

# **My Marked Alpha Chapter 1 – Chapter 1: Special Skills**

Today was the *Marked Day*.

2

Every eighteen-year-old girl like Violet Purple had waited for this day from the moment they entered high school.

It was the day when young women from all districts were given the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to become a member of Lunaris Academy.

An academy that wasn't just a school, but a ticket out, a chance to rise above, to be *chosen*.

It was no secret that the top-performing human students ended up marrying alphas, the apex of werewolf society.

After all, the war two centuries ago had decimated the werewolf population, particularly the she-wolves. With only ten percent of them left, alphas had turned to humans for their mates, creating an uneasy yet necessary alliance.

The werewolves had been initially strong and persistent during the war but a virus, designed by human scientists, had ravaged the werewolf population, killing eighty percent of their female population. The werewolves, faced with extinction, had no choice but to call for a cease-fire and peace was brokered between the two races.

2

But it wasn't true peace. There were rules, agreements, and an ever-present tension that underscored the delicate balance. Perhaps to symbolize this coexistence, the alpha king had married a human, a woman he met at Lunaris Academy, giving the school its fame and regality.

"School, my ass," Violet Purple muttered under her breath, casting a disbelieving glance at the teacher in front of the classroom.

The woman was holding up the official-looking application form, droning on about the importance of making a good impression and how the form could be the key to changing their futures.

Everyone knew the academy was less about learning and more about matchmaking. But no one would say it aloud, not when they needed a shot at a life they couldn't otherwise reach.

“Make sure you fill in every section carefully,” the teacher instructed. “Lunaris Academy will only select one student from each district, and with two other schools in our district, the competition is fierce. So use all the skills you have. Make your form irresistible. Ask your parents for help if you need it. Some of them have gone through this process, and their experience might guide you. And remember, submit your forms first thing tomorrow. The law mandates that you apply, and non-compliance comes with heavy penalties. Treat this form like your very life. Good luck.”

5

As if on cue, the bell rang, signaling the end of the lesson. The classroom erupted into chaos as students rushed to pack their bags and head home, their conversations buzzing with excitement, as they gossiped about the upcoming selection.

Violet shoved her books into her backpack, her fingers trembling slightly from the tension that had settled deep in her bones. This was a chance she didn't know whether to take or reject.

Even if by zero point zero chance that she won the spot at Lunaris Academy, she wasn't interested in being the princess in distress who needed to be saved. Nor was she stupid to fall for the stupid fallacy called love – her mother's occupation had ruined any appeal such emotion might hold for her.

4

Also, she knew the game was rigged. Alphas didn't marry girls like her—poor, broken girls with nothing to offer. They married beauties, winners, and girls who knew how to play the game. Violet wasn't one of them.

“Hey, purple whore,” a voice jeered from behind.

3

Violet froze, her breath catching in her throat.

*Not today*, she thought, squeezing her eyes shut, praying they would leave her alone.

Maybe if she ignored them, they would lose interest. But she should have known by now, they wouldn't. They never did.

1

“Hey, you deaf?” the voice called again, closer now. Violet could feel the malicious eyes on her back as her tormentors gathered behind her. The same group that had made her life a living hell for years.

One of them shoved her forward. Violet stumbled, gripping her desk for support. A wave of bitter anger surged through her, but she forced the emotion down. She was honestly not in the mood to get her fist dirtied, not to mention she had more important things like the Lunar Academy form in her bag to think about.

3

“You think you’re gonna get into Lunar, huh?” Jasmine, their leader sneered, her voice thick with disdain. “Don’t make me laugh. They wouldn’t want trash like you anywhere near them. I mean with a used hole like yours, I bet any dick that goes in there would be lost.”

12

The other girls laughed at the cruel joke, emboldened by their leader’s malice.

Violet’s fists clenched, her nails digging into her palms as her pulse quickened. Blood pounded in her ears, the sting of their words sinking deep. Being an orphan adopted by a prostitute was the only reason they had chosen to pick on her, like hyenas circling a wounded animal.

3

It didn’t help that her mother’s idea of a joke was to call her “**Violet Purple**” because of the unnatural color of her hair.

1

As long as Violet could remember, her hair had been black at the roots and purple at the tips. It would have been better if her mother had called her “**Violet Black**,” but no, the woman—likely high on drugs at the time—had literally announced to the world that she was adopted and denying her any claim to her surname.

Not that Violet knew which would have been worse: being Nancy’s real daughter or just a replacement.

2

Violet had despised her name and appearance for as long as she could remember. Once, in a fit of rage, she had chopped off the purple tips of her hair, but they grew back just the same, marking her as a freak in everyone’s eyes. That, combined with the shame of being adopted by a prostitute, was all the ammunition the bullies needed.

Violet knew they wanted a reaction, but she refused to give them the satisfaction. Instead, she straightened her spine, adjusted the strap of her bag on her shoulder, and attempted to leave, but they blocked her path.

“Get out of my way,” she said coldly, her voice steady despite the heat of anger bubbling beneath her skin. She didn’t want to fight, but if push came to shove, she’d handle it. A week of punishment or community service was nothing new, and neither was taking on all five of them at once. This wouldn’t be the first time.

1

And it certainly wouldn’t be the last.

Another one called Anisha laughed, “What are you gonna do about it, huh? Hit me? You might have defeated us in the past but we wouldn’t let you win this time.”

1

Violet ignored them knowing it was all talk and no action.

“Oh look, she’s ignoring us again,” one of the girls, Marissa, drawled, her voice dripping with false pity. “Do you think she’s too dumb to understand? Or just too scared?”

“Bet she’s scared,” another one chimed in. “She’s probably shaking in her boots, thinking about all the dicks she might have to suck at Lunar Academy if she unluckily gets chosen.”

2

The girls laughed once more.

Something inside Violet snapped. She lunged so quickly startling the girls and they stumbled back. Her heart hammered in her chest, her fists trembling at her sides. She could feel the fury burning through her, every word they had ever thrown at her fueling the fire. She wanted to hit her, to wipe that smug look off her face.

But before she could fulfill that urge, a teacher came into the room and said, “what is going on here?”

No one replied, however, the man could sense the tension in the air. Not to mention, Jasmine and her crew were notorious bullies in the school.

“Alright, that is it. I want all of you out of the class and headed home.” he commended them.

2

Violet was the first to move. With one last burning glare, she shoved her way past Jasmine and her lackeys. She wasn’t going to waste her energy on them. It wasn’t worth it.

3

Their school was a public one, which meant it had a huge population. Violet quickly lost herself in the crowd, hence her bullies would not find her to start trouble again.

Walking home, Violet let her eyes roam the destruction still lingering from the war. The humans might have won, but the damage was irreversible.

4

Buildings were left in ruins, streets cracked and scorched from explosions, and the air still carried a faint scent of ash and devastation. Two hundred years had passed since the final bombs of destruction fell, but the Earth had never fully healed.

It wasn't long before Violet reached the patch of land that housed a vast number of trailers. It was the only form of shelter for people like her. After the war, the poverty rate had skyrocketed, leaving only a privileged few able to afford a proper house, no matter how small.

Even the houses were guarded and isolated from the crumbling world outside. Her mother had always said they were lucky to have a trailer. She had bought it second-hand when a former tenant moved out, claiming she got it for a good deal.

The white trailer looked weathered, its paint peeling and faded and the inside was no better. The meager belongings they had were scattered across the tiny space, clothes draped over chairs, empty cans that had long since lost their contents, and cigarette butts littering the table. The ashtray overflowed with half-smoked cigarettes, a pungent smell hanging heavy in the air.

3

It wasn't the kind of place to raise a child, but it was better than sleeping in the streets, where the bigger predators of this new world waited. Crime was rampant now, though in the trailer park, it was mostly petty theft. At least here, Violet didn't have to worry about murder.

Nancy, her mother, was nowhere to be found when Violet arrived home. The silence wasn't unusual. Nancy was rarely home and, when she was, it wasn't like she cared to interact. She had made it clear over the years that she was no maternal figure. But Violet didn't push her luck—having a roof over her head was enough.

There was no food, as usual, and Violet didn't bother looking for any. Instead, she fished out the snack bar she had been saving and sat at the table, unwrapping it slowly as her gaze fell on the form she'd been given in class.

The Lunar Academy application form stared back at her, demanding answers she wasn't sure she had. The only reason she was even considering filling it out was the slim chance that it might get her a scholarship to a university.

Right now, university education was a privilege only the elite could afford. If she somehow managed to get into Lunar Academy and come out on top, she could escape this life. She could become someone different—someone who didn't have to live in a trailer and avoid eye contact with the wrong people.

As she chewed, she reached the question, *“if you have any special skills, state them.”*

Violet paused, staring at the words thoughtfully. What special skills did she have? Surviving? Avoiding fights? Violet tapped her pen against the table, lost in thought, when the front door creaked open.

“Welcome home—” But the rest of her words trailed off as Nancy entered, a huge, burly guy following closely behind her. The sight of him made Violet's stomach churn.

She snapped.

“You promised me you'd take your business elsewhere,” Violet said, her voice sharp with outrage. “Why is he here?” She pointed an accusing finger at the man, her face twisting in disgust.

Nancy rolled her eyes, shrugging off Violet's protest. “Promises don't put food on the table. I've got work to do.”

Her gaze fell on the application form, and a laugh escaped her lips. “Is that a Lunar Academy form? Good for you. Just try hard to get in, and your life will get better. If it gets harder to land a guy, remember what I taught you. Just give his dick a good suck, and he'll be putty in your hands. You two could end up together, giving birth to beautiful werewolf babies. What a lucky bitch you are, Violet.”

8

The blood drained from Violet's face as her mother's words sunk in. Her stomach twisted, rage boiling beneath her skin, and her hands trembled. She had never felt so humiliated, so utterly exposed. Nancy didn't care. She never had.

Hot tears burned in Violet's eyes, but she refused to let them fall. “I should have known,” she said, her voice thick with bitterness. “You were never one to keep your promises.”

1

“Oh, please,” Nancy scoffed, lighting a cigarette and taking a deep drag. “I'm doing what I can to survive. What I do is the reason you eat and go to school, so don't act so high

and mighty. Now, if you don't mind, I need the trailer for a few hours." She smirked, her eyes glinting with mischief. "Unless, of course, you want to stay and learn a thing or two."

3

Disgust curled deep in Violet's gut. She pushed past her mother

glaring at the man, who leered at her as she passed. The urge to scream, to break something, clawed at her, but instead, she stormed out of the trailer, slamming the door behind her.

Once outside, Violet's tears spilled over. She wiped them away furiously, her chest heaving with a mixture of shame and anger. She spotted some of the neighborhood kids waving at her, calling her over, but she couldn't face them. She didn't want anyone to see her like this, broken, vulnerable.

Without a word, she headed for the woods behind the trailer park. It was the one place she could be alone, away from the ugliness of her world. She found a fallen log and sat down, her hands shaking as she pulled the form from her pocket. Her vision blurred with tears, but she stared at the section asking for her special skills, her anger bubbling to the surface.

With a savage burst of fury, Violet scribbled her response:

6

*Special skills:*

## **Chapter 2: Game On**

"Good morning, Principal Jameson," students echoed in the hallway as they passed the austere middle-aged woman, whose heels resounded sharply against the marble floor with a steady *click-clack*.

"Good morning. Good morning," Principal Jameson answered enthusiastically, her hawk-like eyes sweeping over the students, always on the lookout for any defaulters of the academy's rules. And today, she found more than enough.

A female student was pinned against a locker, her legs wrapped around a male student as they engaged in a passionate kiss. His hands gripped her butt as he ground against her in full view of the hundreds of students passing by. The sight was so inappropriate for an institution of learning that Principal Jameson's face flushed with anger and embarrassment.

Despite her anger, Principal Jameson approached them calmly, knocking lightly on the locker next to them to get their attention.

But they didn't budge. Or rather, they pretended not to hear her, the girl moaning louder, almost deliberately, as if to provoke her further.

1

"Alright, that's enough!" Principal Jameson banged her fist on the locker, finally breaking them apart. The girl was the first to look up, her face painted with fake surprise.

"I didn't know you were here, Principal Jameson," she lied through her sparkling white teeth, still catching her breath.

The girl was Amanda Raynes, one of the rich, entitled humans. A brat she had to deal with every day.

"I bet you didn't," Jameson said coldly, "Not when your tongue was shoved down his throat." She glanced at the red-haired boy beside her, Griffin Hale, who had yet to say a word.

