

My Marked Alpha Chapter 11 -20

Chapter 11: Moonsphere

Violet had never truly considered Nancy's trailer a home, and standing in this room made that painfully clear. She was left speechless by the sheer luxury surrounding her.

The expansive space boasted polished dark wooden floors that gleamed under the soft lighting. Four towering four-poster canopy beds, each fit for a princess, draped in crisp white sheets with plush pillows. Matching wardrobes and executive desks accompanied each bed, adding an air of sophistication.

Thankfully, the walls hadn't been painted a garish Barbie pink, otherwise, Violet would have thrown up on the spot. Instead, a dreamy blend of pastel pinks, blues, and purples washed over the room, evoking the whimsical sweetness of cotton candy.

A cozy bookshelf stood by the far end, but the true crown jewel of the space was the flat-screen TV mounted on the wall. At the sight of it, Violet nearly forgot any trespasses this school had committed against her. This was fucking paradise.

There was a door to the side, and Violet guessed it led to the bathroom. Mary had mentioned that while each room in the west house had its own private bathroom, there was also a coed communal one "just in case of emergencies."

Violet had shuddered at the thought, unable to imagine what kind of emergency would drive her to use a coed bathroom.

1

This school scared her more than she wanted to admit. There seemed to be less focus on learning and more on... activities, if you caught her drift.

Thank God the rooms weren't coed as well.

Violet couldn't help but wonder, If the room was this grand, the bathroom would no doubt be just as luxurious. She was tempted to check it out immediately but reminded herself she'd see it soon enough when she bathed later. No need to get too excited just yet.

It wasn't hard to find her bed—her roommates had already claimed the others, and her bag from earlier sat neatly on the unoccupied one. Violet set her satchel down and turned to face the trio, who were still staring at her, wide-eyed.

“Hi, I’m Violet. Also, could one of you tell me if there’s something on my back? Because all the staring is starting to creep me out,” she said, hands on her hips, meeting their gazes head-on.

A girl with short, choppy blonde hair suddenly hopped up from her bed and approached Violet. Her disarming smile caught Violet’s attention immediately, and she couldn’t help but notice the girl’s petite frame and high cheekbones. She looked more like a delicate fairy than a human.

“Hi, I’m Lila Meadows,” she introduced herself in a chirpy voice, extending her hand with far more enthusiasm than Violet expected. “It’s so nice to meet you, Violet Purple,” she added, as if they’d been friends for years.

Violet blinked, taken aback by the sudden familiarity. Before she could ask any questions, Lila had already thrown an arm around her, steering her towards the others. “And that’s Daisy Fairchild over there.”

2

“Hello,” the brunette greeted with a wave and a welcoming smile.

Daisy was strikingly pretty, with a subtle nerdy vibe, glasses perched on her nose and a textbook clutched in her hand.

“And the grumpy one over there is Ivy Sinclair,” Lila said, pointing to another blonde whose face seemed permanently fixed in a scowl.

3

Ivy was stunning, with long, wavy blonde hair that framed her heart-shaped face, piercing blue eyes, and plump lips. Her hourglass figure was enviable, the kind many women would dream of having. Yet, there was an undeniable air of arrogance around her, the kind that only seemed to come naturally to aristocrats.

When their eyes met, Violet instantly sensed the disdain in Ivy’s gaze. It was clear that this girl didn’t like her. And Violet’s instincts had never been wrong. Ivy made no effort to introduce herself, instead returning to her phone, typing as though Violet wasn’t even worth her attention.

5

Lila, however, wasn’t fazed in the slightest. She cheerfully said, “Don’t mind Ivy. She’s standoffish at first, but when you get to know her, she’s all sugar and spice.”

1

Ivy glared from her spot on the bed. “Shut up, Lila,” she snapped, her tone dripping with annoyance.

Lila rolled her eyes, clearly unimpressed by Ivy’s scowl. She leaned in even closer to Violet, her voice far from subtle as she announced. “Ivy’s just jealous of you.”

“Lila!” Ivy practically screamed this time, sitting up with fire blazing in her blue eyes. “I said shut that loud mouth of yours!”

Lila chuckled at Ivy’s frustration, but Violet was frowning, her curiosity now gnawing at her.

She turned to Lila and asked, “What do you mean she’s jealous of me?” Then, looking directly at Ivy, she added politely, “No offense, but we’ve just met. Why would you be jealous of me? That doesn’t make any sense.”

“Offense is taken,” Ivy spat, her words sharp. “If you’re actually believing the nonsense that loudmouth is spewing.”

“God, your pride is legendary, especially considering how you were talking about that video just moments ago,” Daisy finally spoke up, her face tight with annoyance.

But Violet wasn’t interested in whatever confrontation was brewing. Her attention snapped to the new piece of information she’d just overheard. She stepped away from the overly touchy Lila, her voice cold. “What video are we talking about?”

All three girls turned to her, looking at her as if she were a clueless novice. Violet felt her cheeks flush with embarrassment. What was she missing?

Daisy raised an eyebrow. “You haven’t checked your Moonfeed?”

“Moonfeed?” Violet echoed, even more confused.

“Moonsphere,” Daisy explained. “It’s the site where both humans and werewolves at Lunar Academy get all the gossip, trending topics, and the latest campus news. It’s not like LunarLink, the official academic network. Moonsphere’s student-run. More fun, more entertaining. And yeah, you’re currently trending.”

What the hell? Violet’s mind raced. This wasn’t how she imagined finding out something important.

Before she could pull out her phone to search for this so-called Moonsphere, Lila had already whipped hers out. She moved closer to Violet, showing her the screen. “You might want to sit down for this one,” she said, her voice almost gleeful.

Violet didn't need to be told twice. She sat on the edge of the bed, Lila settling in beside her. With a few quick taps, Lila searched for the video using her name, and there it was, front and center. Violet's eyes widened the moment it started playing.

The video circulating on Moonfeed was a clip of Griffin manhandling her. He lifted her off the ground as if she weighed nothing, letting her dangle helplessly before throwing her down like a ragdoll. Violet winced, her stomach twisting with humiliation as she watched herself hit the floor, ungraceful and vulnerable.

The thought that the entire school had seen her like that burned in her chest. She wanted to disappear, to sink into the floor and never be seen again.

1

Violet was still in utter disbelief when Lila grinned and said, "And now, for the highlight of the day." She tapped on the comment section.

By the gods.....

@WolfBro87: *"Bruh, did you see how she dropped like a sack of potatoes? Griffin wasn't even trying!"*

#GriffinRocks #VioletFalls"

2

@SilverClawGirl :*"Ugh, Griffin is so hot when he's mad. Violet has no idea how lucky she was! I'd let him throw me down any day."*

#griffinclub"

3

@AlphaKing23: *"That fall was hilarious! She hit the ground like a damn rock. Someone teach her how to land at least. #GriffinCrushedIt #LunarisLife"*

@SheWolfQueen: *"Girl, do you see those muscles on Griffin's arm when he was choking her? Whew, I'd give anything to be in her place"*

#GriffinGoals #LuckyViolet"

1

@FurryBeast99: *"Bet she was hoping Griffin would 'throw' her in a different way, if you know what I mean.*

#IfOnly"

@FangLust: *"Griffin manhandling her was the hottest thing I've seen all day. Where can I sign up to be next?*

#griffinrocks #LuckyViolet"

2

@WolfPackJock12: *"Can't believe she got that close to Griffin. I'd 'drop' her too if she came near me.*

#GriffinTheBoss #NoMercy"

@NightHowlLover: *"Bro, the way she hit the ground? Classic! Almost felt bad for a second... almost.*

#GriffinKnowsBest #LunarisLOL"

1

@LunaLust666: *"Let's be real... I wouldn't mind being lifted like that, especially if Griffin's hands are around my throat.*

#GriffinFantasy #ChokedAndLovingIt"

1

@PackAlpha99: *"She should know her place by now. No one cares if you're new—act right, or get put down. Just like Griffin did. #KnowYourRole #LunarisJustice"*

1

@AlphaQueen10: *"Lucky Violet? More like ungrateful. If Griffin ever laid his hands on me like that, I'd thank him."*

#WishItWereMe #GriffinCrush"

10

@FangBro345: *"Why couldn't she fall my way? Could've gotten a peek at what's under those clothes."*

#GriffinDidGood #WhatWasSheWearing"

@DarkMoonDiva: *"Griffin is such a beast, I'm jealous! I'd let him toss me around anytime. Violet doesn't know how lucky she is! #GriffinGoals #PickMeNext"*

@AlphaStarGal: *"Let's be real, Violet shouldn't even have come here if she wasn't ready to handle it. Griffin just set the bar for her welcome."*

#GriffinWins #LunarisPride"

1

@AlphaBro: *"Lol Violet got wrecked! Griffin showing everyone how it's done! Should've seen her face when she hit the ground"*

#griffindomination #LunarisSmackdown"

"What the fuck....."

