

## My Marked Alpha Chapter 21 – 30

### 21 One Of Them

Determined not to let anyone ruin her breakfast, Violet ignored the unnerving stares and took a bite of her warm croissant, her eyes fluttering shut as she let out an involuntary moan of satisfaction. By the gods, it tasted so good she almost wanted to cry. This was heaven. She closed her eyes, savoring the taste.

But her bliss was cut short when she heard Lila's panicked voice: "Violet, look out –!"

Violet opened her eyes just in time to avoid the food and drinks being thrown in her direction as her entire meal crashed to the floor.

"What the hell?" Violet snapped, her gaze darting upward. An unfamiliar girl stood over her, glaring murderously. Her eyes blazed with anger while her lips curled into a snarl of pure disgust. =

"So this is what they replaced me with?" the girl spat, pointing at Violet. Her voice was dripping with fury. "She doesn't even know the fucking rules!" 6

Oh, fuck. Violet realized at that moment who this was. This must be the former occupant of the twentieth spot on the Lunaboard, the elite student she had replaced. Great. She hadn't even thought about the previous spot-holder until now.

And for once, Violet wasn't even responsible for the trouble that had found her! She was completely innocent this time.

Now every eye in the room was pinned on them, including the elite students peering down from the platform. It was obvious that everyone expected a show, especially with many of them already pulling out their phones to record the altercation.

When Violet stood **up**, they likely anticipated she'd engage in a fight. Instead, she calmly brushed off the crumbs from her croissant that had fallen on her clothes during the commotion.

The girl in question was poised for a fight, clearly expecting Violet to rise to the bait. But instead, Violet simply turned her back on her and made to leave.

Turning one's back in the middle of a confrontation was probably the biggest insult Violet could give. It meant she didn't consider the girl a threat. She didn't even deem her worthy of attention. The act showed that Violet was not afraid, and the girl wasn't even on her radar as a worthy opponent. 2

Sometimes, silence was the most powerful response. A weapon that hurt more than a verbal jab, especially when it denied someone the reaction they craved.

Violet was also painfully aware that the elite students were watching her every move, expecting her to **put** the girl in her place. She wasn't about to give them that satisfaction. She wanted them to lose interest in her. Perhaps if she didn't react the way they expected, they would deem her boring and forget about her.

Then, she'd be able to go back to the place she belonged. At the bottom. And rest in peace. How blissful that would be.

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And the current fool could go back to being twentieth, and all of this would be over. Whatever Asher had planned, it wouldn't work.

"Hey! I'm talking to you. Don't ignore me, you daughter of a whore!" the girl spat after her.

Violet halted abruptly, her neutral expression cracking. Any semblance of restraint vanished at that moment. There was nothing that set her off quite like that insult. Suddenly, her priorities shifted. Perhaps, this girl needed to be taught a lesson after all.

The girl must have sensed her mistake from the way Violet turned on her with a powerful stride, approaching like a storm. In a heartbeat, Violet was standing before her, the girl already bracing herself in a fighting stance.

Violet raised an eyebrow at the gesture. So, she knew how to fight? Was that why she had the confidence to provoke her, thinking she'd win?

Violet chuckled inwardly. Good thing these privileged brats didn't know how gutter rats fought. a

Instead of immediately engaging, Violet asked, "What's your name?"

The girl blinked, caught off guard by the question. "Sharon..." she trailed off, realization dawning on her. "Wait, you don't even know my name, and you took my spot?!"

At that moment, everyone around them fell silent, not a single person – not even the staff- daring to intervene.

Violet stoked the fire by saying, "Sorry, I tend not to care about people beneath me.

"You-!" Sharon's eyes widened with fury. She pulled her arm back, preparing to strike, but Violet saw it co

ming. She dodged and swiftly grabbed Sharon's arm, twisting it behind her, making Sharon yelp in pain.

"How dare you?! Do you even know who I am?" Sharon shrieked, struggling against her grip, trying to free herself.

But Violet didn't care. She grabbed Sharon's hair and forced her to face the crowd.

"Listen up, everyone, Violet began, her voice carrying over the crowd. "I don't care who you are or where you come from. I

don't give a fuck about your hierarchy or the privileges you enjoy at this school, Violet declared, her gaze pointedly meeting Elsie's, the silver-haired she-wolf whose

attention she now had.