Amanda giggled, her eyes flashing with amusement. "It was a good 'shove,' though," she teased, casting a sultry look at Griffin.

2

Jameson flushed with barely contained fury but tried to maintain her composure as she turned to Griffin Hale, a brute standing at six foot two. He was just a kid but was built like a bodybuilder, an edge his werewolf lineage had given him.

Not just that, he was a "special" werewolf. Despite being a student, Griffin Hale carried the aura of someone who could snap you in half if he wanted.

1

"Mr. Hale," she said, her voice tight, "isn't it a little early for public displays of affection in the middle of the hallway?"

His response was a low, menacing growl. "Fuck off!"

Jameson recoiled, losing her composure for a moment. She wasn't used to being spoken to like that.

Before she could recover, Griffin continued, "Next time you interrupt me, you better be ready to offer yourself up."



“Mr. Hale!” Principal Jameson gasped, her face reddening in both fury and embarrassment. “That is an entirely inappropriate comment toward your principal!”

She glanced around, hoping no other students had heard, but of course, it was impossible in a school full of werewolves with heightened senses. Everyone was staring, and she knew this incident would be all over the academy’s gossip forums by the end of the day. To make matters worse, Griffin had already turned his back on her and was walking away.

Desperate to reassert her authority, she shouted, “That’s a hundred points deducted for inappropriate behavior, Mr. Hale!”

Griffin didn’t even look back, he simply raised a middle finger in response, eliciting laughter from the surrounding students.

“Two hundred points, then!” she snapped, but the punishment seemed meaningless. His arrogance was unbearable, and the students’ laughter only deepened her frustration.

This time, Griffin turned around and made a crude gesture, forming a circle with one hand and inserting his finger through it. The vulgar sign sent waves of laughter through the crowd.

3

Principal Jameson’s face burned with humiliation. She wanted to shout more, to hurl further punishment at him, but the sight of students recording the scene on their phones forced her to reconsider.

Trying to salvage what little authority she had left, she turned to the group watching and announced, “Twenty points deducted, each.”

Their groans brought her a sliver of satisfaction. Although it was a hollow victory. Deep down, Jameson knew the truth: she might have power over some of these students, but not all of them—certainly not the cardinal alphas. They were the kings of the academy, and she was little more than a puppet, trying to manage the chaos beneath them. Her authority only stretched so far.

1

As if to remind her of this reality, Roman Draven, another cardinal alpha, came hurtling down the hallway on a skateboard, shouting, “Incoming!”

Students scattered out of his way, screaming as he sped past. Even Jameson was forced to step aside, her carefully styled hair whipped by the rush of air as he zoomed by.

“That’s it!” she snapped, her temper finally breaking. “Two hundred points for an unsanctioned ride in the hallway, Mr. Draven!”

But Roman did not care. He just laughed, riding away without a care in the world, the sound echoing through the hallway.

1

Principal Jameson felt her anger dissolve into a simmering helplessness. However, she took a deep breath, straightening her skirt and composing herself. She wouldn’t let these entitled brats rattle her.

She was the principal of Lunaris Academy, a position most could only dream of. She had overseen this prestigious institution for years, ever since her predecessor had retired. The arrival of the cardinal alphas would not undo her work. She would keep order here, no matter how impossible it seemed.

2

With her head held high, she walked briskly in the direction of her office. She had more pressing matters to deal with, like sorting through the mountain of scholarship applications sitting on her desk.

Lunaris Academy was an elite institution, known for accepting only the rich and privileged. It had gained even more prestige when the current alpha king, who had once been a student here, married the academy’s top human graduate, elevating her to queen.

Since then, alphas followed a similar pattern, seeking out the academy’s outstanding female students to become their mates.

Full-blooded she-wolves were rare and highly coveted after the war decimated their numbers. Like an extinct level. The academy had only one she-wolf, and Jameson knew she’d be snatched up by one of the cardinal alphas by the time graduation rolled around. The one who would be king probably.

Normally, no poor human would ever get the chance to step foot in such a revered institution. But every year, thanks to the alpha king’s magnanimity, one lucky student from each district was given the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to study at Lunaris Academy, regardless of their background.

And it was *her* decision who would receive that golden opportunity. The thought gave Principal Jameson a sense of power, a thrill. It was almost like playing god.

She couldn’t wait to get started.

Humming a tune, Jameson entered her office and turned around, only to scream bloody murder. Someone was sitting in her chair, their back to her. Before she could say a word, the swivel chair turned, and he faced her.

*Oh god, no.* The blood drained from her face.

*Not this one.*

While all the cardinal alphas were terrifying in their own way, there was one she feared above all the others, and he was sitting right in front of her.

Asher Nightshade.

It seemed ridiculous to be so afraid of him, especially since he looked like a movie star, with his perfectly styled dark hair and shades so opaque she could barely make out his eyes.

But Jameson knew better. Asher wasn't just any student—he was a mind manipulator. If he ever took off those glasses, he could get into her head, make her do whatever he wanted. Like slit her own throat. She shuddered at the thought.

Even though Asher wore the shades to protect others from his gaze, it didn't lessen the fact that he was dangerous.

1

"I've been waiting for you, Jameson. You took your sweet time today," Asher drawled, his gaze trailing down her body in a way that made her shiver.

Even at forty, Jameson knew she was still an attractive woman. She worked hard to maintain her looks, eating healthy and keeping fit. Her brunette hair was slicked back into a perfect ponytail, not a strand out of place, and her form-fitting skirt had not a single wrinkle. She stood tall in her stilettos, every inch the picture of formal perfection.

1

Pushing her nerves aside, she forced a smile. "Mr. Nightshade, what a surprise. Though I would have appreciated if you had waited for me outside rather than breaking into my office. Don't you think so?"

He chuckled. "Where's the fun in that?"

*Right.* Jameson reminded herself why she avoided him whenever possible. Asher was the most unpredictable of all the cardinal alphas, chaos personified, always seeking to stir trouble.

Suppressing her unease, Jameson strode over to her desk, placed her bag on it, and asked in her most businesslike tone, "How may I assist you today, Mr. Nightshade?"

"And that's why I like you, Jameson. Always straight to the point." His voice dripped with amusement, and a prickling sensation crawled over her skin.

She wanted to demand he call her "Principal Jameson" as proper etiquette required, but the words stuck in her throat. Jameson knew better. Asher Nightshade might just be a student, but outside these academy walls, he wielded immense power. She wasn't foolish enough to get on his bad side.

"I heard you haven't approved the applications for the scholarship students yet," Asher said, his tone casual but laced with intention.

Jameson's mood shifted instantly. She eyed him cautiously. "Why, may I ask, are you interested in that, Mr. Nightshade?"

"Because I'll be the one approving the applications this year," he replied with a wicked grin.

Jameson felt the breath knocked out of her. No, no, this can't be happening.

8

She blinked in disbelief before finding her voice. "That's not your jurisdiction, Mr. Nightshade. I am responsible for reviewing and approving all applications. Besides, why would you care? Your role here is to study and excel, not meddle in administrative matters."

"Why, you ask?" Asher repeated, his smile widening as if she had made a joke. "Because the students you brought in last year were boring, and I'm going to shake things up this time."

2

Jameson bristled. She didn't know what he meant by "boring." The students she approved were always top performers with excellent potential.

"Mr. Nightshade—"

"Shall we do this the easy way, or should I make it hard? Though, honestly, it wouldn't be hard at all. You'd be a good girl in less than a second."

Jameson stiffened as Asher's hand moved toward his shades as though he were about to lower them, but instead, he ran his fingers through his dark hair. Still, the threat was clear.

“As you wish, Mr. Nightshade,” Jameson conceded, knowing she had no real choice. Not unless she wanted to find out what punishment he might have in store for her. And she didn’t have a death wish.

“Smart answer.” He smiled in that unsettling way of his, a glint of satisfaction in his eyes. Jameson knew she’d made the right decision to comply.

Moments later, Jameson sat stiffly on the couch, seething in silence while Asher took her seat, rifling through the scholarship applications with a sense of ownership. The room was eerily quiet like a graveyard, except for the occasional rustling of papers. His expression was unreadable hence she couldn’t tell what he was thinking. It annoyed her.

She couldn’t hold back any longer. “You know, you don’t have to—”

“Shh,” Asher silenced her with a single raised finger, his eyes still scanning a page.

Then, for the first time, he smiled, his eyes gleaming as if he’d found a hidden treasure.

With a grin that made her uneasy, he handed the application to her.

“Approve this one.”

Jameson’s curiosity got the better of her as she took the paper from him, her eyes scanning the text. Almost immediately, her breath caught in her throat, her eyes widening in disbelief. “What the...?”

6

“It’s perfect, isn’t it?” Asher’s voice was almost gleeful.

Fucking psychopath!

Jameson could hardly believe what she was reading. “Mr. Nightshade, with all due respect, this applicant....this girl just admitted to—” She couldn’t even finish the sentence, still horrified at the explicit nature of the application.

Taking a deep breath, she continued, “I’m sorry, but I cannot approve this.”

“She’s issued me a challenge,” Asher said, a dark gleam in his eyes.

“What?”

“*Wait till you see me in bed,*” he repeated the bold line from the application, his grin widening. “And I can’t wait to find out.”

“Mr. Nightshade—”

He stood up, cutting off her protest as he fixed her with an intense stare. “Approve the application. I won’t ask again.”

Without waiting for her response, Asher strode out of the office, confident she would follow his orders. He always got what he wanted.

Left alone, Jameson stared at the door, her pulse pounding in her ears. She hated how powerless she felt, how easily that child had dismissed her authority. Had taken her position. This was supposed to be her game and she was the god. But it seems instead, she has been dethroned.

Asher Nightshade walked down the hall, a spring in his step. For the first time in a long while, he felt alive, his blood pulsing with excitement.

The other cardinal alphas had no idea what he was up to, but it will soon hit them.

He’d just set the game in motion.

And the target was Violet Purple.

It was game on.

## **Chapter 3: Chosen One**

“It’s her, the one who messed up her Lunaris Academy application.”

Violet sighed, pushing her book into her locker as the rumor reached her ears for the umpteenth time.

She was not exactly famous around here, but today seemed to be the exception. All eyes followed her the moment she stepped into the school, and it crept her out until she found out why they were staring at her as if she had grown two heads.

Violet had no idea how they found out about the form, but apparently, teacher-student confidentiality wasn’t a thing here. Not that her teacher’s reaction when she received the application wasn’t enough to draw attention. Violet couldn’t help but recall how things had gone down that day.

*“Here is my application,” Violet handed the form to her homeroom teacher.*

*“Oh, thank the gods. You’re the last to submit, and for a moment, I thought you wouldn’t. I was worried you’d end up punished for not following the rules,” Mrs. Florence said with relief, putting on her glasses and beginning to review the application.*

*Violet bit down on her lips, her heart pounding, knowing it was only a matter of time. And Mrs. Florence sure didn't disappoint as she sprang to her feet with a curse on her lips.*

*"What the fuck...!" she trailed off, her cheeks heating up as if finally realizing she wasn't supposed to curse before a student.*

1

*For the first time, Violet saw her teacher lose her composure as she demanded, "What is the meaning of this?"*

*"What do you mean, ma?" she asked innocently.*

1

*"Don't you play cheeky with me, Mrs. Violet Purple!" her teacher retorted, her eyes spitting fire. "What is this you wrote under special skills?"*

2

*"Oh, that?" Violet bit down on her lips, feigning shyness as she said, "That was my mother's suggestion."*

1

*"What?"*

*"You asked us to request help from our parents; that was her contribution," Violet said, looking at Mrs. Florence, who looked like she was about to faint from the way the blood had drained from her face.*

1

*Violet should have felt anxious about lying, but she didn't. Not one bit. Moreover, it wasn't technically a lie. Nancy pretty much suggested sucking a dick in the new school she had not gotten into yet—and would not get into once that form was submitted. In one word, she was innocent. She had only taken her mother's advice and put it into words.*

*Literally.*

1

*"What kind of mother does that?" Mrs. Florence said, then looked towards Violet with anger. "And you took her suggestion?"*

*Violet shrugged. "What am I supposed to do? Trust me, I don't want to get on her wrong side. I can't live on the street."*

*Mrs. Florence looked like she had something to say, but she bit back her words instead, finally plopping down in her seat with an exhausted sigh. Violet felt guilty for stressing the poor woman, but she didn't let it show.*