Chapter 12: Lunaboard

Disgust twisted low in Violet's belly, a sickening churn that made her want to throw up. She'd seen a lot in her old school, but this was on another level of twisted. Her anger zeroed in on one particular comment, the idiot who had moaned about not getting a peek under her clothes.

3

Her skin crawled. She noted his username with icy precision, already plotting a way to track him down. When she did, he would regret the day his mother hadn't used protection; his existence was a mistake she intended to fix.

2

For a moment, Violet wondered if Mary had been right when she'd warned her to keep her head down and avoid drawing attention. Maybe this place wasn't a real school after all, but some warped social experiment or a rehabilitation center for budding psychopaths, where scholarship kids were just thrown in as entertainment. The thought felt wild, but here... maybe it wasn't so far-fetched.

1

Regardless, there was no going back now. She'd have to ride out this storm that was Lunar Academy.

Without a word, she snatched Lila's phone right out of her hand.

"Hey!" Lila shouted, trying to grab it back. Violet blocked her with her body and furiously swiped at the screen, her fingers clumsy but determined.

"What on earth are you even trying to do?" Lila demanded.

"Trying to delete the video!" Violet hissed, her frustration mounting. She wasn't tech-savvy, but she was determined to figure it out.

1

"You can't!" Lila cried out. "Even if you delete it from my feed, it's already gone viral all over Moonsphere."

Deep down, Violet knew it was too late. But she'd hoped, against all odds, that she could still undo the damage. It was a fool's hope, she realized bitterly.

1

Violet ran a hand through her hair with an annoyed groan before tossing the phone back to Lila, who caught it swiftly. Lila pouted as she cradled the device, petting it as though it were a wounded pet Violet had manhandled.

1

“Is this school really like this?” Violet burst out. “Just preying on people’s weaknesses and mindlessly worshiping jerks like Griffin?”

Daisy’s expression turned serious, and she warned, “Careful about badmouthing the cardinal alphas. The walls have ears here, and you don’t want to find yourself in more trouble than you bargained for.”

“And she’s not even grateful,” Ivy sneered from her bed, disdain dripping from her voice.

Anger flashed in Violet’s eyes. She stomped over to Ivy, getting right in her face. “Well, excuse me for not being grateful to be choked by some entitled asshole. Though, it sounds like you’d enjoy that kind of foreplay. Too bad you didn’t get lucky enough to take my place,” she shot back, her voice laced with venom.

Ivy’s blue eyes darkened, and her jaw clenched, but instead of lashing out with another insult, she simply muttered, “You don’t get it, do you?”

“What’s there to get?” Violet shot back, her patience wearing thin.

Ivy smirked. “Great. You’re dense,” she retorted, unkindly.

Violet’s hands clenched, and her teeth bared in a silent warning. She had a lifetime of anger and violence to draw on if this stuck-up girl kept pushing her. But before she could react, Lila quickly slid between them, looping an arm around Violet’s shoulders.

Violet wasn’t fond of Lila’s overly familiar touch, but she had to admit it cooled her anger by a degree. Lila gave Ivy a chastising look before turning to Violet with a bright smile.

“What Ivy’s trying to say—if she could speak nicely for once—is that you’ve broken a school record.”

Violet narrowed her eyes, not buying it. “What in the world are you talking about?”

1

“Okay, sit down, and I’ll explain,” Lila said, tugging Violet toward her bed. Violet followed, feeling almost robotic as she sank onto the mattress. She noticed Daisy shifting closer, her curiosity piqued, hinting that whatever Lila was about to say was bound to be interesting.

Lila stretched her hand, “your phone.” she demanded.

Though distrust was clear in Violet’s eyes, she still handed her phone to Lila, albeit reluctantly.

Lila took it and began typing, explaining, "I'm sure Mary mentioned that Lunar is has a points system for academic ranking. Well, socially, it's the same amongst the students. We have our own hierarchy. And logically speaking, as the last student to enroll here, you should be at the bottom as the omega, the runt of the pack. But here you are..." She shoved the phone back at Violet.

Violet took it, baffled. On the screen was a ranking feed with her name, her picture—how did they even get a recent photo?—and a large number twenty beside her profile. She lifted her head to find her roommates watching her with eyes wide with anticipation as if she were supposed to be awestruck or dropping to her knees in gratitude.

Violet remained unfazed, raising an eyebrow as she asked coolly, "This is what all the buzz is about?"

What followed was a chorus of disappointed groans. Lila actually facepalmed, Daisy buried her face in her pillow as though dying of secondhand embarrassment, while Ivy snorted, her expression clearly saying, *Told you so*.

However, Lila was not the one to give up and before Violet could even register, the girl snatched the phone from her grip with a bit more force than necessary, eyes gleaming with both annoyance and determination. Determination to make her see things from her view.

She held the phone up, gesturing at the screen as though presenting some grand revelation.

"This, Violet, is the Lunaboard," Lila declared now, her voice bubbling with excitement. "It's the ranking system for the females here, and it's huge. It's ranked by votes and are determined by a mix of factors, popularity, background, abilities, academic performance, you name it. Every student here lives by this ranking."

She tapped the screen, her face animated as she explained each detail. "And here you are, at number twenty, on your very first day after just one encounter with Griffin!" She shook her head in disbelief, her awe barely contained. "Do you even realize how impossible this is? No one has ever shot up the ranks this fast. Ever!"

2

Violet looked at the screen, still unimpressed, but Lila's excitement didn't falter. "Your name's going to make it into the Lunarecord! You're making history!" she added, as if she were personally handing Violet a crown. Meanwhile, Daisy watched in awe from her bed, while Ivy gave a begrudging expression.

2

While Lila was still riding high on excitement, Violet raised her hand to get her attention. "Quick question, though. So, what exactly do I get for making it to, uh... number twenty?"

"What does everyone here want most?" Lila asked, her eyes gleaming.

2

"Money?" Violet guessed with a smirk. She was nearly broke, and if this ranking system could somehow get her cash, she'd be all in.

Daisy chimed in with a somber expression, "Power. He who wields power rules all."

Violet snorted. "With great power comes great responsibility, which honestly, I don't have the patience or stamina for either. Hence if that's all, I'm sorely disappointed."

1

"A chance to mingle with the elites," Ivy said at last, her eyes gleaming with envy. Violet could practically see the longing, the torture on Ivy's face, as if she'd kill for a chance to be in her shoes.

"The elites?" Violet let out a mocking laugh.. "Please don't tell me you mean those pompous, aristocratic snobs who make up half this school."

1

Ivy glared so fiercely that, had she been able to shoot fire from her eyes, Violet would have been incinerated on the spot.

2

"As someone at the top of the hierarchy, you have the privilege of associating with the Cardinal Alphas."

3

"The Cardinal Alphas?" Violet asked, her curiosity piqued.

"The Terror Four," Daisy answered with a wry smile. "You've met one already, Griffin Hale."

1

"Oh, hell no," Violet's expression turned sour. "That's not happening. I'll pass."

1

Ivy sat up sharply, staring at her as if she'd committed a crime. "You'd reject an opportunity to mingle with a cardinal alpha? That's a chance most of us would kill for!"

"Then why don't you go mingle with them if you're so desperate?" Violet snapped.

1

"Because we can't! Ivy hissed, rising to her feet until they were standing nose-to-nose. She gestured toward Lila and Daisy, who had both gone silent, watching the confrontation. "Only those ranked between first and twentieth are even visible to them. For the rest of us, it's as if we don't exist."

4

Violet shook her head, exasperated. "Then forget about them and focus on your education. Isn't that why you're here? What's so special about the Terror Four that everyone's losing their minds? Heck, even their title screams trouble."

Silence fell, thick and suffocating. The room vibrated with tension until Ivy broke it with a sharp, hollow laugh that echoed off the walls, sending shivers down their spines.

"Who said they aren't special?" Ivy whispered, her eyes like shards of ice. "What other alphas have you seen possess the godly powers they do?"

You can check out what Violet's room looks like in the comment section.

2

Chapter 13: Choose An Alpha

"Who said they aren't special?" Ivy whispered, her eyes like shards of ice. "What other alphas have you seen possess the godly powers they do?"

2

"W-what?" Violet stammered.

Ivy groaned, pressing her palm to her face. "Please don't tell me you don't know about their abilities too. At this point, I'm starting to think you must be really dumb."

2

For the first time, Violet was speechless, an embarrassed flush spreading across her cheeks.

Lila turned to her, eyes wide in disbelief. "You really don't know the cardinal alphas have powers?"

"Who doesn't know the cardinal alphas have powers?" Daisy echoed.

2

Violet suddenly found herself in the spotlight, feeling foolish for her lack of knowledge. She didn't care about the cardinal alphas, but now it seemed like everything here revolved around them. Not knowing anything made her look like a clueless outsider, and Violet resolved to learn all she could to avoid looking like an idiot again.