"I came here to study, and that's exactly what I **plan** to do. I know my place, and I'm not here to change it. So I'll stay in my lane, and I expect you to stay in yours. No trouble, no altercation. You just leave **me** alone, and we'll be fine."

Violet added, her voice hardened. "Oh, and a **quick note**, no name-calling, especially the word 'whore!" She flashed a smile full of teeth. "That one pisses me off the most."

But Sharon didn't get the message, spitting out, "You're nothing but a whore, bitch! You think we don't know that?"

Enough was enough. Violet dragged Sharon over to the spilled food, shoving her face in to the mess she caused. Sharon sputtered and struggled, but it was futile. Violet could hear gasps of

12.10

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Violet spoke **again**, tauntingly, as she held Sharon down. "Where I'm from, we don't waste food. And if it falls, we pick it up, like you're doing now"

Sharon finally gave up struggling, and Violet let go.

hair smeared with food. @

The girl was reduced to sobs, her face and

Violet straightened, her gaze scanning the room, meeting the eyes of every student, daring them to challenge her. Her stare lingered on the clites, each one of them watching intently.

Suddenly, one of the girls in the elite section stood up, clapping slowly. She was soon joined by another, then the entire section of elite students, followed by the rest of the students on the floor. Within moments, a cacophony of applause filled the room.

2

Violet should have been satisfied, even victorious, but all she felt was dread. This wasn't an ordinary applause, not with that proud look on their faces. The elites were accepting her. Whatever just happened, it was like a twisted rite of passage, one that she had somehow passed.

No. Violet's blood ran cold. This was not what she wanted. She didn't want to be one of them.

With her heart pounding, Violet forced her legs to move. She had to get out of there. She needed to find Principal Jameson and drop out of this hell hole today.

As she made her way out, she caught a glimpse of the students descending on Sharon like vultures, recording her humiliation. Violet felt a pang of pity for her. Almost.

But Sharon had brought this upon herself, dragging her background into it. And Violet had bigger problems now than some petty former top twenty elite.

Comment 57

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Violet did not waste even a second more as she headed to the administrative floor. She had ignored Lila who questioned her where she was going. But the girl didn't need to know, not when she might try to stop her.

The receptionist looked up briefly, then barely acknowledged Violet's presence, her eyes shifting back to the phone screen in front of her. Violet could hear gunfire blaring from the movie she was engrossed in, the volume turned high enough that it drowned out the faint sounds of the office. Violet couldn't tell whether her lack of response was a cue for her to go in or fuck off.

Violet chose the former.

She approached the office door, lifting her hand, and knocked firmly. There was no response.

Violet knocked for a second time, wondering if Principal Jameson was even in the office. It wasn't yet eight o'clock, after all.

She had left the dining hall intending to get her issues sorted before the first lesson and hopefully leave the academy once her dismissal had been processed. Everything was planned perfectly.

When there was no response again, Violet frowned. Maybe that was why the receptionist had barely acknowledged her. A heads up would have been nice. What a bitch!

Frustrated, Violet turned to leave when she unmistakably heard the words, "Come in."

Her heart began to race. This was it. The moment she had been waiting for. She would walk into that office, demand her scholarship be revoked, **and** Principal Jameson would do just that. Violet had made up her mind.

Violet pushed the door open and walked in, her heart pounding with every step. Her eyes fell on Principal Jameson, who was seated in her executive chair with her back turned to her.

For a moment, Violet thought there was something different about the way she looked, like her form was broader or something. But she shook it off, deciding that it was just a trick of the eye. After all, who would be in the principal's seat, if not Mrs. Jameson herself.

Ignoring the strange feeling, Violet straightened up, steeling herself. She cleared her throat, forcing herself to gather the courage. "Mrs. Jameson, I have something to discuss with you."

There was no response from Mrs. Jameson for over a minute, an awkward silence falling between them. Deciding there was no need to beat around the bush anymore if the woman wouldn't even acknowledge her, Violet decided to let the cat out of the bag.

"I don't want to study here anymore, Mrs. **Jameson**. Please revoke my scholarship and have it handed to someone else."