1

*Mrs. Florence looked up, saying. "I wish I could help you, Violet, but there are no extra forms for you to correct this mistake...." She paused as if holding back a harsher word for the situation. "Lunaris Academy is extremely strict with their rules. Each form is counted carefully according to the number of students required to sign up for the year and then sent out to the various districts to avoid any cases of malpractice. Unfortunately, I can't make any exceptions either; you're legally obligated to apply to Lunaris Academy. So, this form will be sent out as it is."*

*Violet could hear the unspoken truth: You won't be accepted into Lunaris Academy with this kind of application.*

*"Alright," she said.*

*"Alright?" Mrs. Florence blinked, clearly taken aback.*

*"You just told me I have no other option. What else can I do? I can't beat myself up over it," Violet said flatly.*

*Mrs. Florence's disappointment was clear.*

*She hesitated before asking again, "Are you sure your mother filled this out?" The raised brow made it clear she suspected otherwise.*

*"That's her signature right there. Trust me, she read it," Violet lied smoothly.*

*Nancy had not given a fuck about the form after that day. Good thing Violet was good at forgoing her signature and settled everything on her own. Nancy would have flipped out if she had learned what she wrote down. Her mother wanted her to get into Lunaris, where she — Violet — could whore around just like her, just with class. Except that wasn't happening.*

5

*Mrs. Florence glanced down at the section for the parent's signature and sighed.*

*She didn't suspect a thing. Good. Not that she was trying to boast of a crime, but Violet was proud of her handiwork.*



2

*Mrs. Florence looked as though she might cry, her voice soft with grief. "You know, Violet, this could've been your chance to turn things around. I'm not trying to insult your mother's profession, but you deserve better. You don't have to follow in her footsteps," she presumed Violet planned to go down the same path as her mother. If only she knew.*

*To be honest, something stirred inside of Violet at her teacher's concern; unfortunately, that was it—nothing more. She had learned the hard way that people's sympathy never got her anywhere. Trust was a luxury she couldn't afford, and relying on anyone else? Out of the question.*

1

*Mrs. Florence thought this was her chance to turn her life around. If only she knew she avoided a worse fate by not getting into Lunar Academy. She wasn't her mother's daughter, and she sure as hell didn't need some prince charming to swoop in and save her.*

*With Lunar out of the picture, her plan was simple. Once high school was over, she'd leave her mother's trailer behind. Sure, without a chance at university, finding a reputable job would be tougher, but she'd make it work. One thing was certain: prostitution was never going to be an option.*

*She had made up her mind.*

1

*"Can I leave now?" Violet asked, her impatience clear as she noticed the other teachers' eyes on her. She knew they had been eavesdropping on the conversation. This was the teachers' room, after all. Privacy didn't exist here.*

*"You can go," Mrs. Florence replied softly, though the pity in her eyes stung more than any words. It was a look Violet knew she wouldn't soon forget as she turned and walked out.*

Back to the present, Violet rubbed the side of her temple, where she could feel a headache throbbing. She had not gotten enough sleep last night, not when she had turned and tossed around in her small, hard bed.

1

She was still not talking to Nancy—not after her betrayal. Unfortunately for her miserable life, she and Nancy shared the single-cramped room in the trailer, which meant she had spent it glaring at the back of her mother's head. Not that Nancy cared;

she remained unaffected by her silent treatment. And that made Violet furious more than anything: her unapologetic nature.

“Violet Purple.”

Violet thought she heard her name being called, but it seemed to be a fragment of her imagination until she heard it again, this time with more clarity.

“Violet Purple, you are summoned into the principal’s office.” The voice came from the speakers in the hallway.

“Oh fuck.” Violet cursed beneath her breath, shutting her locker with a bang.

Why was the principal calling her? Was it because of the form? The gods help her; couldn’t they take a joke? Was it that bad that she penned her sincerest thoughts, or were they concerned about the reputation of the school? Violet sensed it was the latter. Perhaps she had gone a little too far.

Only a little.

With a sigh, she walked in the direction of the principal’s office. Except the action only emboldened the gossipmongers.

“I said it, there was no way she could have gotten away with that.” The rumors picked up like a whirlwind.

1

“She’s doomed. Principal Lincoln would rip her apart. I bet she didn’t think about the consequences of her actions.”

Violet rolled her eyes as the gossip reached her ears. Were these people jobless or what? Instead of a school, they would have done well in a hair salon.

“Could you blame her? She’s only following in her mother’s footsteps.”

Violet halted at once. She had intended to ignore them all, but that particular comment hit home, and now she froze, turning to identify the wretch who was courting death.

1

The perpetrator turned out to be a red-haired girl who flinched as soon as their eyes met.

Violet began to stride toward her, and it might have been the deadly look on her face, but the girl began to shake like a leaf in winter, realizing that she had messed up.

However, Violet didn't reach her before she took off running, screaming, "I'm sorry!"

Violet might not be as popular as the queen bees who ruled the school, but she was famous for fighting off Jasmine and her gang, and that seemed to have gotten her quite a reputation, seeing the way the girl had fled.

All that was left were her friends, who were trying hard not to cower like their friend had. Violet did not speak; she let the cold fire in her eyes, the hardened look on her face, and her hands balled into fists do the talking. They swallowed, seeming to take the cue as they turned and left without a word.

Thanks to the little drama, the rumors died off and Violet walked over with her head held high. Upon arriving outside the principal's office, she took a deep breath and knocked.

"Come in." his voice echoed from the outside.

Violet turned the knob and stepped into Principal Lincoln's office. She'd been here plenty of times before, mostly for fights, and nothing much had changed.

The room was neat, and functional, with a polished desk that held a computer, phone, and an organized stack of paperwork. Shelves in the corner were filled with educational books, binders, and a few personal items, like his award from the education board.

The walls, as always, were covered in certificates, school achievements, and the usual motivational posters telling students to "Reach for the Stars." Except it never inspired anyone.

"Have a seat, Miss Purple," Principal Lincoln said, gesturing towards the chair across from him.

Violet sat down cautiously, already bracing herself for the usual scolding and inevitable punishment. But when she glanced up, ready to face his usual stern expression, she was caught off guard.

Mr. Lincoln was smiling.

That smile made her uncomfortable. Something was wrong, and Violet felt a strange tightness in her chest as she shifted in her seat. The air felt heavy with expectation.

She broke the silence first. "Why did you call me in, sir? Did I do anything wrong?" she asked, even though a part of her already knew.

Principal Lincoln leaned forward slightly, still smiling, and clasped his hands together on the desk. "The results of the application process have come in," he said slowly as if savoring the words. "I called you in to thank you."

“Thank me?” Violet frowned. What in the world was he talking about?

He nodded enthusiastically, leaning forward. “Since the scholarship program began, only three students from this district have ever been chosen. It’s a rare opportunity, one that doesn’t come by often. I wanted to take this moment to recognize your achievement.”

A strange, creeping feeling started to slither into Violet’s gut, making her shift uneasily in her seat. Her palms were clammy. A foreboding sense of dread began to pool in her stomach. No. No, there was no way. She refused to entertain the thought.

Principal Lincoln seemed oblivious to her growing discomfort as he reached into his desk drawer and pulled out a sleek, expensive-looking envelope.

“Congratulations, Violet,” he said, holding it out to her. “You’ve been accepted into Lunaris Academy.”

Her ears began to ring, and for a moment, the entire world felt like it had narrowed down to that one sentence. This was impossible.

1

There had to be some mistake. Her heart pounded in her chest as she grabbed the envelope with trembling hands, hastily tearing it open.

And there it was.

Bold letters stared back at her.

**“Congratulations, Violet Purple. You have been selected...”**

1

No. No, no, no. This couldn’t be happening. She felt her breath quicken, her chest tightening. Yet the truth stared back at her, unrelenting and undeniable.

She had been chosen for Lunaris Academy.

2

## **Chapter 4: School Full Of Hot Werewolves**

1

For a week plus, Violet Purple avoided school. By law, all eligible eighteen-year-olds were required to apply to Lunar Academy, but the law didn't specify that the chosen had to accept the scholarship.

The offer also came with a deadline: if the recipient didn't report to the academy within a week, the scholarship would be rescinded and given to someone else. No penalty was outlined for declining, perhaps the rule-makers never imagined anyone would refuse such an opportunity.

For people like her, the gutter kids, scraping by on the ruins of a broken world, Lunar Academy was the dream. But not for Violet. She had no interest in going, especially when her reasons for attending weren't exactly noble. The scholarship deserved someone better.

As if the gods were on her side, Nancy had chosen to leave town at that moment. It wasn't unusual for her to disappear without warning or any explanation, often leaving no note about her whereabouts.

When Violet was younger, she used to think Nancy left because she was a freak, but as she grew up, she understood the nature of her mother's work. Nancy would lose all sense of reasoning whenever she landed a wealthy client, staying with him until her services were no longer required—or, more often, until she overstayed her welcome and got kicked out.

Nancy had always dreamed of marrying rich, but with a job like hers, no man ever took her seriously. It was all fun in the beginning, but things inevitably soured.

The longest Nancy had ever been gone was a month, and Violet prayed she'd pull the same stunt this time so the scholarship opportunity would slip away before she came back. Nancy would be furious, no doubt, but by then, it would already be too late. There'd be nothing she could do about it.

However, Violet had no idea how Mrs. Florence did it, but her homeroom teacher somehow managed to get Nancy's number. She called her ancient Nokia phone, which seemed to have survived since the '90s when the world was still bountiful. The next day, a furious Nancy was standing over her as she lounged in the trailer, and the rest was history.

2

Call it a sixth sense, but something felt off about the scholarship. Despite not showing up at Lunar Academy for a week, her scholarship wasn't revoked as she had expected.

4

To make things stranger, Lunar Academy had even sent her a letter, politely reminding her that the offer still stood. They even suggested she contact them if she was facing any difficulties preventing her from attending.

1

It didn't add up. This wasn't how Lunar Academy usually operated. They were almost chasing after her as if she were someone important. But she wasn't. Sure, Violet was smart and good at sports, but there were smarter students back at her school—the nerds who spent every waking hour studying, all hoping to win this scholarship. Yet, they didn't want them. They wanted her. It didn't add up.

9

Unfortunately, there was nothing she could do about it. She was going to Lunar Academy whether she liked it or not.

"Is that all you'll be needing?" Nancy asked, eyeing the open bag where Violet had packed her clothes and personal items. There wasn't much by the looks of it.

"Yes," Violet replied curtly.

If she and Nancy had barely been on speaking terms, it was worse since Nancy found out about her attempt to sabotage her shot at Lunar Academy.

Nancy frowned, "Maybe I should buy more—"

"Leave it!" Violet snapped in frustration. "Why do you even care?"

A flash of anger crossed Nancy's face.

"Listen, kid, I might not be the best mother around, but you're heading to a fancy school, and I won't have some brat who's fed with a golden spoon looking down on you. Got it?"

7

Violet was stunned, unable to respond. Where had this side of Nancy been all these years?

Without waiting for a response, Nancy left. An hour later, she returned with a full bag stuffed with more thrift store clothes, accessories Violet didn't even realize she needed, toiletries, and her favorite snacks.

1

“You’re wasting money,” Violet grumbled, though it was her own way of saying thank you.

“Well, I don’t have to pay two years of school fees now. I’d say I’m the one winning here,” Nancy smirked.

Violet rolled her eyes, though a hint of a smile tugged at her lips. The tension that had been brewing for a week between them felt lighter, and Violet realized she was feeling much better compared to when she had been giving her mother the silent treatment.

“And now, for the pièce de résistance,” Nancy said, theatrically holding something behind her back.

Violet feigned disinterest but couldn’t help her curiosity. When Nancy finally revealed what she was hiding, Violet’s face dropped.

“God, no! Nancy, what the fuck!” Violet cried out.

1

It was a condom. Not just one—an entire packet.

1

“Hey, hey,” Nancy tried to calm her, but Violet wouldn’t even look at her.

“I don’t need this stuff! Are you seriously telling me to go whore around like you?” Violet snapped.

1

A flash of hurt crossed Nancy’s eyes, but she quickly masked it. Grabbing Violet by the hair, she forced her to meet her gaze. “Now listen to me, young woman. I never said you should whore around—not that it’s a bad choice in a school full of rich—”

“Nancy!” Violet growled, the warning clear. She hated her mother’s job and despised it when Nancy trivialized it.

“Fine,” Nancy sighed, composing herself. “The point is, you’re going to be surrounded by hot werewolves.”

“Who said they’re hot?” Violet rolled her eyes at her mother’s dramatics.

“They will be. You haven’t related with one yet, but I have, and trust me, they’ll knock you off your feet,” Nancy said with such conviction that Violet frowned.

