidal wave.

Roman had seen her powers behave like this before. It reminded him of the Fae Realm when she nearly destroyed the palace. Except this was different. It was more potent. More powerful.

The darkness rushed across the sky with terrifying speed. It slammed into the falling bombs and the impact shattered them instantly. Explosions lit up the heavens one after another, fire blooming across the sky.

Shockwaves rolled through the air. Even Roman, enormous in his dragon form, was pushed backward by the force.

But the darkness didn't stop there. It continued spreading beyond District One itself. The black wave stretched farther and farther until nobody could see where it ended.

Then Violet's strength gave out and the darkness vanished. She began to fall, her body dropping from the sky.

She had given everything. Every last ounce.

"Violet!"

Roman folded his wings and dove right after her. There was no way he was losing her. Not on his watch.

The wind screamed around him as he shot downward faster than he thought possible. Then his massive claws closed around her falling body. Relief slammed into him so hard it hurt.

Caught you.

His voice rumbled through the Matebond.