

Defy The Alpha(s) - Chapter 914: Violet Did It[1,551 words]

The moment Roman carefully lowered Violet to the ground, he shifted into his human form in the blink of an eye.

He immediately knelt beside her, checking her body for injuries. His hands moved across her arms, shoulders and face, searching for anything wrong.

There was none.

Relief washed through him. She was simply asleep. Somehow, even unconscious, she looked beautiful doing so.

Roman couldn't help tracing the slight bump of her stomach with his fingers.

How had he not noticed?

Then again, it had never crossed his mind that such a miracle was possible — they had been careful. Most times.

His chest tightened. There was a child in there. The thought alone filled him with an overwhelming urge to protect the little life growing inside her. Yes, whatever belonged to his mate brothers belonged to him too.

That baby was theirs, and he couldn't wait for the little rascal to come out so he could spoil him rotten.

Hopefully it was a boy. Or a girl. Actually, he didn't care. Except if it was a girl, absolutely no male would be allowed near her. He would murder the bastard with his bare hands.

The air beside him suddenly rippled. Micah stepped out of it.

"Tell me she's okay," he demanded immediately, concern evident in his voice.

"She's fine," Roman assured him. "Just exhausted."

"Well, I'd be exhausted too if I pulled off this much magical coverage," Micah muttered while looking around. There was genuine amazement in his voice.

Roman frowned.

"What are you talking about?"

"You haven't seen the..." Micah trailed off and slowly turned his head.

Roman followed his line of sight and his eyes widened. There were bodies everywhere. Not just in one location. Literally everywhere.

Now that he thought about it, he couldn't hear the constant growling of zombies anymore. The district was strangely quiet.

"No way..." he breathed.

Before Micah could say another word, Roman shifted into a bird and launched himself into the sky. The higher he flew, the clearer the picture became.

District One was littered with bodies.

Except those were the bodies of the infected and they were changing into humans. Some of them were already waking up, confused as hell.

Goddess above. She did it. Violet actually did it.

Then from the distance he heard a familiar voice shouting Violet's name.

Asher.

He was running toward her location with Griffin and Alaric not too far behind. Micah had vanished earlier, leaving them to cover the distance on foot.

Roman immediately folded his wings and dove. Halfway down, the tiny bird exploded into a massive green dragon. His wings spread wide as he surged toward his mate brothers.

They looked up, and immediately regretted it.

"No, no, no!" Alaric was still saying when Roman plucked him off the ground like a baby chicken.

Find something to hold onto. He commanded through the Matebond.

"You crazy bastard!" Alaric screamed as Roman tossed him onto his back. For one horrifying second he nearly slid clean off before grabbing hold of Roman's tail.

Roman glanced back.

Miraculously, the idiot was still hanging on.

Whether Alaric knew it or not, that was revenge for every single time he thought he had the upper hand over him.

Down below, Asher and Griffin immediately tried to run. Sadly for them, in dragon form they looked about as threatening as two cockroaches. Roman swooped lower and effortlessly scooped them up. One in each claw.

They failed but it accomplished absolutely nothing. On the bright side, the distance wasn't far, so they arrived in a matter of seconds.

Unlike Violet, whom he lowered with all the care in the world, Roman practically dumped Asher and Griffin onto the ground.

Alaric saw that treatment and didn't need to be told twice. The moment Roman descended low enough, he let go and landed on his own.

Roman shifted back into his human form. Except Alaric was waiting. A bolt of controlled lightning immediately struck his backside.

Roman yelped.

"Not the ass!" he cried. "Violet likes it!"

But Alaric was still furious. So he threw another bolt and Roman dodged it. Soon the two of them were sprinting around while Alaric tried to electrocute him and Roman ran for his life.

Micah watched the scene with complete disbelief. He looked down at his unconscious sister. Then at the two idiots, and finally back at Violet.

"The goddess really did you dirty with those two," he informed her.

At that moment Asher and Griffin finally reached Violet's side.

"Violet?"

Asher dropped to one knee beside her and carefully checked her over, relief immediately spreading across his features when he found her breathing.