No werewolf in their right mind lived in their poor district. Violet had seen them in TV and magazines, sure, they looked good but it was an exaggeration saying the whole race was hot. Moreover, her district had been her entire world for as long as she could remember, and though she resented the opportunity to leave, there was an undeniable excitement too.

Nancy continued, "I'm just preparing you. Werewolves are virile, and humans are fertile. With a school like Lunaris, I'm not ready to be a grandmother. God knows I wouldn't make a good one, and you know it."

1

Violet's mouth twitched. She knew Nancy was right. Just look at the two of them. The idea of Nancy being a responsible grandmother was laughable, and Violet wasn't cruel enough to bring another life into her chaotic world.

1

"So, save us both the trouble and take this." Nancy pushed the packet into Violet's chest, and with a reluctant groan, Violet accepted it.

"Thanks," she muttered, stuffing the condoms deep into her bag where no one could stumble upon them. The thought of anyone finding them was mortifying.

"And, in case you're interested, I mixed them up. There are different fruit flavors—"

2

"Mom!" Violet snapped, her teeth gritted.

Nancy grinned mischievously. "Fine, fine. I'll leave my virgin daughter alone."

Violet shot her a glare, hating how much Nancy loved taunting her about her virginity, but Nancy only laughed and backed off, leaving Violet to finish packing.

Violet zipped up her bag with a sigh, the sound of the zipper was strangely final. She stepped back to look around the small, cramped trailer she'd called home for as long as she could remember.

The peeling wallpaper, the patched-up furniture, the broken clock on the wall, the sight of it caused a hollow feeling in her stomach. This place wasn't ideal by any stretch, but it was the closest thing to home she had ever known. And now, she was leaving it behind.

"You ready to go?" Nancy's voice broke through the stillness. She stood by the door, her usual tough features masking the awkward tension that lingered between them.



Violet glanced over and nodded. "Yeah. I'm ready." The words came out flat though, her heart wasn't entirely in them. There was something unsettling about leaving like a piece of her would stay behind in this rundown trailer.

1

With her bag slung over her shoulder, Violet followed Nancy outside. The two walked silently to the old bus stop near the edge of the trailer park, an awkward tension between them.

When the bus finally arrived, they climbed aboard and rode in silence to the train station. Lunar Academy was in Aster City, a four-hour journey from here. A whole different world altogether.

At the station, they stood outside the train, awkwardly facing each other.

"So, I guess this is it," Nancy said, shifting her weight from one foot to the other, avoiding eye contact.

Violet didn't respond right away, the moment stretching between them like an elastic band about to snap. Their relationship had always been complicated, and messy, but this was the first time they would truly be apart. And for all the distance they kept emotionally, this separation felt...weird..

3

Violet couldn't find the words, so she did the only thing that felt right. She stepped forward and hugged her mother.

1

Nancy stiffened at first, but then her arms wrapped around Violet. For all her faults, Nancy had taken her in when she'd been abandoned as a baby, raising her when no one else would. She wasn't winning any "Mother of the Year" awards, but she had kept her alive, kept her strong. And for that, Violet was grateful, more than she could ever say.

3

"Alright, child. Make me proud. And if anyone tries to put you down, show them how we ghetto folk do it," Nancy said, trying to keep her usual tough tone, but her voice wavered slightly.

3

Violet smiled, a lump forming in her throat. "I'll miss you."

“Me too, Violet. Me too,” Nancy replied, her voice tight, fighting back the tears welling in her eyes.

For a moment, they just stood there, holding on to each other like they’d never let go. However, the blaring of the train’s horn interrupted the moment, signaling it was time to board. Violet pulled away, grabbing her bag.

“I guess I’ll see you when the term ends,” she said, trying to sound casual, even though the anxiety of leaving alone was sinking in fast.

Nancy waved her off. “Nah, when the term ends, go off with your friends, explore the cities, and have fun.” She added under her breath, “And let me enjoy being single again.”

Violet snorted, rolling her eyes. Now that she wouldn’t be around, her mother would probably bring as many men as she wanted into the trailer. Violet scrunched her face, hoping they would not take their business to her bed. At the same time, she also realized the sacrifices Nancy has made for her over the years for someone who wasn’t even her biological daughter.

“Thank you, Nancy,” she said it like she meant it.

“You’re welcome, kiddo. Now go, before they leave your ass behind.” she waved her off, a hint of sadness in her eyes..

Violet waved back and turned to head towards the train. She had just taken a few steps when Nancy shouted, “And don’t forget what I taught you, child! When it gets hard, just give it a good suck!”

15

God, no. Violet froze, mortified as heads turned to stare at her, people’s judgmental eyes flicking from her to Nancy. She shot a furious glare over her shoulder, flipping her mother the middle finger as Nancy burst into laughter, completely unbothered by the scene she had caused.

“Trust me, you’ll thank me later.” Nancy’s laughter echoing behind her.

Violet ignored her this time and hurried onto the train, cheeks burning as she avoided everyone’s eyes, wishing for the ground to swallow her whole. Of course, leave it to her mother to find a way to humiliate her.

Once she found her seat, she dropped her bag and slumped down, staring out the window. People were still boarding, but soon the train would start moving, and her journey to Aster City—and Lunar Academy—would begin.

## Chapter 5: Impossible To Tame A Beast

Note: you are about to glimpse the mind of a sociopath, psychopath, you name it.

7

.....

The new students joined the end of the breakfast line, chatting and laughing, blissfully unaware of the predator watching them.

It wasn't until one girl felt the scorching intensity of a stare that she turned around, a smile still playing on her lips, only for it to falter when her eyes locked with Asher Nightshade.

Or rather, with his shade. Had it been his actual eyes, who knew what might have happened to her by now?

2

She was one of the new scholarship students; like the others, she had heard whispers of his sinister reputation. Her friend beside her, still unaware of the abrupt change in her demeanor, remained engrossed in conversation until the girl tapped her. The instant her friend looked up and met Asher's eyes, the light in her own died as well.

Immediately, their conversation died, turning to face forward. A few nearby students noticed the sudden hush and turned to look, only to quickly avert their eyes once they realized it was Asher Nightshade.

None of them knew why he was staring at them as though he could burn a hole through their skulls, but they didn't want to find out. No one in their right mind wanted to be caught under his attention.

No one.

Asher sighed, running a hand through his jet-black hair, so dark it seemed to repel the light. The sides were faded, while the top was longer, often spilling over his eyes. It used to be even longer, a curtain he'd relied on to hide his cursed eyes. But when he started at this school, he had to rely on the shade instead, forcing him to cut it shorter.

But right now, none of that mattered, not when he had bigger issues. The new girl was still absent. And by "new girl," he meant Violet Purple. Asher knew this because he had been keeping a close watch on her situation.

3

From the moment Jameson sent out the acceptance letter, Asher had been on high alert, expecting her to show up the next day, ready to fall into his arms—arms that were more than ready to receive her. Except that was not happening.

1

It had been a week, and still, there was no response from her. He even sent a follow-up letter, just in case she hadn't received the first one, but there was still nothing. To take it a step further, he had Jameson call her school to find out why she hadn't accepted the offer, but they couldn't provide any answers. And it was beginning to drive him insane.

Asher knew that, according to the rules, Violet should now be ineligible for the scholarship by now, but that wasn't going to happen. He was the rule. He would decide which humans came into the school, and Violet was definitely one of them.

2

He couldn't help but wonder if Violet knew. If she understood that a predator was waiting to devour her whole. Asher wanted to believe that Violet was doing this on purpose, playing games with him. He imagined that once she was done teasing him, she would finally make her appearance.

He sincerely hoped so, because Violet had become his latest obsession, a drug he was already addicted to just from catching a whiff of her. And he intended to get a taste of her soon. The thought of it made a certain area of his body tighten, and he tapped his feet anxiously against the floor.

6

One thing was for sure: if Violet didn't show up this week, he would drag her from wherever corner of the earth she was hiding in. There was a limit to his patience. No one challenged him and got away with it. They must play the game.

"Hello, brother," a voice greeted as an arm wrapped around Asher's neck, jolting him from his thoughts.

1

Even without looking or catching his scent, Asher knew exactly who it was. Only one person dared to invade his space like that.

He finally turned, confirming his suspicion.

Roman Draven.

One of his so-called “cardinal brothers,” as everyone else referred to them. Though, in reality, they weren’t related in the slightest.

The word “brother” made Asher scrunch his nose. He didn’t have brothers. They were competitors, all of them, vying for the title of the future Alpha King. But if there was one among them he could “tolerate,” it was Roman, and for good reason.

Roman was the most social of the cardinal alphas, charming, mischievous, and known for being a notorious flirt. It wasn’t hard to see why women flocked to him.

They adored the dimples that appeared when he laughed, his tousled green hair that he ran his hands through as if trying to seduce everyone with his effortless charm, and those same mesmerizing green eyes that could make anyone fall.

His easygoing nature and sharp wit made him popular among his peers. But beneath that carefree facade was a more cunning side. Roman was a skilled manipulator in his own right.

Though he seemed the most harmless of the four, there was a darkness to him, proving appearances could be deceiving. Yet, despite his roguish behavior, he was fiercely loyal to those he cared about and wasn’t as shallow as he seemed. Perhaps that’s why Asher let him stick around. Because even he needed a little light to balance his darkness.

Roman, without asking for permission, plopped down beside him, leaning in with a smirk that screamed mischief. “I see you’re checking out the fresh meat,” he teased.

As if. Asher hadn’t even entertained the thought. He wasn’t like the man-whore sitting next to him. Yes, he was attractive—handsome as hell, in fact—but no one ever mistook him for a prince charming. And the girls seemed to understand that too, because they kept their distance, sensing the danger in his presence.

Only a few had dared to step into his darkness. And even those who had graced his bed always made the same mistake. They thought they could tame him. They never understood it was impossible to tame a beast until it was too late.

2

Now, Asher found himself wondering if Violet would be different. Could she handle him, or would she run like the others like a coward? He hoped not. He had so much planned for her, and the thought of finally getting started sent a wicked thrill through him.

1

Now that Asher had mentioned the girls, he couldn’t help but scrutinize them, his gaze sharp but devoid of lust. If anything, he was measuring them against his vision of Violet.

There had only been a passport-sized photo of Violet attached to her application, offering little more than her face. Asher could've easily dug deeper and found more about her, but he hadn't. He liked the anticipation, the mystery.

He wanted to see if the real Violet would live up to the version he'd created in his mind. And the thought of her being everything he dreamed of made him hard again. *Damn the gods. He hadn't even laid eyes on her in person, and yet she was already haunting him.*

1

"I think I'll go for that one," Roman said casually, nodding toward a girl with large breasts, obliviously chatting with her friends.

Asher fought the urge to roll his eyes. Typical Roman. His brother had always had a thing for boobs, the bigger, the better.

"Not interested," Asher grumbled.

"Your loss," Roman shrugged, his gaze drifting back to ogle the girl.

*Pervert.* Asher thought. But was he any better? He was already fixated on a girl he hadn't even met. Then again, none of them were normal. Not after what they'd been through.

1

"So, when are we welcoming the newcomers?" Roman asked, drawing Asher's attention back. He licked his lips like a predator eyeing prey. "I can't wait to make my pick."

They had an initiation for the new students, a tradition the cardinal Alphas all agreed on, presenting a rare united front instead of competing against each other.

4

Some might call it hazing, but to Asher, it was a way to enlighten the fresh blood about who ruled the academy and who they answered to. Lunar Academy belonged to them, and the hierarchy was something to be understood and respected.

Violet would learn her place soon enough. And it was at his side. He would mold her into his queen, forged from the ashes, unblemished and unbreakable. But like gold, she would have to pass through fire first. Asher could only hope his queen was strong enough to survive the flames.

5

"Soon," Asher replied, a profound look flickering in his eyes. "Very soon."

Roman raised an eyebrow, scanning his face. "When you say things like that, I can only imagine what's going through your head. What are you planning, puppet master?" He teased, using Asher's nickname.

A slow, wicked smile tugged at Asher's lips. "Don't worry, it's nothing you wouldn't enjoy, Fox," he shot back, teasing Roman with his own nickname.

The two exchanged a knowing look, dark smiles curling on their faces as if sharing an inside joke.

"If you put it like that, I can't wait to enjoy it." Roman leaned back in his seat, visibly more relaxed.

"Oh, you will," Asher added with a glint in his eyes. "It'll be chaos. Speaking of which, I've thought of a little prank you could pull on Griffin this time."