3

Still, Violet's pride wouldn't let her back down. She tried to shrug it off with a smirk. "All right then, enlighten me. What amazing powers do they have that makes you want to practically throw yourselves at them?"

2

"You!" Ivy snapped, pointing a finger at her, nearly suffering an aneurysm.

1

Before the argument could spark up again, Lila, ever the peacemaker, stepped in with a cheerful smile. "That's where I come in. Since you missed the orientation, I'll give you the crash course."

The way Lila's eyes gleamed with excitement made it clear she'd been waiting for this moment to show off her storytelling skills. Before Violet knew it, Lila had gently but firmly guided her back to her bed, making her sit. Without wasting a second, Lila plopped down beside her, as if afraid Violet might change her mind if she hesitated even for a moment.

With lightning speed, Lila tapped away on her phone, then held up the screen with a gleam of excitement. "These are the four Cardinal Alphas."

The screen displayed a photo of the so-called Cardinal Alphas all together. It took Violet roughly thirty seconds to recognize each one, and when she did, a curse slipped from her lips. "You have got to be kidding me!"

"Why? What's wrong?" Lila straightened up, concern flickering across her face.

Violet's eyes were wide as she launched into a frantic explanation. "This guy," she jabbed her finger at the green-haired alpha, "he's the idiot who gave me Griffin's necklace, and the burly one nearly choked me..." Her gaze landed on the alpha wearing shades. "And then, this creep just stared at me..."

4

Lila looked down at the alpha Violet was pointing to. "You mean Alpha Asher?"

"Alpha Asher?" Violet's voice came out in a croak, dread knotting in her stomach. This can't be happening.

"Alpha Asher is the leader of the West House," Lila confirmed, solidifying her fears.

Damn. Violet's stomach dropped. She was under the guidance of this creepy guy. How could she have ended up in this situation?

5

Completely oblivious to the turmoil brewing inside Violet, Lila continued excitedly, pointing to another figure. "And here's Aldric. Isn't he so handsome?"

3

Even amid her anxiety, Violet's eyes fell on the picture, and her breath caught. It was him, the white-haired beauty she'd met at the infirmary.

Lila went on, "There are plenty of alphas at the academy, but none like the Cardinal Alphas. Each one is named after the region their packs hail from. What's even more fascinating is that all four were born at the exact same time, a birth said to be a great celestial event."

She leaned in closer, her voice dropping to a whisper, as though even the walls might be listening. "Rumor has it, this was the Moon Goddess's way of answering back after humans committed mass homicide against the she-wolves, wiping out nearly ninety percent of them. The Cardinals were given their powers so they could bring humanity to its knees, exacting revenge and reclaiming their rightful place as leaders."

Violet was supposed to call the stories bluff but for some reason, it sent shivers down her spine. If the humans knew these were the werewolves' intentions, then why give them that much power? Why pretend they were not aware of their intention? Why accept the wolves as equals when, honestly, they were no equals but predators?

1

Lila swiped her phone to reveal a solo picture of Griffin, and Violet's eyes narrowed in anger, the memory of his assault still fresh in her mind. But that didn't deter Lila, who grinned and said in a teasing tone, "Griffin Hale, your handsome brute."

Violet shot her a withering glare and Lila giggled.

"He is the alpha of the east, and his ability is his god-like strength that surpasses even the most formidable werewolves, making him a force to be reckoned with. His power allows him to lift and break through virtually any obstacle, and his combat skills are unmatched in direct confrontation. His senses are heightened, giving him an edge in tracking and hunting, and when enraged, he can channel his strength into devastating shockwaves that can incapacitate opponents with a single punch."

4

Violet unconsciously rubbed the spot on her neck where he had grabbed her, still feeling the phantom ache. If what Lila said was true, she was incredibly lucky he hadn't crushed her into a pulp.

1

"And next, Roman Draven, the alpha of the South, " Lila said, swiping to the next image, a photo of a half-naked Roman.

Violet couldn't help but stare, her eyes showing the tiniest flicker of admiration, despite her resentment towards him. Roman's toned torso took center stage, each muscle etched like it had been crafted by a sculptor's hand.

His six-pack looked impossibly defined, glistening under the light in the image as if he'd just stepped out of water. His tousled green hair framed his face in a disheveled, irresistible way, and with his eyes closed, he looked both mysterious and effortlessly enticing. To complete the look, his tongue playfully poked out as though he'd just woken up from a wild night.

Damn it, Violet hated to say this, but Roman Draven was downright magnetic.

"Roman's ability is his shapeshifting. He could transform into any animal. Like anything, from a swift hawk to a powerful lion, granting him unmatched versatility in battle and stealth. He's the most likable alpha and every woman's dream alpha, so if you could look beyond his manwhoring ways, then both of you would make a good couple."

5

"Eww, I'll pass." Violet scrunched her face in disgust.

However, her mind couldn't help but linger on the image..... if she and Roman were to mate, their kids would be quite beautiful.

Wait—what in the moon was she thinking? She shook her head, horrified. *Get out of my head, you ridiculous, immoral thoughts!*

5

"There's something else you should know," Lila continued. "While not all alphas get along, the rivalry between Roman and Griffin is legendary."

She leaned in conspiratorially. "Griffin might have unmatched strength, but Roman has his advantage, he can shape-shift into any animal he chooses, especially ones that can match Griffin's power. That's why there's always a heated debate over who's truly the strongest."

Lila gave a knowing smirk. "And Griffin? He hates that. He's always up for a fight, so the idea of anyone challenging his power drives him mad."

Violet tucked that tidbit of information into the back of her mind. Something told her it might just come in handy in the future especially when it came to dealing with Griffin and settling the score.

1

"The third is Asher Nightshade, alpha of the West and also our house captain," Lila announced, her finger swiping to reveal his solo image on the screen.

Violet's gaze locked on the photo, and the first thought that came to mind was: *Who hurt this guy?*

3

Asher's face was sharp and chiseled, with an intense, vacant look that sent chills up her spine. Dark sunglasses covered his eyes, giving him an air of mystery.

He wasn't smiling, in fact, his expression was cold, almost bored, as though he'd set the world on fire just to amuse himself. Though it was only a photo, it felt like Asher was staring right at her, his presence unnervingly vivid.

2

Violet fought back a shiver.

"Now, Asher is—"

“The last cardinal alpha you’d ever want to associate with,” Ivy interrupted, her tone ice-cold. “The guy’s a psychopath. Trust me, you’d be wise to steer clear.”

2

For once, Violet found herself silently agreeing with Ivy.

1

Daisy was the one who said in a lowered tone, “Asher is a mind fucker. He’s most feared because of his ability to control minds, which is why he’s rarely seen without his glasses. He can plant thoughts, compel actions, and erase memories, making him the ultimate puppet master, as he’s called. So yes, Ivy is right in telling you not to associate with him at all. Asher Nightshade is unpredictable and deadly.”

3

Well, lucky her, Violet was not a masochist and would do well to avoid the guy like a plague.

1

“And last but not least, our charming prince Alaric.” Lila practically shoved the picture in her face.

The image showed Alaric with a candid, almost unaware expression as if someone had caught him in a rare, unguarded moment. He exuded a calm, serene energy that radiated a quiet innocence, a purity that was disarming in someone of his stature.

Yet beneath that gentle exterior, there was something undeniably a hardened resilience that hinted at the darkness he possessed. The contrast was magnetic, leaving Violet curiously drawn to the duality he embodied, as though he were both peace and power wrapped into one.

Violet was somewhat intrigued by Alaric, at least for a few seconds, until she came back to her senses.

1

Lila chirped excitedly, cutting through her thoughts, “Alaric is the Alpha of the North and wields the raw power of lightning, capable of summoning storms with just a flick of his wrist. His power allows him to unleash bolts that can paralyze or incinerate enemies in an instant. When pushed to his limits, he can create massive electrical surges, and his control over electricity even extends to short-circuiting technology. He’s basically a walking EMP.”

2

Finally, it all made sense to Violet why it had felt like lightning when he brushed past her. It was his power, after all.

7

Daisy chimed in, "Alaric is highly intelligent, with a deep interest in science, making him a genius. A mad one if I'm to say."

Violet liked science too, and no, she definitely wasn't thinking of anything foolish.

Lila continued, "Though he prefers solitude, Alaric has the most dangerous temper. It's as quick as lightning and deadly. People say he's the most dangerous alpha among them. There's even a rumor that he's running some kind of private experiment to stop the heart by manipulating its electrical charges."

Any fleeting thoughts Violet had of befriending Alaric vanished at once. These cardinal alphas were clearly in a league of their own, and perhaps out of their minds.

"So, now that you've met them, who do you like? Any alpha you want to pursue?" Lila asked with a curious tilt of her head.

3

"What?" Violet blinked, caught off guard.

Daisy said. "You're in the top twenty; they'll see you as an equal."

Ivy, on the other hand, sneered. "All of the cardinal alphas are taken!"

Lila countered, "Not officially. No one's truly a Luna until graduation."

