

Chapter 7: The Point System

ARDEN

"Leave," he said, and I quickly turned around, preparing to head back to the common cafeteria when he spoke again.

"Not you."

I paused.

"You," he clarified, referring to the woman who had been lapping at his neck.

"What? Elias, we haven't even gotten to the good part yet."

I slightly turned around—and regretted it immediately. Her hand was hovering above his pants, squeezing what I assumed to be his cock. It was all too shocking. How could she touch it so casually?

Elias clicked his tongue and pushed her away. "I said, leave."

She looked annoyed but didn't argue. She shot a glare at me before slamming the door, leaving me alone with Alpha Elias.

I scratched the back of my neck. "My food is probably cold now. I should go."

But before I knew it, he was right in front of me, his face just inches from mine, hand on the door. I reached for the handle, but it wouldn't budge.

"Move," I said.

He raised an eyebrow, and I caved.



"Please?"

My tone was softer now, and for a moment, a flicker of amusement passed through his eyes. But it was quickly replaced by something more dangerous. He moved even closer, and I stepped back.

"W—what are you doing?" I stammered.

"So...", he started. "You didn't come here for a session?"

"I still don't know what session you're talking about," I sighed.

"This," he said, bringing his face closer before I could react. I knew our lips were about to touch. I didn't want to kiss a random Alpha, so I quickly covered my mouth, surprising even myself with how fast I moved.

Instead of my lips, he pressed a kiss to the back of my hand. His eyes opened, but he didn't move away.

Then, he released the door and wrapped an arm around my waist, pulling me impossibly close. I placed my hand on his chest to keep some distance, but it felt nonexistent by then.

He tilted his head slightly, tracing my cheek before sliding down my jaw. I could sense the lust in his scent. His cock, which hadn't stirred when the other woman touched him, now pressed against my abdomen.

My eyes widened. With all the strength I had left, I finally managed to push him away.

He looked at me strangely while I glared at him.

"You smell good," he suddenly said, making me cover my neck where my scent gland was.



I sighed in disbelief and shook my head. With that, I twisted the knob and walked out without saying anything else.

I hurried back to the cafeteria, hand still over my scent gland. That was close. I could smell his scent turning muskier when he got that close—a clear sign he was losing control.

“Why are all the Alphas so weird?” I muttered.

When I finally returned to our table, Tessa was nearly done with her meal.

“Where have you been?” she asked, mid-chew. “Your food’s cold.”

I sighed and sat down, shoving the steak into my mouth. Even cold, it still tasted good. “I ran into someone,” I muttered.

“Someone you knew?” she asked, curious.

I shrugged. “Not really. It was Alpha Elias.”

“What?” she shouted, catching the attention of nearby werewolves.

My eyes widened. “Is it really that shocking?”

Her cheeks flushed under the stares. “Sorry,” she muttered. “Did you just say Alpha Elias?”

“Hmm,” I hummed, continuing to eat.

“You met him this early on?” she whispered. “Most people don’t even see the Alphas before the Ivory Solstice.”

“Ivory Solstice?”

She smirked. “It’s an all-night party where all the students get to know the Alphas better. It happens next month.”



"I see," I whispered. "You seem to know a lot about Elite, don't you?"

She bit her lip. "You could say that."

"Anyway, going back to your meeting with Alpha Elias," she said, eyes gleaming. "What happened? Did you two talk?"

My mind went back to our encounter. "He's... strange."

"Strange?" she echoed. "How so?"

I shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe it's just me, but he was kissing someone in the bathroom."

My thoughts drifted further. "Now that I think about it, the other Alphas were acting weird too. Jaxon was kissing some random girl, and Rowan had two girls hanging off his arms. Are all the Alphas playboys?"

She sighed, crossing her arms. "I guess they've already started, huh? And it's only the first day. Then again, it's to be expected."

I frowned. "Started what?"

Tessa tilted her head. Her lips curved, but there was no humor in her smile.

"The game," she said.

A breeze rustled the banners hanging from the stone posts. In the distance, the students looked like gods and monsters.

"There's a system," she continued. "Every werewolf plays the game at Elite—whether they admit it or not. And there are only three ways to earn points: strength, intellect, and... sex."



I blinked, trying to process it. "Sex?"

"Strength—fighting, combat tournaments, physical trials. Intellect—grades, council debates, placement exams. You earn points through all of that. But the fastest way up? It's the last one," she said with a dry laugh.

My throat tightened. "There's a ranking for that?"

"Echo," she nodded. "It's our school's internal network. It updates every midnight. Tracks how many fights you've won, how many points you've gained... and who you've slept with."

I stared at her, stunned, but she kept going.

"Sleeping with someone gets a guy twenty points. For girls, it's different—we get half of whatever the guy's worth. So if he's top tier, we get more. Everyone wants the Alphas. They're untouchable in strength, unbeatable in intellect, and worth more than anyone else in the system."

I wanted to say something—but what could I even say?

"If a guy sleeps with the same girl more than once, he only gets half of the twenty. Do it again, and it's half again," she added. "So there's no loyalty in this place."

She studied me. "Only the top two hundred make it to the next semester. Then it's cut to one-fifty. And only one hundred wolves graduate."

I felt breathless. Nearby, I heard laughter. A girl brushing her hand down a boy's arm. Another leaning in too close. But it didn't feel like affection. It felt like competition.

"You survive," Tessa murmured. "Or you disappear."

There was a pause. A beat too long. Then she leaned in, her voice soft.



"But there's one prize," she whispered. "One that makes everything else look worthless."

I looked at her.

"A virgin," she said with a small smile. "A virgin is worth more than sleeping with a hundred other girls."