1

At the mention of the other cardinal Alpha, Roman's eyes lit up. Everyone knew Roman was the trickster, delighting in pranks, especially at Griffin's expense, and often using humor to ease tension between them.

"Go on," Roman leaned forward eagerly. "What should I do to ruffle his feathers this time?"

Asher's eyes gleamed. "I've found out where he hid his mother's necklace..."

## **Chapter 6: Welcome To Lunaris Academy**

As Violet stepped off the train, she was immediately struck by the sheer magnitude of Aster City. It was everything she had imagined and more. If she could compare it to her district, it was safe to say that she had been living beneath a rock all through her life.

As a capital city, it buzzed with energy, alive with towering buildings, throngs of people, and a chaotic blend of sounds that reverberated through the air. Yet, despite its overwhelming presence, no one seemed to notice her.

The girl with the unusual purple hair and duffel bag passed unnoticed through the crowd. In her district, she had always drawn stares, whispers following her wherever she went, but here? She was just another face in the sea of humanity. The reality was both liberating and unsettling.

However, what took Violet aback, though, was the diversity of the people around her. Even among humans, there were so many different races, ethnicities, and styles all mingling together. But it wasn't just humans. For the first time in her life, Violet came

close enough to the werewolves, creatures she had only read about in textbooks or heard whispered stories of.

Violet had studied them enough to recognize them by the way they carried themselves, strong, imposing, and exuding a certain raw energy that was impossible to ignore. Her mother hadn't been exaggerating. These creatures were stunning in an almost unnerving way. Tall, muscled, and impossibly attractive, they exuded an effortless dominance that made it hard not to stare.

1

But Violet knew she couldn't spend the day gawking. This was unfamiliar territory, and as exhilarating as it was, it was also dangerous. Anything could happen in a place like this. She could be robbed, scammed, or worse, kidnapped. Her instincts, finely tuned from years of cautious living, kicked in, and she approached a few humans who seemed approachable.

"You're going to Lunar Academy?" the man she asked — Carlos, he introduced himself — gave her a look she couldn't quite decipher. There was something unsettling about his expression, almost as if there was pity mixed with concern.

"Yes," she answered.

"No bus goes directly to Lunar Academy," he finally said, his voice thick with an accent she couldn't place. "You'll have to hire a taxi."

Violet's stomach sank. A taxi? Oh god, no.

Back in her district, no one took taxis. They were far too expensive, and she had little money to spare. Violet was stuck, unsure of what to do next. Nancy had given her all that she could spare and she couldn't waste it on a taxi ride.

Carlos must have sensed her distress, because he added, "Follow me."

Violet's gut didn't scream danger, but she was cautious nonetheless. They walked to a nearby parking lot, and Carlos approached a man in a car. After a brief, animated conversation, Carlos waved her over.

"That's my cousin, Amilo," Carlos said, pointing to his cousin who was now trying to turn in the right direction. "I talked to him. He'll take you for half the usual price. You can trust him."

2

Relief flooded Violet's chest. "Thank you," she murmured, feeling genuinely grateful.



“No worries,” Carlos replied, though his tone grew darker. “Just be careful in that damned school. Our kind thinks it’s a privilege, but those furry freaks are no good. Devourers, the lot of them. And I wonder why humans are so blind to see it.”

His thick accent made the warning even more ominous, but Violet brushed it aside, pushing the fear away. It wasn’t like she had much choice. But she kept it in the back of her mind. Just in case

She then glanced over to Amilo, who was now waiting for her.

“Get in, purple head,” Amilo called, the nickname almost making her bristle, but there was no malice in his tone, so she let it slide.

3

Unlike his quiet cousin, Carlos, Amilo was a chatterbox. As soon as they were on the road, he peppered her with questions about her name, where she was from, and a compliment on her hair, assuming it was dyed. Violet didn’t correct him. She didn’t need him prying too deep into her life.

But Amilo never seems to read the room.

“Violet, huh? Is that why you dyed your hair purple?” Amilo asked, a teasing smile on his face. “Trying to make a statement to your parents or something?”

The question hit a nerve, and Violet’s mood soured. She didn’t talk about her unknown parents much, but being reminded of it stung. Amilo must have sensed her change in demeanor because he didn’t push further, instead turning up the radio and began belting out the lyrics to the song playing.

He had a decent voice, but Violet wasn’t about to compliment him. Not when she was grateful for the distraction from his prying questions.

About thirty minutes into the drive down a two-lane road flanked by thick, untamed wilderness, Amilo’s voice broke the steady hum of the engine. “We’ve arrived,” he announced.

Violet glanced out the window, confused. All she could see was more trees, nothing but dense forest stretching in every direction.

She frowned. “Mister, there’s nothing but—” Her words cut off as Amilo rounded a bend, and suddenly, the sight before her stole her breath away.

“Wow...” she whispered, her eyes widening in awe.

The Academy looked like something plucked from the pages of a fairytale. Nestled in a sprawling estate surrounded by lush forests and rolling green hills, the sight was both breathtaking and imposing. The trees stretched above the road, their branches weaving together to form a natural canopy that dappled the path in flickering light.

As they neared, the grand entrance loomed before her, a large arched metal sign emblazoned with an elaborate coat of arms on the top, and beneath it, in bold, capital letters were the words **LUNARIS ACADEMY**.

The gate itself was supported by two sturdy brick pillars topped with white stone, elegant yet formidable. The surrounding walls seemed to stretch endlessly, marking the boundaries of the prestigious grounds. Neatly landscaped shrubs lined the perimeter, and small spotlights set around them, likely illuminating the grand structure at night.

Despite the ruined state of the world where technology was a rare privilege, the gate was surprisingly automated, sliding open smoothly as they approached. They were met with a small security checkpoint where a guard stepped out, holding a sleek electronic device in his hand that immediately caught Violet's attention.

"Name?" he asked in a tone that was more formal than harsh.

"Violet Purple," she replied, her voice unexpectedly small, the enormity of the moment hitting her.

At the mention of her name, the guard's stern face softened into a welcoming smile.

"Welcome to Lunar Academy, Miss Purple," he said, gesturing to his partner in the security booth. The barrier was lifted, and as their car rolled forward, Violet caught sight of the guard typing something rapidly into his device.

9

For a brief moment, suspicion flickered in her mind, but she shrugged it off. He was probably just logging her arrival. Though she didn't own a phone, Violet was familiar enough with basic tech, thanks to the media center back in her old school. Hopefully, Lunar Academy would offer better resources, and she wouldn't have to deal with booking slots ahead of time just to use them.

As Amilo continued down the pristine concrete drive, Violet marveled at the sight before her. The academy's grounds were expansive, far larger than she had imagined. Tall, majestic trees lined the road, their branches swaying gently in the breeze. Wide, manicured lawns stretched out on either side, dotted with stone fountains, their water glinting in the afternoon sun. Vibrant flower gardens bloomed around them, each petal carefully arranged, proof of the academy's meticulous upkeep.

Then, they arrived at the academy itself.

The main building stretched wide and tall, an imposing structure made of stone. Its architecture was a blend of old-world grandeur and modern sleekness.

But what truly caught Violet's eye were the statues.

Along the roof, leering down at the world below were ferocious stone wolves, their sharp fangs bared and eyes glaring with eternal vigilance. They seemed to guard the academy, adding to its mystique and hinting at the primal power that lurked within its walls.

More cobblestone paths branched out in various directions, leading to other structures she couldn't yet make out, but each one looked just as grand as the last.

Amilo brought the car to a stop and whistled, clearly impressed. "You're really going to this school, Purple Head?"

"Obviously," Violet replied dryly as she stepped out of the car, hauling her heavy duffel bag out with her. She made her way to the driver's side window and handed him the fare.

Amilo accepted it with a grin that might have made her blush if she were into charming older men. "Can I have your number, Purple Head?" he asked with a wink.

Violet almost rolled her eyes but managed to keep her composure. "I don't have a phone," she said flatly, and for the first time, she was genuinely grateful for it.

Amilo didn't push the matter. Phones were an expensive luxury, and he likely didn't expect someone her age to have one anyway.

Amilo shrugged, unfazed. "Well, if you ever need a ride or anything else, come find me or my cousin when you're in the city."

His cousin Carlos, yes –she owed him– him? Not so much. Although she was thankful for the ride.

"Sure." She gave a noncommittal nod, eager for him to leave.

Amilo smiled again, a little too pleased with himself as if he'd won some victory. "Goodbye, Purple Head," he called out before driving off, his car disappearing down the winding road.

4

The moment he was gone, Violet let out a breath she hadn't realized she was holding. She turned to face the towering doors of Lunar Academy. It stood like a fortress before

her, yet called her forward. She gripped the handle of her bag tighter, nerves fluttering in her stomach.

Where the hell was she supposed to start?

4

## Chapter 7: Purple Flower

The air was cool against her skin, the grandeur of the academy almost making her feel small. Violet clutched her bag tightly, the rough fabric digging into her palm as she eyed the stone stairs leading up to the academy's main building.

She was ready to step forward when a voice called out, "Hello."

Startled, she turned, only to see a well-dressed man in a tailored suit striding toward her. He looked like he belonged here with his polished confidence. And though Violet should have been on edge, there was something oddly disarming about his smile, as if it had been practiced to put people at ease.

1

"You must be Violet Purple?" His voice was smooth, catching her off guard.

Violet blinked. How did he know her name? Then she remembered the guard from earlier typing her information into his device. Of course. The academy must have an efficient communication system. Information sure traveled fast around here.

"And who are you?" she asked, keeping her tone polite but laced with a thread of suspicion. Growing up in the ghetto had taught her not to trust anyone at face value.

The man's smile widened as if her wariness amused him. "I'm Michael, a staff of this institution."

Wow. even their staff dressed fine. Violet thought.

"I've been tasked with taking your things to your dorm." His eyes flicked to her bag, his smile faltering slightly as he took in the modest size. "Is that... all?"

Violet caught the flicker of disapproval in his gaze, and for the first time, she felt self-conscious. She hadn't thought much about how many belongings students were expected to bring, but in an academy meant for the elite, the rich, and the privileged, it wouldn't surprise her if others arrived with wardrobes fit for royalty. But she wasn't about to let a stranger make her feel inferior.

4

Violet straightened her back and met his gaze head-on, “Yes, that’s all,” she replied firmly, her lips pressing into a thin line.

Michael raised an eyebrow, clearly reading her mood. He immediately backpedaled, his tone apologetic. “I’m quite sorry. It’s just that... well, we’re used to students arriving with more.”

Violet cringed inwardly but maintained her composure. “Well, this is me,” she said, her voice steady, though embarrassment burned her cheeks.

Without another word, Michael reached for her bag, lifting it effortlessly, as if it weighed nothing at all. Violet watched him with a mix of gratitude and lingering discomfort. Her belongings might be light, but they were hers. She half-expected another judgmental glance, but instead, Michael simply smiled.

“I’ll take your things to your dorm. You should head inside and get yourself set up,” he said, gesturing toward the tall double doors looming ahead.

1

“Well, thank you,” she murmured, watching him walk down a different path, likely towards the dormitories.

Despite the man’s reassurances, her old instincts flared. Violet had trust issues with strangers and always had. Growing up where she did, people went through your things if given half a chance.

Her gaze narrowed as she considered the possibility that Michael might rummage through her bag. But this was Lunaris Academy, not the ghetto. And, realistically, there was nothing of value in there anyway. Yep, her poor, pathetic life.

2

Still, if anything went missing, she’d hunt him down. After all, she knew his face now.

Taking a deep breath, Violet turned her gaze back to the academy’s entrance, the imposing structure seeming even more daunting now that she was alone. She squared her shoulders and began her ascent up the stone steps and walked through the door and was lost in a new world.

Students hurried around her, rushing out of classrooms, all dressed in the academy uniform—slacks for the boys and skirts for the girls. Back at her old school, they hadn’t bothered with uniforms, seeing it as a thing for elementary school students, and the fact they would look ridiculous in it. But that wasn’t the case here.

The Lunar Academy uniform featured a sleek, deep forest green plaid skirt with gold and navy accents, paired with a tailored midnight blue blazer that hugged the figure perfectly, over a crisp white shirt. The left chest pocket proudly bore the golden crest of a wolf, finished off with a matching tie. The combination of rich colors and the detailed emblem radiated an air of elegance and prestige that made it anything but childish.

3

Not many things surprise Violet, but this school so far has left her gaping like a moron. She stood in the lobby still examining the school environment which might as well be akin to a five-star hotel when a commotion caught her attention.