Ivy scoffed. "You fool! Don't you know this is all prearranged? The one who becomes the Alpha King's successor will probably marry Lyka, the pure-blooded she-wolf. The rest of the cardinal alphas would probably be paired with the females at the top through their families' influence. What chance do you think Violet has here? She's just a nobody in comparison!"

10

Violet's patience snapped, her frustration showing. "All right, that's enough!" She locked eyes with each of them, saying firmly, "I'm so sick of the foolish games at this school!"

Lila gasped, indignant. "Foolish games? Do you know how lucky you'd be if you managed to catch the eye of a cardinal alpha—"

5

“Enough!” Violet’s sharp tone made Lila flinch. Violet felt a pang of guilt for startling her, but she had no choice. Not if they were to take her seriously.

2

“While I appreciate you guys filling me in on campus news, that’s all it is to me—news. I didn’t come to this school to be part of some useless tradition but to study and make a better future for myself. And I won’t tolerate anyone trying to pressure me into joining or entertaining it.”

With that, Violet successfully rendered her roommates astonished, a heavy silence filling the room.

Violet didn’t wait for anyone to comment or cast more judgment. Instead, she turned sharply on her heel and entered the bathroom, the walls shielding her from their prying eyes and harsh words.

Though the cool water washed over her, it didn’t quiet the thoughts that raced through her mind, replaying what happened over and over again.

Thanks to the argument, she had forgotten to take a change of clothes. So when she was done, she wrapped herself in a towel, unbothered and unapologetic, her bare skin still damp as she crossed to her bed.

Her bag was on the bed, so she pulled out sleeping wear and dressed quickly. Her roommates’ gazes bore into her, but she remained aloof, ignoring them.

With her back turned to them, she lay down and closed her eyes, shutting them out. Sleep claimed her swiftly, her body heavy and her mind fogged by the day’s strangeness.

That night, the dreams began.

And in the depths of her sleep, a certain Alpha awaited, ready to extend a “private” welcome into his pack.

14 His Special Prison

Violet stirred in her sleep, strong arms wrapped around her. It felt so good that she instinctively leaned into the warmth, mumbling small incomprehensible words. She had never felt **this safe** and protected.

Not to mention, his scent was darkly intoxicating, a complex, layered blend that seemed to wrap around her with an undeniable pull.

It was a dangerously alluring mix of smoked cedar and dark spice, laced with a sharp hint of ozone. There was an edge of iron, raw and unsettling, yet softened by a faint sweetness like night-blooming jasmine.

It wrapped around her, compelling her to breathe him in, even when she instinctively knew she

shouldn't.

He let out a low, rich laugh as she nuzzled against his neck, her nose brushing his skin. The sound reverberated through her, igniting a spark that raced through her veins and settled deep in her core, arousing her. She moaned softly, leaning in closer, and his laughter rang again, deeper this time.

"You're a possessive one, aren't you?" he whispered, his voice warm against her ear.

At the same time, his hand traced down her spine, sending shivers along her back.

He must've noticed the effect of his touch because he did it **again**, slower this **time**, dragging it out to prolong every bit of the sweet torture.

His voice dropped to a low, husky murmur. "Cling all you want, because I might already be obsessed with you, my purple flower."

Violet, who had been savoring the whole moment, suddenly went rigid as something clicked in her mind at the mention of "purple flower." @

No, it couldn't be—this was just a dream. And yet, the sensation of his hands moving down her spine felt almost painfully real. And why did it feel like she was naked?

Her eyes snapped open, connecting immediately with none other than Asher Nightshade himself. Rather than anger, a gasp of astonishment escaped her lips, and not because of the shocking intimacy of their bodies pressed together, but because Asher Nightshade wasn't wearing his shades, leaving her face-to-face with his uncovered eyes.

Beyond his notorious ability to captivate anyone with a single look, Violet finally understood why he hid them. Asher's eyes were unlike any she'd seen before. They were a haunting gray, but more strikingly, they were vertically slitted.

They reminded **her** of those mythical creatures she had read about in stories. Asher looked at her with a lazy, almost predatory gaze, perfectly embodying a passage she'd once read: "*He gazed upon her like a slumbering dragon, that he was.*"

For a moment. Violet was caught in the hypnotic allure of his unusual eyes, until he ruined it by

14 His Special Prison

speaking. "You're finally awake, my purple flower"

Fuck. It all dawned on her. She was in bed with Asher fucking Nightshade. Her gaze dropped down to her body. Double fuck. She was practically naked, only in her bra and underwear.

The last thing

thing she remembered was going to bed, so how she was now half-naked and in Asher's bed was beyond her understanding.

As if he could somehow sense her thoughts, Asher flashed a predator's smile and murmured, "How did you know black was my favorite?"

Oh no, please tell her he wasn't reading her mind right now. Filled with fury, Violet swung her hand back and punched him square in the face, completely catching him off guard.

For a second, it felt like her awareness was slipping, that she was waking up from this nightmare, but then the sensation abruptly stopped. She was still here.

There was no time to think; she had to get out. Violet spotted the door and bolted. She didn't care if others might see her leaving Asher's room half-dressed. She knew exactly how it looked, and rumors would surely spread, but she'd risk it all to escape that psychopath who dared to snatch her from her bed.

Who in the world does that? Anger coursed through her, but there was nothing she could do

now except run.

She had to escape now, think later. There'd be plenty of time to add his name to the list of Alphas she intended to seek revenge on. With Griffin and Roman already claiming the first two spots, Asher had just made number three, 4

But as Violet strode through the door, something bizarre happened. A second later, she found herself back in the same room.

What. The. Actual. Hell.

This had to be some kind of trick. Violet was stubborn, so she marched right back to the door and went through it again, only to find herself back in the room. Again.

No, no, this couldn't be real.

She turned and left again.

Meanwhile, Asher, reclined against the headboard, arms folded behind his head, watching his "purple flower" stumble through her futile escape attempts.

She hadn't met his gaze with terror or screamed in fear, which was an impressive reaction, as most girls would have filled the room with whiny pleas until he was forced to let them go.

And for a moment, she'd almost seemed intrigued by his eyes. That **alone** made him want to preen, to flaunt, like a peacock, that is, if he'd had feathers to flaunt. People always called his eyes cursed, but not her. The look in her eyes had been pure fascination. And for that, he would keep her. She belonged to him.

Violet's frustration grew with each failed attempt to leave through the door. Her face was etched with irritation, her frame taut with tension.

213

14 His Special Prison

At least he got to enjoy the sight of her bare checks peeking out from her black panties each time she turned her back to try the door. Again and again.

Then, as if inspired, her eyes landed on the open window. Without hesitation, she bolted for it **and** leaped through.

Asher's brows rose **in** amusement. Smart **thinking**, as he'd expect from his queen. Did she believe that an injury would release her from this special prison he'd crafted?

His control had nearly slipped when she'd punched him, but he'd mastered his abilities for years. The only reason he'd faltered was the sheer surprise of the blow; otherwise, his grip was

unbreakable.

As expected, seconds later, she reappeared in his room, looking momentarily disoriented, her hair tousled from her leap. She was uninjured, of course. He'd made sure of that.
E

When Violet realized she was right back where she'd started, fury flashed across her face. A low growl rumbled in her throat as she stormed toward him like a bull, eyes blazing.

Asher grinned, thoroughly entertained, even as she wrapped her hands around his throat and snarled, "What in the mother-fucking world have you done to me?!"

His grin widened. Just as he'd expected of his fierce Purple Queen.

Comment 116

OMG!!!! So glad she punched him. Oh, what crazy world is she in ?????

15 She Called And He Answered.

There was nothing natural about this. Violet was certain Asher Nightshade was messing with her mind. But how? She hadn't looked directly into his eyes... or had she? Her mind swirled with too many questions, but she knew that finding answers had to start with getting back to reality.

She recalled a book she'd once read about dream manipulation, where the only way to break free was to put oneself in a life-threatening situation. The four-story drop outside should do.

Outside, the sky was still dark with the first hints of dawn barely touching the horizon. And from her viewpoint, the ground below looked like a yawning abyss.

For a fleeting moment, doubt crossed her mind. What if she jumped and it led to her death?

Well, if that was the case, at least it would end this nightmare. Better that than another second

with this psychopath.

And so, she jumped.

The descent felt endless, a chilling rush of air whipping past her. She closed her eyes, preparing herself for impact, but when she opened them, she was standing right back in Asher's room,

unharmmed. 2

Oh no. No, no, no. Frustration burned through her. What was going on here? Why was this happening to her? She hadn't even done anything to draw his attention.

Her gaze turned icy as she stared at Asher, hatred simmering through every vein. This was all because of him. Driven by sheer rage, she started toward him, fully intending to make him regret

every second of this torment.

Yet, as she approached, Asher's expression remained lazily indifferent, like she was simply there for his amusement. She could see the mocking glint in his eye, as if he believed she was powerless against him.