"She's fine." Asher informed Griffin. That way the east Alpha was able to calm down.

Micah watched the both of them for a moment before nodding. "At least there's hope with these two."

Eventually, Alaric gave up trying to murder Roman. Not because he had forgiven him.

Far from it. The bastard was simply annoyingly difficult to hit.

He turned his attention toward what actually mattered.

Violet.

Asher already had her gathered carefully in his arms, holding her close against his chest. Though Violet was only asleep, the sight of her lying motionless still made something unpleasant twist inside Alaric's stomach.

"She'll be okay," Griffin said, coming to stand beside them.

Asher adjusted Violet slightly in his arms, brushing a strand of hair away from her face. The tension in his jaw had yet to leave.

"Micah. Take us out of here."

Micah didn't need to be told. "Got it."

Asher looked toward his remaining mates.

His expression hardened into that familiar Alpha look.

"Take care of things here."

Griffin nodded. He would handle Alaric and Roman.

The next second, Micah and Asher vanished together, taking Violet with them and leaving the rest behind in the middle of a district that had just witnessed a miracle.

Back at the command center....

The room had gone unusually quiet, every eye fixed on the screens. The drone footage swept across District One, showing bodies scattered across the streets. Except they weren't zombies anymore. The infected were recovering.

"Sir..." Officer Mike announced boldly. "The recovered subjects are displaying normal behavior. Violet Purple did it!"

While General Graham was speechless, the room had broken into low conversations.

"She actually did it."

"Are we certain?"

"Check the thermal readings again."

Several analysts hurried to verify the information. Minutes passed before one after another they arrived at the same conclusion.

The infection was gone.

One analyst pulled up the district map. Entire sections that had once been marked red were now turning green as more infected returned to normal.

General Graham could not believe what his eyes were seeing even though the evidence was right in front of him. Violet Purple had succeeded.

A communications officer stood abruptly. "Sir, if they're human again, we need rescue teams in there."

Another quickly added, "Medical personnel too."

"Emergency evacuation."

"Food and water supplies."

Suggestions immediately began flying across the room. For the first time since the crisis began, they weren't discussing destruction, but rescue now.

Graham closed his eyes and let out a deep breath. He ordered, "Deploy the helicopters."

The room instantly came alive as orders were relayed. Pilots were contacted with rescue teams mobilized. Even Medical units were placed on standby.

Graham turned toward communications.

"Get President Roy on the line immediately."

"At once, sir."

As the secure connection was being established, one analyst suddenly frowned at his screen.

"Sir, we're receiving new reports from Aster City."

"What now?" Graham asked.

The analyst swallowed.

"Civilians are posting videos. It seemed whatever Violet did, it extended there as well."

The man enlarged one of the footage showing people crying and hugging one another.

"Unbelievable," Graham said in shock. The realization hit the man like a freight train and he staggered back a step.

To think he had ordered Violet Purple killed if she interfered with the containment operation. If his order had succeeded, the cure would be gone and humanity would have been doomed.

His legs suddenly felt weak, and the room around him became a blur.

"Sir?"

One of the analysts looked up.

"President Roy is on the line."

But no response came from Graham.

The analyst frowned and looked closer.

"Sir?"

Except tears had filled Graham's eyes.

"Are you okay, sir?" the analyst asked carefully. This was the first time they were seeing the general this way.

Graham released a broken sound. Then he shook his head.

"No. I don't deserve to live."

The answer stunned everyone. Several officers exchanged confused looks.

Graham covered his face briefly with one hand. The weight of what he had almost done crushed down on him.

How close had he come? How close had humanity come?

The communications officer cleared his throat nervously.

"Sir... the president is waiting."

Graham slowly lowered his hand and accepted the call.

"General?" President Roy's voice came through the speaker. "Report."

For a moment, Graham couldn't speak. Then the dam broke.

His voice cracked. "We are safe, Mr. President. She did it. Violet Purple actually did it."

The disbelief, relief and guilt all came pouring out at once.

"The infection is reversing, Mr. President. District One is recovering."

He let out a shaky laugh. "We're finally safe."