A guy with striking green hair came barreling toward her, laughing like he was being chased. There was no time to dodge the impact, and he crashed into her with a force as jarring as his appearance.

4

Holy creator of the universe.

1

Before Violet could react, his arms were around her waist, steadying her, her face pressed into his chest—a hot, hard chest, packed with muscle. She could feel the power in his grip, his body solid against hers. He smelled incredible, like the promise of freedom carried on a wild breeze, and for a split second, she had the absurd urge to spread her arms and let the wind take her.

1

Yep, she was definitely losing her mind.

“Well, hello. Look what fate just dropped into my arms,” he purred, his voice smooth and velvety, slipping into her ear like silk against her skin.

His breath was warm against her neck, and Violet involuntarily shivered, realizing how dangerous this one was. She stepped away from him and looked up. Except that was a mistake.

Violet knew werewolves were hot, but this was next-level hot.

2

He had the most striking eyes Violet had ever seen, a vivid green with flecks of gold at the center, and they were locked on her, intense and unblinking. A slow, mischievous grin tugged at the corners of his lips, making her heart skip a beat. He also had green

hair and for someone who often found herself in the same situation, she couldn't help but wonder if it was natural or dyed.

Either way, it suited his rebellious look, complementing his high cheekbones, strong jaw, and those full, undeniably kissable lips. The gods help her, what in the world was she thinking? Hasn't she learned enough with her mother's, no, adopted mother's experiences with men?

"As much as I would love to get acquainted with you, my purple damsel. There's a monster about to murder me right now."

From those words, Violet could tell this one was a lady's man but the mention of murder, made her blood run cold, and whatever attraction she felt towards the stranger vanished at once. She sincerely hoped he didn't mean those words literally.

However, fate seemed to have other plans because a deep roar reverberated through the hall, scaring everyone. What the hell was going on? Before she could say a word, he was already on his heels. Again.

Violet was about to get out of there when she spotted something.

"Hey, you dropped this!" she shouted after him, guessing he must have dropped the necklace when he ran into her.

1

He shouted, "Hold onto that for me, darling, would you?" he winked before disappearing out the door. And he didn't even offer an apology for knocking into her.

Violet shook her head, bewildered. "What a weirdo." Although a cute one. Yep, she was not going there.

"At least he knows good stuff." She muttered, examining the necklace.

It was a delicate piece, adorned with a single teardrop-shaped sapphire pendant encircled by tiny diamonds. The sapphire gleamed with a deep, oceanic blue, catching the light at every angle. Violet frowned, realizing this wasn't an ordinary necklace. The engraved details told Violet it might as well be a family heirloom and she felt uneasy holding onto such a personal item.

3

Violet was still looking it over when a growl that made the hairs on edge came from behind her. She turned slowly to see a furious red-haired werewolf stalking toward her, his muscles taut with barely restrained anger.

2

The gods help her. Why was the universe doing this to her?

If the green-haired wolf from earlier had been hot, this one made her swallow hard, torn between fear and anticipation. He was so tall that she could almost call him a giant. His long red hair was tied back in a bun, a style that should've made him look effeminate, but it only enhanced his raw, masculine presence.

He looked like a Viking straight out of an old movie, with thick, sculpted muscles that made his biceps and pecs bulge under what could barely be called a uniform. His blazer was nowhere to be seen, and the top buttons of his shirt were undone, revealing a hard, tanned chest and a teasing glimpse of a tattoo she couldn't make out from her angle.

In short, the red-haired male was dangerously attractive. And unless she was into some dark beauty-and-the-beast romance, this was the moment of reckoning because the beast looked like he was about to snap her in half.

He towered over her, hatred burning in his eyes, with his lips curled into a snarl. Violent whimpered inwardly, what did she do wrong, Mr. Beast?

2

His eyes lock onto the necklace in her hand, and without warning, he lunge to snatch it. Violet acted instinctively, dodging and pushing it away from his reach. "Hey, that's not —"

1

Violet couldn't finish it because he grabbed her by the throat, lifting her effortlessly off the ground. What the fuck? Her eyes nearly bulged out of her eye. What in the name of madness was going on here? And why was no one stepping out from the sea of students to help her?

1

It dawned on Violet no one was coming for her. If anything, they looked away as if she was not getting strangled in the lobby by some brute. Cold dread washed over Violet as she realized this guy could murder her right here and then and no one would say a word. What kind of crazy was this?

"I don't know what you and Roman are up to," he hissed, his voice thick with menace, "but touch my stuff again, and I'll kill you. For real."

2



His stuff?

Oh no.

Violet instantly figured out that he was the owner of the necklace. In that case, does that mean the green-haired guy stole from him? It finally made sense why he had been running. And thanks to the asshole, she was about to be murdered. Was that the punishment for stealing in this institution? Somebody help her! Nobody informed her about this.

Violet's vision blurred, the edges of her sight darkening as she struggled for air. His rage was overwhelming, radiating off him in hot, angry waves. She could feel his hands shaking, not from fear, but from the sheer effort it took to hold back his strength from crushing her neck.

And then, just as quickly as it started, the brute flung her away like she was nothing.

1

Violet hit the ground hard, pain shooting up her spine as she crumpled in a heap. She watched as he bent down and picked up the necklace that fell on the ground and left her alone, thankfully.

Breathless and trembling, Violet lay there, the sting of humiliation and the terror of nearly dying clinging to her skin. Before she could gather herself, a shadow fell over her.

God, who was it this time?

She looked up and forgot how to breathe. Does this academy only accept fine, attractive males, or what?

A tall and commanding guy stood before her. He wore dark shades, indoors of all places, and something about his presence made her instincts scream. Who wears sunglasses inside? Call it instincts but something told her the shades weren't just for fashion but necessity. It was something else, something darker.

4

And yet, she found herself checking him out. His jet-black hair was faded at the sides, while the longer strands fell messily over his face, screaming he was due for a haircut soon. Broad-shouldered and muscular, he didn't carry the bulk of the redhead or the lean grace of the green-haired thief. Yet his uniform clung perfectly to his athletic frame, highlighting his jock-like physique. Violet's heart pounded, and an inexplicable tingle spread through her, heat pooling low in her belly.

1

What the hell was wrong with her today? It had to be the overload of handsome faces; if she'd known Lunaris Academy had this many striking men, she might have mentally prepared herself better.

1

For a split second, their gazes locked, or at least, she thought they did. Beneath those shades, she sensed the weight of his eyes assessing her. Part of her hoped, foolishly, that he'd help her up. But that wasn't the case. Instead, his lips curled into a cold, mocking smile, the kind that made Violet feel like prey—a plaything to be toyed with.

His eyes roved up and down her body and her breath hitched, not out of attraction, but sudden fear. She had dealt with guys like this before back at her old school, and Violet knew better than to trust men with that dark, brooding intensity. Whatever drew her to him, it was nothing good.

1

Suddenly, his lips curled into a wild, unsettling smile. "Welcome, my purple flower. I've been waiting for you for so long."

7

What the hell?

---

Note: Please check the comment section to see what a picture of Lunaris Academy looks like and their uniform as well!

## Chapter 8: Point System

Violet stormed down the hallway in huge strides, as if the devil himself were right on her heels. Given what she'd just experienced, he might as well have been. Not even the time she was nearly choked to death rattled her as much as that weirdo did. And the worst part? He hadn't even done much. Yet somehow, that little bit was enough to make her realize she'd made a colossal mistake coming here.

He didn't do much after calling her, what was it again? *Purple flower*? Ugh. What did he think she was? Some helpless damsel in distress? But it was his next statement that really sent ice through her veins.

*"Trust me, I can't wait to see you in bed too."*

With that, he left, but the chill he left behind clung to her like frost. Worse, it was the way he'd looked at her—hungrily—as if she were covered in thick, mouthwatering chocolate, and he couldn't wait to sink his teeth into her.

Yeah, no. That was definitely not happening.

1

It was probably nothing, Violet tried to tell herself. Just a bored, psychopathic alpha getting a thrill from seeing a helpless human on her knees or something. But no matter how hard she tried to brush it off, a nagging feeling gnawed at her insides. There was something at play here. Something she wasn't fully aware of, but could *feel* it.

1

After all, what were the odds that she'd bump into a guy who turned out to be a thief, then got manhandled by another, only to meet the last creepy, disturbingly handsome one in quick succession? This wasn't just a coincidence; it felt orchestrated. Her instincts, honed by years of surviving in rough places, screamed that something was off. And deep down, she knew.

1

Surely, applications to this school were approved by the administration, not students, right? Because if students had any say in who was admitted, she was royally screwed.

Violet shook her head to dispel the thought. What was she even thinking? Of course, the principal approved the applications, not random students. And she was about to meet that very principal. The one who had read her very COLORFUL application form.

4

A blush crept up her cheeks at the thoughts. At least now, she might finally learn why she'd been accepted even though her submission had been... far from ideal.

By the time she reached the principal's office, Violet's neck was throbbing with a hot, angry pain. She had been rubbing that spot for a while now, it was too painful to ignore.

1

She knocked on the door and heard a "come in." from the inside.

Principal Jameson's office was a world apart from the cramped, cluttered space Violet had known at her former school. It was so spacious, she could easily imagine spreading a bed and still having enough room to go about her duties.

The decor was sleek and polished, giving off an air of sophistication. The desk, positioned at the center of the room, was immaculate. Only a name tag, a modern laptop, a small flower pot, and a few neatly stacked files occupied the surface. Compared to the document chaos of her old principal's office, this was the epitome of order and elegance.

Principal Jameson was quite a stunning woman and she smiled up at her as soon as their eyes met. "Welcome, Violet....." her expression faltered the next seconds when she saw the angry red mark.

5

In the twinkle of an eye, the principal had shot up to her feet, closing the space between them with horror etched on her face.

"Who did this to you?" she demanded, her voice laced with concern.

For the first time since she arrived, Violet felt a spark of vindication. Finally, someone was going to do something about that brute.

1

Without wasting time, Violet narrated the whole encounter, precisely describing the red-haired werewolf in detail, but as she spoke, she noticed the principal's expression shifting from anger to something far more unsettling: fear.

"You mean Griffin Hale did this to you?"

"Griffin Hale? Is that his name?" she asked. It was quite a nice name.

2

"Miss Purple," the principal began, her tone far more cautious, "I understand you're upset, but what happened was likely just... playful roughhousing. Things here are different from your former school and while it can get a bit intense, but it's all in good fun."

5

At once, Violet's expression shifted, her fury boiled over. Playful roughhousing? He had nearly killed her!

1

“Principal Jameson, Griffin Hale nealy —” She was about to argue, but there was something in the principal’s eyes, a flicker of fear or perhaps a silent warning that made her pause.

1

Unwilling to clash with the school authority on her first day, Violet swallowed her retort, but not her anger. If the principal wouldn’t pursue this matter, then one way or another, she would take matters into her own hands and make sure that red-haired brute paid.

3

Although Violet had no idea how she would get revenge against a creature who could snap her in two, she would find a way. She always did.

1

“I’m sorry you had such an awful experience, Miss Purple, but trust me, the boys aren’t always like this. Just think of it as a guy pulling on a girl’s ponytail to get her attention.” Principal Jameson said.

5

*In that case, Why don’t they pull your ponytail as well?* Violet wanted to retort but managed to calm herself.

5

Although If the principal was managing such “wild beasts” in this school, Violet bet they’ve pulled her ponytails so many times.

1

“I’ll have Mary come over. She would take you to the infirmary to get the injury sorted. Class is almost over for the day, so you can resume tomorrow,” Principal Jameson said, walking over to her desk and picking up the telephone, made a call to the so-called mary.

Violet stood awkwardly, unsure whether to sit as the principal hadn’t yet invited her to. She did her best to ignore the conversation the woman was having on the phone, her eyes wandering around the room instead, absorbing the elegant décor.

Moments later, the call ended, and Principal Jameson’s attention shifted back.

“You can sit, Violet. Your student guide will be here shortly.” She gestured toward the chair across from her desk.

Violet hesitated before sitting down, her posture tense as she faced the principal, who radiated an air of formality and professionalism.

“I understand that things here are quite different from your previous school,” the principal began.

“Definitely,” Violet responded, her tone carrying a noticeable edge of bitterness, still fuming over the earlier assault and the principal’s apparent inaction. What Violet didn’t realize yet was that Principal Jameson, like everyone else in the academy, was just a puppet dancing to the strings of a hidden puppet master.