Well, she'd prove him wrong. Others in the academy might worship him, might submit to his whims, but she'd sooner die than let him go unchallenged.

Violet didn't mind that she might look ridiculous to him, approaching him in nothing but pants and a bra. If only Violet knew that Asher thought otherwise, **and** right now, she looked like his very brand of wild temptation, fierce, untamed, and absolutely captivating

Violet was not a violent person, but she was capable of violence, especially when it was provoked by assholes like him.

She borrowed Griffin's move from earlier, wrapping her hand around Asher's neck and snarling, "What in the mother-fucking world have you done to me?!"

Her breaths came hard, fueled by anger **and** frustration. Everything had happened so quickly, shattering everything she thought **was** real, leaving her mind frayed.

It didn't help that he grinned at her. He actually grinned at her?! A smug, infuriating smirk that made her blood boil. She tightened her grip, determined to make **him** feel that she wasn't bluffing and that she meant every bit of business.

12:17

124

15 She Called And He Answered.

That was when something strange happened. The scene flickered, like a hazy dream shifting focus, **and** when Violet blinked, she found herself in a new position.

She was straddling Asher on the bed.

The blood drained from her face as realization struck. This was Asher's world; he was the puppet master, pulling the strings, including hers.

Instinctively, Violet tried to move away, but he said, "Calm down."

Instantly, she felt the command wash over her, her body relaxing against her will. Oh no. Violet wanted to panic, to fight out of this position, but it was as though the fight had be

en siphoned out of her, and insidious, coaxing whispers in her mind suggested she let go, to trust him. Her body responded, moving in sync with the pull of his control.

Asher adjusted, sitting up with her in his arms as though they were lovers, and not two people who'd just been sparring for control. A deep flush crept up her cheeks as she realized she was positioned directly over his arousal. And oh, he was hard beneath her. Very hard. And huge she tried not to take note of that.

Violet gulped, mentally railing against the situation. In her mind, she was disgusted by this manipulative psychopath, but her body betrayed her, drawn to his intense allure. She clung desperately to the scraps of control she still held.

It wasn't hard to guess Asher's intentions, not with that dark, consuming look in his eyes, like he intended to devour her whole, leaving not even her bones behind. And with the Academy's reputation for power plays, she expected him to force himself on her. At least that would give her a solid reason to despise him and fuel her thirst for revenge.

But instead of pushing her down, Asher cupped her cheeks. The unexpected gentleness of his touch stunned her, and she looked up in confusion. Was this some twisted attempt to romanticize the idea of taking her against her will?

Yet as she looked into those strange, haunting eyes, she saw something that made her uneasy- not in a terrifying way, but unsettlingly gentle.

Asher Nightshade was staring at her with an almost overwhelming tenderness, as though she were everything to him. Which didn't make any sense. They'd met only once today, and this was the longest they'd ever interacted and here he was, looking at her with a longing so raw it shook

her.

Violet's emotions tangled, a storm of confusion raging inside her. She didn't know what to think, not with him looking at her like he'd been waiting for her. And his hand, slowly caressing her cheek, was breaking down her carefully built walls, corroding every barrier she'd put up around

herself.

For a split **second**, she almost let herself fall for it. But then, she remembered she was dealing with a psychopath.

Ivy had told her Asher was a master manipulator, a "mind fucker. If he thought she'd just

15 She Called And He Answered.

cardinal alpha, especially not him.

Just as she was about to throw some sass and shatter whatever spell he was trying to weave, Asher spoke, his voice soft with a strange endearment and reverence.

“You’re finally here, my purple queen.”

“What?” Violet croaked, taken aback.

Confusion washed over her as Asher spoke as if he had known her before **this** moment. But she was certain they had never **met**; a face like his was not easily forgotten. She would have remembered.

Asher’s gaze drifted over her body, unabashedly taking her in. It should have disgusted her, but for the first time, the appreciation in his eyes sent heat spiraling to her core.

Damn it, Violet cursed. She couldn’t let herself be caught up in whatever twisted game he was playing.

He reached out, tucking a stray lock of hair behind her ear and letting his hand linger, pure fascination shining in his eyes as he confessed, “For a while, I thought you weren’t going to show up. I was considering how to come get you. You have no idea how much effort I’ve put into finding you, little purple.”

Violet was stunned with the way he gave her nicknames she hadn’t asked for, stirring something inside her. But it was the gnawing curiosity that overwhelmed her. His hand trailed down her back, **and** she fought against the shiver.

Asher was too touchy, and it infuriated her, especially knowing he was trying to lower her defenses. It was maddening how effortlessly he seemed to seduce her, as if he knew exactly every nerve to touch, every string to pull to get under her skin.

“Do I know you?” she finally asked, managing to find her voice.

“You called, and I answered.”

“What?” His riddles left her more confused than ever.

This time, his eyes locked onto hers, dark and unwavering, as he quoted her words back to her, “Special skills: Sucking a dick. Giving a mean lap dance. Wait till you see me in bed.”

Ice coursed through Violet’s veins as the blood drained from her face. No, it can’t be.

Even as he saw her startled reaction, Asher grinned like a wolf who had cornered its prey, ready to pounce. "We are in bed right now, my purple queen. So when does the fun begin?"

16 Souvenir

For over a moment, Violet unleashed a string of curses that would've made any sailor proud. Nancy had **once** teased her about her foul mouth, warning it would land her in trouble one day.

But really, what did she expect, raising her in a place like the ghetto? However, the situation right now deserved every bit of curses she could heap on the fool who had expertly manipulated her fate.

Nothing stung more than the burn of regret. She should have known! The signs had been there, clear as day, but she'd ignored them, blinded by her hunger for a better life. No legitimate **school** would have taken her with that crass application she'd sent in. And yet, somehow, they did.

She should've seen the scholarship for what it was. A trap, plain and simple. And now, she has landed in the arms or crotch – considering their intimate position right now – of one of the psychopaths the school had to offer. The most dangerous, at the moment.

The first thought that came to her was to get off him, and she moved to do just that except Asher's power was still active and it hit her like a wall. She halted mid-motion, accidentally grinding against him in the process.

"Fuck!" he groaned, hands gripping her hips tightly, as if any further movement might push him over the edge. @

His breath came ragged as he said, "I might be in your head right now, but this feels real enough to me. And it could be real for you **too**..." His tone softened to a darkly seductive whisper as he traced a finger down her back, watching with interest as her skin responded to his touch, every hair standing on edge....if you'll let me in. He held her gaze, his eyes full of a twisted, inviting

allure.

But the cold, lethal glare Violet shot him in return made it clear that she would rather cut him down to size before she'd ever surrender to his sick games.

"Where am I?" Violet demanded.

"My room," he replied casually.

"I mean, where is my body right now?" she snarled, frustration biting at her tone. She'd figured out that this wasn't reality after she'd thrown herself out the window and landed back in his room without a scratch. This was **all** some kind of twisted mind game.

"Oh. A smirk crept onto Asher's lips. "To be precise, your body is in your room while your mind. is here with me."

Violet's brow furrowed. "I **didn't** look you in the eyes. So how am I here? What did you do to me?"

Asher chuckled, "It's amusing, watching you think you know all there is to know about my ability. Besides, what kind of gentleman would I be if I gave away my secrets?" His tone dripped with

amusement.

16 Souvenir

Violet's gaze narrowed, unimpressed. "More like a coward."

The smile froze on his face, the amusement vanishing, replaced by a darkness that made her heart skip a beat. For a split second, she feared she'd pushed him too far. But just as quickly. Asher's wolfish grin returned, as if that brief unsettling moment had never happened.

"Don't worry." Asher said with a note of confidence that made her stomach clench. "I'm sure you'll figure it out soon enough, Violet Purple."

The way he said her name, with a slow emphasis, reminded her all too clearly that he was the reason she'd been accepted into this school.

To think she'd actually believed Lunar Academy saw something special in her, that her rough, blunt application had somehow captured their interest. Now that she understood the real reason, she was filled with disappointment.

"What do you want from me?" Violet asked, making no effort to get off him this time. She'd noticed he enjoyed it when she squirmed, so she wasn't about to give him that satisfaction.

Violet learned from the best. Nancy had used this tactic plenty of times, and though Violet couldn't deny that being this close to him sent heat coursing through her, she held firm. He'd started this game, and if he wanted to play, she'd see it through to the end.

"What do you think I want from you?" Asher echoed, toying with her.

Violet refused to let him know he'd rattled her, keeping her expression blank. "I don't know how long this game of ours will last, but just a quick reminder, I have classes today. I'd hate to doze off on my first day after this... little rendezvous." She made their encounter sound trivial.

my

Asher's mouth twitched, amused by her defiance. Finally, he cut to the point. "Be mine, purple flower," he said proudly, as though offering her some great privilege. "Be my Queen. Rule

with me. Rule with us."