1

If Principal Jameson noticed Violet’s tone, she didn’t acknowledge it. Instead, she continued, “The term began on September fifth, and you’re nearly two weeks behind. However, after reviewing your records, it’s clear you’re a bright student, so I have no doubt you’ll catch up with the curriculum. Unlike other institutions, Lunar Academy doesn’t just produce efficient students, it ensures they leave with a well-rounded future by the time they graduate.”

*“Yep, through your matchmaking skills,”* Violet quipped inwardly.

“At the same time, Lunar Academy thrives on excellence and discipline. Your student guide should have been the one to tell you this but since she’s not here yet I’ll break it down for you. This might not have been practiced in your formal school but we run a point system here.”

Violet’s brow raised, hinting at her curiosity.

“As you may already know, many of our recent graduates go on to become key figures in our society, particularly human females who are paired with powerful werewolf mates. The relationships that begin within these walls frequently lead to marriage, as seen in the case of the Werewolf King and his human queen, along with other prominent alphas who have followed his example. To foster the best possible matches, each student is ranked within their year and assigned a point tally, reflecting their overall performance and compatibility.”

Principal Jameson’s eyes were fixed on Violet, and when she was sure Violet was paying close attention, she continued, “Points are earned through academic achievement, leadership in extracurriculars, and contributions to both school and community life. There’s also a popularity ranking, which, in some cases, can affect your overall point tally. You’ll learn more about that as you get to know your peers. However, any behavior that falls below the high standards of Lunar Academy will result in point deductions. And teachers have full authority to award or revoke points at their discretion, so tread carefully—”

Violet raised her hand abruptly, cutting the woman off.

4

“What is it, Violet? Are you confused about something?” Principal Jameson’s voice was noticeably strained, clearly not used to being interrupted. This was someone who liked to maintain control.

1

Violet, bold as ever, asked, “So I’m curious, would Griffin Hale lose points for assaulting me? And how many points exactly will be deducted?”

The question took Principal Jameson by surprise. Her expression faltered for a moment before she regained composure, clearing her throat. “Miss Purple, you’re currently at the bottom of the rankings, so you should be more concerned with improving—”

“How many points?” Violet pressed, her voice sweet but with a smile that didn’t reach her eyes. “Or is it that you never intended to punish him at all? Surely Lunar is doesn’t endorse assault, right? That wouldn’t be good for the school’s reputation.”

2

Violet knew that she was pushing her luck here and from the way the woman’s face had darkened, she might have made an enemy out of her.

1

“Five hundred points. Griffin Hale will lose five hundred points for the incident. Is that satisfactory?”

Violet frowned slightly. She wasn’t sure what the value of five hundred points meant, but it sounded significant enough.

1

“Yes, that works for me,” she replied, though the tension between them had thickened to the point of suffocating.

Just then, Mary, her student guide, arrived—perfect timing.

“I’m here, Principal Jameson,” Mary announced, as Violet quickly stood, eager to leave.

After a brief exchange between the two, it was time to go. But before Violet could step out the door, Principal Jameson’s voice rang out again, “Violet Purple.”

Violet turned, meeting the woman's gaze without flinching.

"Good luck," Principal Jameson said, her words carrying an ominous weight. "You'll need it out there."

6

Violet swallowed hard. The warning hung heavy in the air, and she knew, deep down, there was truth in those words.

## Chapter 9: The Lord's Mercy

Her assigned guide, Mary, was a tall and elegant blonde with an air of nobility that suggested she'd never had to lift a finger in her entire life. It wasn't surprising though, Lunar Academy catered to the rich and elite humans after all.

People like Violet were only "privileged" to be here — so she's been reminded every step of the way. Since the moment she entered the campus, opulence surrounded her from the outside down to the inside of the academy grounds, making her feel out of place.

Yet, for someone from such a background, Mary's humility took Violet by surprise. It wasn't great to stereotype, but the rich often fit the mold of being arrogant, entitled, and dismissive. Mary, however, was kind, with a calm, gentle demeanor that, oddly enough, put Violet at ease.

That was saying a lot, given how much Violet trusted no one, especially in this school, where her worst assumptions had already been confirmed. Mary was a refreshing change from the students Violet had encountered so far.

"I don't know what's going on between you and Principal Jameson," Mary began, her tone soft but cautionary, "but trust me, you do not want to make an enemy out of —"

"I'm not scared of Principal Jameson if that's what you're worried about," Violet interrupted, her tone growing serious. "Trust me, I come from a district where the games you play here would feel like child's play."

1

Mary stopped walking abruptly, forcing Violet to halt as well. Violet saw an ugly sneer twist across the girl's face for the first time, a darkness flickering in her eyes.

1

"Who said I was talking about the principal?"



She stepped closer, her tall frame nearly towering over Violet. While Violet wasn't short, Mary had almost a head on her.

"It's not Jameson you should be worried about. It's them..."

While Mary didn't elaborate on who "them" referred to, Violet didn't need her to. There was clearly a powerful clique at the academy pulling the strings behind the scenes. Back at her old school, it had been Jasmine and her gang. Here at Lunaris, Violet could already tell Griffin Hale was one of "them," if not their leader. She hadn't missed the trace of fear in Principal Jameson's eyes at the mere mention of his name.

3

But even that didn't faze Violet. Back in the ghetto, Jasmine and her lackeys nearly had no limits, and Violet had dealt with them just fine. What could a group of spoiled, entitled brats throw at her that she couldn't take?

4

Violet met Mary's gaze with unwavering confidence. "I. Can. Handle. Them," she enunciated slowly, making sure the message was clear.

4

For a moment, Mary stared at her in disbelief before breaking into a slow, mocking laugh. "Oh, they're going to enjoy breaking you."

1

Wait—what? Violet blinked, caught off guard. Suddenly, she wondered if her instincts about trusting Mary was right.

"I've seen girls like you over the years," Mary continued, her tone almost pitying. "That fire in your eyes? It always gets extinguished. There's a hierarchy here, Violet, and until you learn your place, that fire is going to get swallowed whole by the storm."

3

The air between them thickened with tense silence, the severity of Mary's words lingering ominously. Whatever excitement Violet had for the tour evaporated.

But instead of backing down, Violet lifted her chin defiantly. "Maybe they've broken others but they haven't met me."

3

Mary shook her head, "Don't say I didn't warn you."

"Thanks for the warning," Violet shot back, rolling her eyes. "Now, can we get this over with? It's getting boring."

Mary gave Violet an incredulous look. Despite all the warnings, nothing seemed to faze her. As a guide for this semester's new students, Mary had seen most of them lower their heads the moment they learned about the school's hierarchy, eager to stay out of sight and avoid trouble.

But Violet? She wasn't like the others. There was no hesitation, no fear in her eyes. Mary could already tell she was going to be trouble. Then again, the alphas would likely deal with her soon enough.

1

"Fine!" She huffed, momentarily thrown by Violet's unwavering confidence.

As they stepped out of the administrative floor and into the bustling hallway, it became clear that classes were over for the day. Students streamed out of classrooms, and the atmosphere buzzed with the end-of-day rush.

Violet could feel the weight of their stares, sharp and unsettling. It wasn't the curious glance reserved for a new girl, something novel and intriguing to look at. No, these looks were different, hungry, assessing. They watched her like predators sizing up prey, scrutinizing every inch as if they were trying to determine whether she would disrupt the order they were so used to.

But Violet didn't shrink under their gaze. Instead, she glared back with the same fierce intensity, her defiance meeting their scrutiny head-on. One by one, their eyes dropped, having gotten the message.

1

"Here," Mary said, pressing a heavy satchel into Violet's arms. Violet instinctively grabbed it, her curiosity piqued. She had noticed Mary leave Jameson's office with the bag but hadn't asked about it until now.

"That's your welcome satchel. Go ahead, open it," Mary urged when she caught Violet's questioning look.

Violet unzipped the bag and saw a stack of textbooks, but something else caught her eye. There was a sealed package nestled inside. When Violet pulled it out and saw the branded logo, her eyes widened in disbelief.

“No way...” she whispered, holding up the sealed phone box, looking up at Mary with disbelief and anticipation.

Mary smiled knowingly. “We understand that some of our scholarship students come from... less privileged districts,” she said, carefully choosing her words. “So, we provide free devices to help students learn here at Lunar Academy.”

Whatever Mary said after that felt distant as Violet eagerly unsealed the phone box. The moment she uncovered the sleek, touchscreen device inside, her breath hitched.

Violet stood frozen in the hallway, the new phone resting in her palm. Her instincts screamed at her to shout or jump for joy, but the elegance of the academy reminded her that would be a terrible idea. She might be the new girl, but she didn’t need everyone to know she was a greenhorn.

1

Instead, she beamed silently, her smile stretching wide as she admired it. Never in her wildest dreams had she thought she’d hold something like this. Not to mention, Nancy would lose her mind over a touchscreen.

The thought of Nancy made guilt creep in. After all the resistance she’d put up to getting into Lunar Academy, here she was, barely a day in, and already enjoying the perks.

“It comes with accessories, headphones, charger, user manual, in case you don’t know how to—”

“I know how to use a phone,” Violet cut her off sharply, feeling a bit insulted. Just because she’d never owned one didn’t mean she was clueless.

“No offense,” Mary said, lifting her hands in mock surrender. “I was just trying to help.”

Violet ignored her, turning the phone on. The brand name, AVAX, appeared with a dramatic flourish on the screen, followed by “Welcome, Violet” flashing across the display. She frowned at that.

Mary explained, pride evident in her voice. “Each phone is customized for the students. I told you, Lunar Academy doesn’t miss a single detail.”

1

Violet had to admit, as much as she didn’t want to, the attention to detail was impressive. If the kids back home knew the level of luxury this school offered, they’d do anything to be in her shoes.

Mary continued, "Your phone has everything, campus maps, your schedule, school matches, the syllabus, and, of course, your ranking for the term."

1

Violet frowned, trying to navigate the phone to find all the things Mary was talking about.

"Here, let me show you," Mary said, snatching the phone out of Violet's hands.

Before Violet could protest, Mary snapped a photo of her without warning, the flash catching her off guard, and making her wince.

Moments later, Mary was typing away, setting things up. Violet let her be. For once, she admitted to herself that she didn't know everything.

Violet knew she was stubborn to a fault but one couldn't blame her. She had been independent all through her life and didn't need anyone's help. Even without Mary's help, she would have figured it out sooner or later.

1

"All you need to do now is log into the Lunar Academy app," Mary explained. "The school offers free Wi-Fi, though most of us don't use it. While it's encrypted, some of Lunar's top students have impressive hacking skills, so be careful what information you store on the device. Secrets are valuable currency here."

In a place where money flowed like water, secrets became the real currency. Violet almost rolled her eyes, exasperated by how easy these students had it, how oblivious they were to their privilege.

She wondered if Mary had any idea that her district would kill for something as simple as free Wi-Fi, hacked or not. Even in the old world, the government had never cared about the welfare of the people, and in this new world, it was even worse. Her district was one of many left to suffer in the shadows, neglected and forgotten.

"Alright, here's your schedule!" Mary chirped as she handed the phone back to Violet. Violet's eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets when she saw the packed timetable.

## **Monday**

*7:00 AM: Breakfast*

*8:00 AM – 9:30 AM: Werewolf Anthropology & Culture (Non-Elective)*

*Focus on werewolf traditions, social hierarchy, and customs.*

*9:45 AM – 11:15 AM: Advanced Human Biology (Core Science Course)*

*Deep dive into human anatomy, genetics, and comparison with werewolf physiology.*

*11:30 AM – 12:30 PM: Physical Training (Compulsory Sports)*

*Strength, agility, and endurance exercises.*

*12:30 PM – 1:30 PM: Lunch Break*

*1:30 PM – 3:00 PM: History of the New World (Non-Elective)*

*Exploration of post-war human and werewolf integration.*

*3:15 PM – 4:45 PM: Etiquette & Social Dynamics (Compulsory)*

*Lessons on manners, social behavior, and interacting with werewolf alphas.*

2

*5:00 PM – 6:00 PM: Mythology of Hybrid Creatures (Elective)*

*Exploration of mythological creatures and hybrids.*

*7:00 PM – 10:00 PM: Dinner, Rest, Study Hour / Free Time...*

“What the hell...” Violet muttered under her breath, staring at the daunting curriculum. At her old school, classes were always done by two o’clock sharp.

“I know, right?” Mary sighed, feeling empathic, “Lunaris believes in keeping the students busy, which is why the syllabus is packed. But it makes sense when you think about the werewolves in our ranks. They need to stay active, or else chaos follows when they’ve got too much energy and nowhere to put it.”