Although she had expected something like this, the audacity still shook her. Violet's shock quickly faded, replaced by a sharp sneer. "That would only happen in your dreams, Asher Nightshade."

"Good thing this is my dream, then. **So**, you're mine now, Violet Purple.

"What?" Her face drained of color as his words sank in. Oh, hell no.

"That's not what I-

"She started, **but** before she could finish **or** backtrack, Asher tightened his hold on her. The warmth of his hand felt like a brand on her skin, **and** her heart began to pound so loudly she swore he could hear it.

The air shifted as his hand drifted downward, fingers grazing her skin inch by inch, each touch **more** electrifying than the last.

Violet didn't realize she was holding her breath. Why, though? She had no idea if she was **more** terrified or entranced by the thrill of his hand moving so dangerously close to her center.

As his fingers brushed **along** her inner thigh, tension wound tighter within her, her heart skipping a beat. She couldn't fathom why she was entertaining this nonsense but allowed it to happen because to test how far Asher would go. **Resides** it was **only a** dream. What was there to

16 Souvenir

fear?

But just as Violet thought he would reach her, he stopped abruptly. They locked eyes, the air between them crackling with electricity, neither willing to back down.

Then, Asher's mouth curved into a maddeningly slow smile. It was the smirk of someone fully in

control. —

"I think I'll save that for next time," he murmured, his hand lingering just long enough to leave her body humming with anticipation as he withdrew, clearly savoring the effect he'd had on her.

"There will be no next time, asshole, now let me go," she spat.

Asher raised a brow at her tone. "You do realize you're the only one who can speak to me like that and walk away unharmed?" he told her.

"If you want to kill **me**, just do it. I'm not begging"

"Now, sweet Violet," he purred, "why would I go to such lengths to bring you here only to kill you? Why would you even think that?"

"Then what's your end game?" she demanded, suspicion flaring in her gaze.

"What king in his right mind would kill his queen?" he said, leaning closer to breathe her in like a drug he was hooked on. "You're precious to me, my purple flower."

Yep. Major psychopath vibes. Time to get out of here.

Violet leaned back. "If you're done, send me back. Now. She needed to get back to reality; none of this made any sense.

"Of course, but first, I'll need a little souvenir of our time together."

Before she could even ask what he meant, Asher reached behind her head, and she heard a soft snip. She looked down to see a lock of her purple hair in his palm.

1

"You-!" Fury flooded Violet, and this time, it was enough to shatter his control over her.

How dare he cut her hair? She wanted to tear him apart, to rip him to pieces.

But before she could reach him, Asher laughed, "Goodbye, my queen. a

And with that, she felt herself falling, as if he'd pushed her into a spiraling abyss.

Violet woke up with a sharp gasp, drenched in sweat. Early morning light seeped into the room, her roommates still sound asleep. She rushed to the bathroom, needing a moment

ent to steady herself. Stopping in front of the mirror, she was relieved to find her clothes intact.

It had all been a dream. Although it bothered her how Asher could have known what she wore beneath. But her relief was short-lived as she noticed something off.

Her hand flew to her hair, finding a lock missing. She felt the uneven strands, confirming the impossible.

What the hell?

Violet stepped away from the mirror as if it had burned her. So it had not been a dream? No, no,

18 Souvenir

He was messing with her head. That had to be it! This had to be his endgame, making her question between reality and illusion. He must derive twisted satisfaction from it else he wouldn't be putting this much effort. She had to get out of this school.

Congratulations, *Dely* The Alpha has gone premium.

17 Kill Her In Her Sleep

"Tell me you're excited about today!" Lila popped up out of nowhere, scaring the life out of Violet, who screamed and promptly dropped to the floor. T

Poor Violet had been balancing on one foot, struggling to get her sock on when Lila startled her.

"The moon weeps, I'm so sorry," Lila squeaked, reaching out to help her up. But one sharp scowl from Violet made her freeze and tucked her hands behind her, swallowing nervously. Violet could be terrifying.

Seeing the fear on Lila's face, Violet let out a sigh and softened her expression. Lila reminded her annoyingly of a stray cat she'd once taken in.

The cat had been so scrawny it looked like it would drop dead any moment. Violet didn't have much herself, but she'd managed to feed it, even going without food sometimes so the poor thing could eat. Because of that, the cat had grown attached, and they'd ended up forming a

bond.

Violet had named it “Stray” fitting for the little wanderer it was. Their bond had grown over time, and they met daily at their usual spot. But one day, Stray didn’t show up. She remembered the sick feeling that had gnawed at her for days as she searched, fearing something terrible had happened to the little creature, maybe even because of her.

Regret weighed heavily on her. She should have taken Stray in when she had the chance, even if Nancy would’ve blown a fuse. Their trailer was cramped enough already, and adding an animal to the mix would have been pure chaos. Not to mention, Nancy hated animals. Not even the most adorable puppy could thaw her stone-cold heart.

Violet understood that life’s hardships had drained any warmth out of Nancy. There was n’t room for love, not even for harmless little creatures.

Two weeks later, Violet learned the truth: Stray wasn’t actually a stray. It turned out the cat had a family and had only wandered a bit too far from home.

That was the last time Violet could remember crying. She had fought so hard to keep Stray, but she couldn’t win against the cat’s original family.

The man of the house had even tried to pay her for “taking care” of their pet, a payment she refused but that Nancy had gladly pocketed. In Nancy’s words, at least her foolishness had brought something useful.

She could still remember watching the man’s daughter, smug and satisfied, as she stroked Stray just like **she** had done only weeks before. If looks could kill, Violet would have riddled the girl with holes then and there. Rage bubbled up inside Violet, and for a brief moment, she seriously considered murder. Thankfully, Nancy dragged her away before she did anything reckless.

What hurt most was that Stray didn’t seem to **mind** at all. The cat had leaned into the girl’s touch. without the slightest protest, as if everything Violet had done, all their time together, had meant nothing.

Violet remembered **erving herealf to claen** for daue nearly **making** herself eink with mrief. It

17 Kill Her In Her Sleep

wasn’t until Nancy slapped her across the face and lectured her that she finally snapped out of it.

Her need for love and a real family had led her to bond so deeply with that cat. She’d thought it would be her and Stray against the world, but in the end, the cat taught her a ha

rough lesson that even family could walk away without a second thought the same way her real family had

abandoned her. T

It may have sounded melodramatic, but for a ten-year-old starved of affection, it sure left a lasting mark. It had shaped her view of life and how she related to people. Yes, Violet had friends, but she kept them all at arm's length, close enough for good times but never close enough to hurt her if things went wrong.

That's why Violet wasn't about to let this seemingly friendly new roommate get too close. In a school like Lunaris, no doubt everyone was waiting for a moment of weakness to stab her in the back. And she was not **giving** anyone that chance.

With a sigh, she reined in her intensity and asked, "What do you want?" while pulling awkwardly

at her tie.

As much as Violet wasn't used to the idea of a uniform, she had to admit the Lunaris uniform was regal and, on her, fit like a glove, hugging her curves. It was just the tie that irked her. She

hated ties.

"I was hoping we could go to breakfast together, Lila replied brightly, watching Violet struggle with the tie. When she finally ripped it from her neck and moved to toss it aside, Lila's eyes went

wide with shock.

"Oh no, you don't!" Lila scolded, scooping up the tie from where Violet had tossed it onto the

bed.

"Principal Jameson would roast you alive if you showed up with an incomplete uniform. Not to mention, deduct your points."

Violet growled, "Those cardinal Alphas and those rich female brats don't seem to care about

that."

"They don't because they have thousands of points at their disposal. You, on the other hand, just made it into the top twenty. If you want to stay there, or climb higher, you'll need

d every point you can get. It's paradise if you **can** reach the top ten. They're the elite of the elite and practically are untouchable."

"I don't care about their stupid ranking!" Violet snapped.

"Well, I do," Lila said shamelessly, deftly looping the tie around Violet's neck. "If you make it to the top, then I'll be your lackey, scraping up the crumbs that fall from your table."

"Lila, I already told you, I- Violet's words cut off as Lila yanked the tie tighter, making her choke,

"Oops, sorry." Lila said with a silly smile, though the apology felt hollow. "You were saying?"

Violet dared not answer, not when Lila still had **control over** the tie and could choke her out for

17 Kill Her In Her Sleep

real if she said the wrong thing. Apparently, the cardinal Alphas weren't the only psychopaths this school harbored—not that she was naming names.

Once satisfied with her work, Lila brushed her hands over the perfectly knotted tie, and asked in a deceptively calm tone, "Tell me, Violet, do you want to study here in peace?"

The words were on the tip of Violet's tongue, but the shock from earlier left her silent. She only managed a stiff nod.

"Then you need this school's currency, power. With enough of it, you'll be left alone to do whatever you want."

Or maybe I'll just lie low at the bottom and be left alone, Violet thought dryly.

"Do you

understand?" Lila's voice was sweet but with a subtle edge.

"Yes," Violet managed to squeak.

"Good!" Lila clapped her hands, her demeanor flipping back to cheerful so fast it nearly gave Violet whiplash.

“Come on, then,” Lila looped her arm through Violet’s. “Let’s get breakfast!” And without waiting for a reply, she tugged Violet along. 2

Violet could only follow, heart pounding in her chest. It was clear now she’d have to keep an eye open every night if she wanted to survive in that room. One **bad** day, and someone might very well use a tie to finish her off in her sleep.

66

Hi guys, so I’ll *be* adding more chapters to the *privilege* tiers after *this* chapter, which means you might receive chapter updates but not access *it* until the number of chapters required for the tier is met. Regular updates would begin from next month, thank you so

much for your support!

Glimmy

18 Absolute Power

If Violet had thought Mary was a walking Encyclopedia, then Lila was the world wide web. She never stopped talking. **And** Violet made a secret note never to let her secret out to her because God knows who she might leak the information to. D

Although Violet noticed that every word she let out was essential information required **for** her stay here and there was no backbiting – at least to someone that doesn’t deserve it. But even at that, Violet was keeping her secrets to herself.

Just like her, every student in the West house was heading to the dining hall. And it seemed old habits don’t die young because just like her first day at school, the student’s creepy stares followed her as usual making her skin prickle with the awareness. 2

However, Violet was pretty much used to it and ignored them, listening avidly to the stories Lila had to offer, keeping the important ones and filtering out the rest.

“About Ivy....” Lila switched topics as they made it outside, now following the flock of students heading in the same direction. “Don’t hate her too much, she’s not like you think.”

Violet frowned at her, “It’s the fact you think I’m stuck up on such frivolous things that annoy me. I didn’t come to this academy to –”

“Yeah yeah, blah blah, you don’t have a heart and literally don’t care about anybody, I

understand.” Lila cut her off before she could continue. It might have been a day but she already knew Violet’s personality.

“Deny it all she wants but the truth remains Ivy sees you as a threat and possibly jealous of you.”

“Exactly, why?” Violet asked, her tone raising as the ire grew inside of her again upon remembering yesterday’s incident. “I already told her what to do if she’s that jealous.”

“Calm down, Violet. Let me fill you in,” Lila began. “If you haven’t noticed, Lunar Academy only accepts the wealthy, the spectacular, and the privileged. The Sinclair family may be new money, **but** when Ivy first applied, she was rejected. Can you imagine the shame? Even as an elite, she didn’t make the cut. Now there are rumors that the Sinclairs paid their way into the scholarship, just to get Ivy here. And then here you come, on your first day, making it **into** the top twenty—a feat no one else has accomplished. A feat Ivy believes she would’ve achieved, **and** more, if only she’d had that one chance encounter with Griffin.”

“Wow, I knew she was into being smacked down by Griffin. Tell her she won’t miss the next opportunity if she sticks around me,” Violet replied, voice dripping with sarcasm.

Though inwardly, **Violet** knew that with what she was still planning, being throttled by Griffin might end up the mildest punishment she’d face. Trouble had a way of finding her after all.

That is, if she stayed in this school. Violet planned to meet with Principal Jameson to have her scholarship revoked, if she could find a gap between her classes. The schedule here was relentless.

Lila sighed, realizing she wouldn’t get an ounce of sympathy from Violet. But she wouldn’t give

underneath Violet’s hard exterior. Lila conceded there **was** influence she let **hide** it well.

18 Absolute Power

Getting to the dining hall was another long trek on its own and it was much closer to the school building than the dormitories. Although the west house had a vending machine in its hallway that dispensed snacks, Violet made a mental note to eat to her content here.

Lila hurried ahead to hold the door open for Violet, sweeping her arm with mock grandeur. “Welcome to the Silvered Court, my lady”

Violet stopped, raising an eyebrow, “Silvered court?”

“That’s what we Lunar kids call the dining hall.” Lila winked. “You’ll understand when you get inside.”

Violet didn't have time to dismiss Lila's words as mere exaggeration, there was already a line of students grumbling for them to move.

She stepped inside, with Lila holding the door open just a bit longer than necessary, letting it swing shut almost in the next student's face. The student cursed while Lila grinned, not even one bit remorseful for her action. 1

Violet shook her head at the scene, Lila can be quite childish. However, her steps faltered when she took in the dining hall in all its glory. And to be honest, Lila had not been lying by calling it the silvered court. It was almost as if loyalty was dining in these very halls.

The Lunar Academy dining hall was nothing short of majestic, crafted with all the extravagance befitting the academy. It was vast, large enough to hold hundreds of students on the academy grounds. But size wasn't its most striking feature.

Golden sunlight poured through enormous arched windows, illuminating the hall's classical design, dominated by cream and gold. The marble floor gleamed, reflecting the opulence of the entire space.

Massive chandeliers glittered overhead, casting a regal glow across the hall. However, that was where everything kind about it ended. Beneath this beauty lay the rigid social hierarchy that governed the academy.

At ground level, rows of polished mahogany tables were reserved for ordinary students—humans

and lower-ranked werewolves who hadn't carved a name for themselves.

Compared to her previous school, this was grand by ordinary standards, however their seating lacked the opulence reserved for the elite, and was adorned with simple silverware and functional, if plain, tableware.

This section was the loudest, bustling with conversation, offering little privacy as these students were constantly under the watchful eyes of staff and higher-ranked students.

Even here, a subtle division existed: humans and werewolves each had their **own** areas, though some mingled. But both groups remained equally subservient in the academy's pecking order.

Hence despite the fine table settings and polished floors, it was unmistakable that this was as the lowest rung. **And** it was also from here that one could look up and see where the real privilege

lay

18 Absolute Power

An ornate staircase, with wrought-iron railings accented in gold, **curved** upward to an elevated, platform: the elite section, exclusively for the academy's top students.

These elite students enjoyed an entirely different atmosphere. Seated in plush, individual chairs around small, velvet-draped tables, they dined with the finest china and silver, symbols of both

their status and refinement.

Here, they ate with an air of indifference **or** amusement, often casting glances down at the floor below, some smug, others disdainful. The noise below seemed irrelevant to them, secure as they were in their superiority.

At the very center of the elite floor, sat four, regal chairs set apart from the others and it "commanded" attention.

Unlike the other seats, these ones were larger and more ornate than the others, carved from dark ebony wood, with the Academy's crest emblazoned in gold upon the back. Even without Lila saying a word, Violet knew whom those seats belonged to. It was the throne of the Cardinal Alphas.

No one, not even the top twenty, dared sit in this chair, **an** unspoken law of Lunaris. To approach it was to risk the wrath of not only the Cardinal Alphas but the entire structure of power.

The chairs were a symbol of absolute dominance in the academy's ruthless hierarchy, and every glance in its direction was filled with a mixture of awe, fear, and reverence.

While Violet had been impressed at first, a frown now crossed her face. A place meant for nourishment had become a daily affirmation of hierarchy, with every upward or downward glance serving as a reminder **of** the power some held—**and** the power others could only aspire

1. to.

This place was a death sentence.

While others thought she was lucky to have reached the top, seeing this now made Violet realize it was as a curse. Absolute power corrupts, and Violet knew that if she continued down this path

h, it would only be a matter of time before she became just like every other member of Lunar Academy.

Academy.

19 Marry A Cardinal Alpha

Violet and Lila

stood in the breakfast line, with Lila chattering on about something, completely unaware that Violet's mind was somewhere else entirely.

From her place in the line, Violet could only get a partial view of the four thrones—as she called them—but she was hyper-aware of their presence and, to her immense relief, the fact that they were empty. After last night's encounter with Asher, she wasn't sure she could handle seeing any of the Cardinal Alphas, least of all Griffin.

Turns out, not only were the Cardinal Alphas psychopaths, but they were narcissists too. Who in their right **mind** kept thrones for themselves in a school cafeteria?

Well. Them.

Just to cement their authority, they had crowned themselves kings of Lunar Academy. At least there wasn't a self-proclaimed Queen, or Violet would have been completely done at this point. She could spot the elite students on the upper floor, mostly composed of girls, eating like the nobles they claimed to be.

While the rest of the students on the lower floor served themselves, Violet noticed a few

students actually serving the elites. Her thoughts flashed back to Lila's earlier claim about wanting to be her lackey. Was this what she meant? The gods help her, this school never failed. to shock her.

"Earth to Violet," Lila snapped her fingers in her face, snapping her out of her daze. "The line is

moving

Violet noticed the space she had left between her and Lila from standing still, along with the grumbling impatience from those behind her. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw someone trying to overtake her, but she quickly closed the gap, shooting a glare at the opportunist.

She heard the student mutter a curse under his breath but ignored it. She didn't want any attention today. However, just then, Violet watched as a student brazenly cut past the entire line, casually stepping in front of those who had been waiting.