“Then they should have their own separate school and not drag us into this mess,” Violet snapped, irritated.

1

Now she had to deal with werewolf-infused courses that hadn’t been any of her business before. Sure, her old school had dabbled in some of those subjects, but this? These were advanced compared to what she was used to.

“And what the hell is ‘Etiquette and Social Dynamics’ and why is it compulsory?” She scowled, the absurdity of it all making no sense.

2

Instead of answering, Mary smirked, a conspiratorial glint in her eyes. And that was enough to raise alarms in Violet's head.

"Don't worry, you'll find out soon enough. Come on, let's head to the infirmary. Now that you've got the map, finding everything else should be a breeze." Mary gently guided her forward before Violet could fire off more questions.

"Oh, and unless you want to lose points, uniforms are mandatory every day except weekends," Mary added. "And make sure you're wearing the complete uniform. Principal Jameson loves using that to dock points."

Violet frowned, recalling how Griffin and Roman hadn't been fully dressed in their uniforms. Of course, there were exceptions to the rules.

"I can't tell what's going on in your head with that face all scrunched up, but trust me, Lunaris has its perks. You'll love it here soon enough. Hot human guys, hunky werewolves, and, let's not forget, super attractive teachers."

Violet shot her a look, not judging, but definitely unimpressed.

2

Mary grinned, unphased. "Speaking of, I'm sure you noticed the compulsory weekly counseling sessions on your schedule. It's Lunaris' way of checking up on students' mental health. And Mr. Richmond... Well, let's just say he loves to listen, you know what I mean."

1

"I don't want to know what you mean," Violet replied flatly.

But Mary wasn't done. She winked, leaning in. "There's no real issue with student-teacher relationships here, especially with werewolves. They've got a lot of energy, and some students... volunteer when Mr. Richmond needs to blow off steam—"

9

"Alright, that's way too much information!" Violet groaned, horrified at the images forming in her head.

1

She shot Mary a pleading look. "Can we just get to the infirmary already?"

Mary nodded, though somewhat reluctantly, clearly eager to share more. Violet was just relieved she wasn't about to get any more unsolicited details about the school's scandalous affairs.

1

She had come here to focus on her studies, not end up on the same path Nancy had chosen. But it seemed that path was all too normal here.

As Violet had guessed, this was the main building, a grand, three-story structure that housed the classrooms, the common room, administrative offices, and meeting areas. Lunar Academy also boasted a state-of-the-art swimming pool, courts, tracks, a gym, a greenhouse, and even a ballroom. While the ballroom was indoors, the other facilities were located behind the main building.

Violet had assumed the infirmary would be back there as well, but she couldn't have been more wrong.

Calling the two-story building set apart from the main one an "infirmary" was an understatement. It was more of a private hospital and a sophisticated one at that. Violet was taken aback by the pristine, well-lit hallways. The floors were lined with smooth, light-colored tiles, and the walls were adorned with wooden paneling on the lower half, topped with a calming blue horizontal strip that gave the space a refreshing and tranquil feel.

1

Doctors in white coats moved briskly, clipboards in hand, and certain areas of the building appeared to have restricted access. Violet couldn't help but be amazed. Did this school experience that many injuries, or was this just another way for the wealthy to flaunt their resources? She wasn't sure.

"Come on," Mary urged, tugging at her arm when Violet couldn't stop staring, mouth agape like a fish out of water.

1

They walked into a smaller ward where a minor commotion was already unfolding. A healer—one of the rare now-extinct werewolves with the ability to channel healing magic—was chastising a student, a boy whose arms were covered in fresh burn marks. Violet barely had time to process the fact that the academy employed an actual healer, because her attention quickly shifted to him.

1

“You can’t keep doing this, Alaric,” the healer said, clearly exasperated. “If you push yourself like this, the infirmary will become your second home.”

3

“I’m fine,” he grumbled, clearly annoyed, as the healer’s magic worked over his arms, soothing the burns.

Almost immediately, as if he could sense he was being watched, he turned and their gaze met.

Holy creator of the universe. Violet forgot how to breathe.

Fuck. This was slowly becoming a habit.

1

He had whitish-blond hair that framed a face so striking it was almost unfair. But it was his eyes that truly captivated her, stormy blue, like a brewing tempest.

2

She wasn’t the only one affected; she heard Mary whisper his name in awe, “Alpha Alaric,” her cheeks flushing slightly.

Of course, another alpha. Violet couldn’t decide whether to be impressed yet.

Though he didn’t fit the typical image of an alpha, there was a quiet intensity about him that set him apart from the others. Instead of the usual brashness, there was an innocence in his demeanor that oddly drew her in.

With those striking sapphire eyes, he could have easily been the most handsome alpha she’d met today—if it weren’t for the sudden scowl that darkened his face. Violet didn’t just sense his anger; she knew it. But why? She’d never even seen him until now.

7

As if that wasn’t enough, his gaze swept over her, up and down, as if sizing her up, sending an unexpected thrill through her. But just as quickly as that flicker of excitement rose, it was crushed by his cold, dismissive attitude. His expression made it clear: she wasn’t worth his time. Any illusion of interest on his part was shattered by his icy indifference.

1

“You’re good to go.” the healer finished up with him.



Done, Alaric brushed past Violet, and in that brief, fleeting contact, a spark jolted through her. It was like lightning, sharp, unexpected, and oddly thrilling. Violet froze, breath catching in her throat, but Alaric didn't even glance her way. If he felt the same strange jolt, he didn't show it.

"You. What can I do for you?" the healer asked, her brows furrowing as she studied Violet. "You're a new face, aren't you?"

Violet nodded.

"And already in the infirmary on your first day?" The healer shook her head, tutting. "The lord be with you."

"I know," Violet whispered, her voice barely audible. "I know."

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Do check out the comment section to see what Violet's schedule looks like.

## Chapter 10: West House

"Just a quick question," Violet began, eyeing Mary. "Don't you have something better to do than follow me around? No offense, but if your schedule is as packed as mine, we should've wrapped up this little liaison by now."

Mary had lingered even after the healer had finished, which didn't take long. Still, she seemed in no rush to leave, despite the fact that Violet could easily find her way back to the dorm with the school map. She was a quick learner, after all.

The girl shrugged, a nonchalant smile on her face. "I take my role as a student guide seriously. I'm not done until I know you're settled comfortably in your room. And as for schedules, I'm a senior. You'll find that some courses are dropped with each term as you get acclimated. Plus, being a student guide comes with certain privileges."

Violet said dryly. "I should have known." So much for feeling guilty about taking up Mary's time.

3

"Come on," Mary said, tapping something on her phone, "you've been assigned to West House. Let's get you settled so I can finally get some rest, too."

Violet couldn't agree more. She was exhausted, physically, mentally, and emotionally. It had been a long journey to an unfamiliar city, and the overwhelming sensory and mental assault she'd experienced since her arrival in this academy hadn't made things easier

either. All she wanted now was a shower and a long, uninterrupted sleep before tackling her packed schedule tomorrow.

1

Unfortunately, Lunaris Academy was massive, and Violet was starting to understand why she'd seen cars driving along the pristine campus roads, dropping students off at various spots. If she hadn't been so determined to play it cool, Violet might have stopped to gape at the sleek, fancy cars gliding past her. Back in her district, she'd only seen vehicles like these in old-world movies or on illegal racing tracks. The sight of them only reminded her how insignificant she was here, and that was fine by her. She didn't come to draw attention.

After about twenty minutes of trekking, Mary finally announced, "Welcome to West House."

1

"Wow," Violet muttered under her breath, taking in the stately black-and-white brick building.

Its classical architecture stood out, the four-story rectangular structure adorned with evenly spaced windows and tall chimneys on the roof. A grand columned portico framed the front entrance, with wide steps leading up to double doors while the surrounding green lawns and towering trees added a natural, serene charm to the imposing structure. Clearly, the school had a love for nature.

"And that, my dear, is the West House," Mary said with a smug grin, clearly pleased at the awe on Violet's face. "And over there are the other houses: East, South, and North."

Violet turned her head to see three more stately buildings, identical in architecture but painted in red, blue, and orange.

"Do the colors mean something?" Violet asked, picking up on the details quickly.

"I love how fast you catch on," Mary responded as they started up the steps, with Violet following silently.

She continued, "As I mentioned before, this school operates on a strict hierarchy, and whether you're human or werewolf, we form packs in our houses out of necessity. The four most powerful alphas rule this place, and it's only natural that everyone else falls in line," she paused, casting a cautionary glance at Violet. "That includes you."

Violet sighed. Just how many rules does this place have?

1

Mary told her, "Also, West House is run by Alpha Asher Nightshade."

4

"Asher Nightshade?" Violet repeated, curious. Who was he? His name sounded interesting.

"Don't worry," Mary cut in before Violet could fire off more questions. "Everything you need to know is stored in that phone of yours. Plus, I'm sure your roommates will fill in the rest."

Mary gestured casually as she spoke, "That's the laundry room over there. We also have a house prefect, a non-academic staff member appointed by the school to monitor our activities and make sure we follow dorm rules. But, honestly, they're pretty much useless when the alphas get involved. So don't worry, no one's going to stop you from sneaking out to a midnight party." she said mischievously.

Violet rolled her eyes. For a school that supposedly prioritizes academics, they sure seem to have a lot of downtime for extracurricular activities, she thought wryly.

1

As they started ascending the stairs, which likely led to her floor, Mary continued her chatter. "The female dorms are on the first and second floors, while the males take the third and fourth. Oh, and by the way, Alpha Asher and his inner circle of minor alphas with their betas live on the top floor. So, you know where to go if you ever need someone to... scratch your itch," she teased with a wink.

Violet groaned audibly, burying her face in her palm. *Does every single thing that comes out of this girl's mouth have to be about sex?*

Mary burst into laughter, clearly enjoying how easily she could get a rise out of her as they passed through the busy hall. With classes over, the hallways were packed with students, and Violet could feel the weight of a hundred eyes on her. She brushed it off, walking confidently, refusing to let their stares get under her skin.

Finally, Mary stopped in front of a door. "Here it is. Room 104. And with that, I conclude the grand tour, madame!" She finished with a dramatic bow, sweeping her arm out in a theatrical flourish.

3

A smile crept onto Violet's face despite her best efforts to resist. Mary was like an annoying itch that refused to go away, yet somehow, she was starting to grow on her.

This had been the best tour she'd ever experienced, and Mary was undoubtedly the perfect student to lead it. Among the students she had seen so far, Violet had a feeling Mary was about the nicest person she would encounter here.

Violet didn't do hugs, so she said sincerely, "Thank you."

But Mary was the complete opposite. Before Violet could even react, she was swept into a lung-crushing embrace.

Violet gasped, struggling to breathe. How was this girl so strong?

As if the horror of the unexpected hug wasn't enough, Mary began to cry. "This is always the hardest part of the tour—saying goodbye after the wonderful time we've spent together."

1

Violet opened her mouth to argue that they had literally just met an hour ago, hardly enough time to forge any real bond. But she couldn't bring herself to hurt Mary's feelings further, so she endured the agonizing seconds until the embrace finally ended.

Mary clasped Violet's face, forcing her to look into her eyes as she spoke fiercely, "Now you go out there and give them fire, as you promised. Under no circumstances should you break. I've saved my number in your phone, so call me whenever you need me."

*Yeah, that wasn't happening. I can handle myself.* Violet thought inwardly, though she managed to offer Mary a sweet smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. "Yes, okay?"

Mary's face lit up with a wide grin before she gently shoved Violet toward the door. "Now, go meet your roommates!"

Violet grabbed the doorknob and stepped inside, but Mary called out just as she was about to close the door. "Oh, wait! I forgot to tell you that Asher —" The door clicked shut, cutting off whatever Mary had to say.

1

Leaning against the door, Violet closed her eyes and took a deep breath, grounding herself. When she opened her eyes, the sight before her took her breath away.

The room was huge, far more luxurious than she had imagined. But her awe was quickly interrupted as three pairs of eyes locked onto her, and she found herself face-to-face with her new roommates.

"Fuck, it's really her," one of them said, disbelief etched in her voice.

Violet arched an eyebrow at the unexpected reaction. Why did it seem like everyone at this institution knew her?

1

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The character display is on and working. I would love to hear what you think about our female lead and her alphas. You can pin them down to me, I don't care how crazy it is! Also, for the pictorial reference of West house, you can check in the comment section!

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