Without acknowledging anyone, the girl made her way to the front, grabbed a plate and utensils, and began piling her plate high from the lavish buffet. 1

Violet's irritation grew as she watched, expecting an uproar, maybe some angry words from the other students. To her surprise, no one even blinked; their expressions stayed neutral, though this scene was entirely normal. As if they were pretty used to it.

"Why aren't they doing anything?" Violet couldn't stop herself from asking.

"Shh, lower your voice, Lila scolded her, eyes wide.

as

"Exactly, why?" Violet asked through gritted teeth, her voice still loud enough. "I linger for a moment, and these assholes behind-" she gestured to the students behind her, "-try to push me out of the line. But she comes out of nowhere, helps herself, and no one says a word?"

"That's because it's Grace!" Lila hissed, exasperation lacing her tone.

-12-17

19 Marry A Cardinal Alpha

"So who the hell is Grace?!"

"Moon help us, Violet, keep your voice down, or you're going to get us in trouble," Lila said seriously, looking around nervously as though someone might be listening.

The seriousness of her tone made Violet calm down, though her curiosity still burned. "Fine. Tell me then, what am I missing this time?" she asked, keeping her voice low.

Lila shot her a scowl. "You didn't bother researching the top twenty elite students, did you?"

"No, I didn't. Why would I? It's none of my business. Nor do I care who they are or what pathetic privileges they get from bullying everyone." Besides, she'd been too busy dealing with Asher in her dream or whatever that encounter had been.

Lila face—
palmed, muttering something that sounded like, “Goddess, help me with this one.”

Violet almost felt bad for her, but Lila was the one obsessed with the hierarchy and school politics. If it had been anything worthwhile, she wouldn’t have had a headache about her.

Just then, Grace walked past them, her tray held confidently as she strode toward the staircase leading to the elite floor. Violet’s gaze narrowed as she noticed Grace’s skirt, which was noticeably shorter than the required length, her creamy thighs on full display. Violet wondered if Principal Jameson noticed that, or if her immunity covered dress code violations as well.

“What rank is she?” Violet asked out of curiosity.

“She’s not in the top twenty,” Lila replied.

Violet raised an eyebrow. “Then who is she and what is she doing up there?”

“She’s Elsie’s hand.

“Elsie’s hand?”

“Lackey. Servant. Aide. Follower. Whatever you want to call it.”

“**Who’s** Elsie?”

“Number one.”

Violet’s interest was piqued. “You mean she’s the number one on the Lunaboard?”

Lila nodded, her eyes serious. “Yes, Violet. Elsie Lancaster is the number one elite student, and she’s the only pureblooded she-wolf in this academy.”

The words caught Violet off guard. Though she didn’t care much for the academy’s internal politics, this was different. This was a pureblooded she-wolf they were talking about.

Pureblooded she-wolves were celebrated, practically revered as near-goddesses. They were almost extinct, and alphas would fight each other to death for the chance to marry one. After all, marrying a pureblood meant the chance to have a true werewolf offspring, untainted by the watered-down lineage resulting from human-werewolf unions.

It wasn’t hard to spot Elsie. Violet’s gaze followed Grace until she set the tray down at a table where a silver—

haired girl sat, her presence striking. The girl's silver hair seemed to glow under the dining hall's lighting, almost otherworldly, and Violet found herself unable to look away.

21

<

19 Marry A Cardinal Alpha

Elsie's aura was intimidating, almost magnetic.

Before Violet could look away, Lila added in a whisper, "Not only that, but I heard Elsie is set to marry one of the Cardinal Alphas upon graduation."

It felt like a bomb went off in Violet's mind. Elsie was going to marry one of the Cardinal Alphas? Which of them? Violet could not even understand why she **was** curious about that. It was none of her business yet she wanted to know.

As if sensing their eyes on her, Elsie turned and locked eyes with Violet.

Comment 28

View All >

Post your first comment!

Vote

10

1

Fandom

Swipe left to continue >

Send Gift

20 Grave Offense

Elsie Lyka Lancaster was undeniably stunning. Her blue eyes were captivating, a shade so vivid and deep that they could make men fall at her feet. Her heart-shaped face, pointed nose, and full bottom *lip* gave her an appearance that was nothing short of alluring.

Yet, beneath all that charm, Violet sensed the aloofness that cloaked her like a veil. It felt like her beauty was just a facade, hiding the true nature beneath.

Elsie exuded an air of superiority that had nothing to do with her looks. It was in her posture, the way she held herself, the way she looked down on everyone else with cold indifference. To Elsie, Violet was nothing but dirt, meant to grovel at her feet, to worship her as though she were some goddess above everyone else.

It was further proven when Violet felt something akin to a challenge in the she-wolf's gaze, as if she were expecting Violet to look away first.

Lila, noticing the tension between the two, whispered urgently, "Look away, Violet. Don't engage

her."

Unfortunately for Lila, Violet had never been one to follow orders, especially not from someone who expected her to cower. She wasn't scared of some Queen Bee who held power by intimidating others.

She was a pure blooded werewolf, so **what**? What was so special about her anyway if it wasn't her soon-to-be overused womb for pureblood werewolf offspring. It was no secret that pure blooded she-wolves tend to give birth a lot. A move to rebuild the declining pureblooded population.

Grace must have caught her attention because Elsie was the first to look away, and **that small** victory gave Violet a flicker of satisfaction.

In that moment, Violet decided she didn't like **the** she-wolf, and it wasn't because Elsie was set

to marry one of the Cardinal Alphas. That was none of her concern. She actually hoped it was Asher. Maybe that way the psychopath would leave her alone. 2

Violet hated her because she knew girls like Elsie, the ones who pretended to be angelic and pure while hiding their true nature beneath. They were nothing but wolves in sheep's clothing.

"Let's go," Lila urged, pulling her away before their silent altercation could reignite. Lila swore that Violet was determined to give her a heart attack one of these days.

Thankfully, the line moved quickly, and before long, it was their turn. Her eyes scanned the array of dishes arranged before her on a long, polished table.

She had to admit, the luxury here was nothing like what she'd ever experienced. The sight alone made her mouth water as each dish steamed lightly, promising a hot, freshly prepared meal. If anything could convince her to stay at **this** school, it would be the food. She was in a food paradise, a luxury she'd never had back home.

地

C 20—Grave Offense

There were so many dishes to choose from: golden scrambled eggs, crispy smoked bacon, honey-glazed sausages, fluffy pancakes and waffles served with fresh berries, an assortment of pastries like croissants, danishes, and muffins covered in linen cloths, and a fresh fruit platter with melons, grapes, pineapple, and berries. It was overwhelming.

Even if she took a little bit of everything, Violet knew she wouldn't be able to finish it all. So she served herself a spoonful of scrambled eggs, sprinkled lightly with herbs, a couple of bacon strips, and some hash browns. She finished by adding a warm croissant, splitting it open to let the steam escape.

Lila caught up to her, her plate piled high with a bit of everything. She shot Violet a judgmental look. "Is that all you're taking?"

Violet nodded.

Lila looked at her in disbelief, then glanced around, saying. "If you're worried about the guys judging what you eat, you don't need to. The Alphas actually like women who **can** eat. Look around." She tipped her head towards the other students.

Violet followed her gaze, taking in the plates around her, and her jaw dropped. The portions the students were taking made hers look like a child's serving. Especially the werewolves—they were the worst. Their plates were piled high, almost like mountain ranges that seemed one wrong move away from toppling over.

Of course, it made sense since they needed more food to replenish their energy and keep up

with their fast metabolism, but it was still astonishing to see.

"I didn't choose this amount of food because of the alphas."

"Yeah, yeah, I understand, but you still need to eat more, my lady," Lila said with a bored eye roll.

Before Violet could object, Lila had already added a serving of roasted potatoes to her plate. Violet let it slide, partly because the crispy edges of the potatoes looked too tempting.

She picked up her tray and started walking away before Lila had any other ideas like adding more food to her plate. But before she could find a table, Lila grabbed her arm. "Where are you going? Your place is upstairs." She pointed up at the elite floor.

"Yeah, about that..." Violet glanced up at the students eating above, surrounded by their air of privilege. "I think I'll eat my food here, unless I want to suffer indigestion."

"No, Violet, I don't think-" Lila began, **but** Violet had already made up her mind, heading over to a table on the lower floor. She pulled out a chair and sat down, ready to enjoy her meal.

However, as soon as she sat, she noticed the conversations around her had abruptly stopped. Violet looked up, unfazed, **and** said to the students staring at her, "Please, don't stop on my account. Go on with whatever you were saying!"

But instead of resuming, the entire floor seemed to fall into silence, every single eye pinned on Violet, as if she had just committed a grave offense.

"Great," Violet muttered under her breath. She was definitely going to have indigestion after

23

20 Grave Offense

this **meal**.

Just what country did she destroy in her past life to deserve this fate? 4

Comment 28

Post your first comment!

Vote

10

Fandom

Swipe left to continue >

[View All >](#)

[Send Gift](#)

מניו