There it was. Violet felt lighter as soon as she *let* out the issues that had been eating her up. Now, there was no way the principal could ignore such a direct and sensitive demand anymore.

She noticed the slight movement as the principal's chair swiveled, signaling a turn, and she held her breath in anticipation. But when the chair finally completed its rotation, the face that came

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into view made the blood drain from her face.

You have got to be kidding me.

There was no Principal Jameson sitting there from the start. It was Asher fucking Nights hade, posing in her place.

Violet didn't know how to process the whirlwind of emotions that hit her. Shock gave way to disbelief, then anger, then dread, and then even more dread as her survival instincts kicked in. This was Asher she was dealing with, and he wasn't even wearing his shades.

Her striking amber eyes locked onto his magnetic, slitted gray gaze—haunting and reptilian, and entirely too focused on her.

Violet swallowed.

“Do tell me, Violet,” Asher Nightshade finally spoke, his voice disturbingly calm, a mask over the storm that was clearly building beneath. “What is this I hear about you wanting to reject the scholarship?”

The question echoed across the room, heavy as a judge's gavel, and Violet swallowed hard. This was the first time Asher had addressed her without a nickname. Yep. She'd just royally screwed

1. up.

Before Asher could even blink, Violet had already **made** up her mind to run, adrenaline kicking in. She had to get out of there.

But before she could take a single step, his voice cut through her thoughts like a **blade**, commanding, “Don't move.”

Violet froze on the spot.

“Relax”

Just one word, and every ounce of tension drained from her body. Violet found herself standing there comfortably, **as** if she were in the company of an old friend, even though moments ago all

she wanted was to flee from this devil.

Asher stood up from the **chair**, and despite **his** command to relax, her heart began to pound faster. Violet knew this psychopath was the reason she was in this school, and tryi

ng to leave was like spitting in his face. How had he even known she would come here? Could he **have** predicted this?

A chill washed over her at the thought. If that was the case, then this guy was far more dangerous than she had imagined. Someone who could read her better than she knew herself? That was not someone she wanted to mess with.

But the next moment, anger surged through Violet. Who was he to tell her what to do? She was her own person, and if she wanted to leave this damn academy, it was her decision to make, not his. He had no claim over her.

So when Asher stepped closer **until** they were face-to-face, his frame towering over her, she spat, "It's none of your business whether I leave or stay, you mindfucker!"

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### 1. First Date

enough, Asher didn't seem to mind at all. Instead, he burst into laughter, a sound that should've been chilling, but came out rich and smooth, sending shivers down her spine.

"Oh, my little purple," Asher cooed, cupping her face with his hands. His touch was surprisingly warm, cradling her cheeks with a gentleness that seemed entirely at odds with the monster she

knew him to be.

"You are so predictable," he whispered, and that alone made her blood run cold. What did he mean by that? Was he saying there was no escape, that he already knew her every move? Wait- was he in her head all this time? Violet had no clue how his powers actually worked anymore.

"Can you read my mind? No..." she swallowed nervously. "Are you reading my mind right now?"

Asher chuckled. "How silly of you to think that just because I control minds means I can read

them too."

She narrowed her eyes. "You said I'm predictable."

"I am skilled at mind control, which means I can infer a lot about someone's state of mind through careful observation.

It's more about perception and guesswork rather than direct thought—reading,” he said, running his hand through her hair.

Violet flinched, recalling how he had cut her hair before. She could only hope he didn't have a **hair** fetish, if he did, she'd probably **end** up bald, thanks to him.

“It's kind of offensive though,” Asher said, with mock disappointment. “Assuming that just because I have mind control, I also read minds? Tsk, that's so bad of you, my little purple flower! He reprimanded her as if she were a child.

“But don't worry,” he continued, his tone shifting, “you'll have plenty of chances to learn more about me... In the next...” he glanced at his luxurious watch, “twenty minutes of our first date. At least, in reality.”

“What?”

Comment

**12:10**

23 His Rebellion

This wasn't a date; it was a kidnapping, plain and simple. The last thing Violet wanted was to spend any **more** time with this stalker, manipulator, emotionless jerk—you name it. But then again, she had no choice. If she was ever

some way to appeal to Asher. Hopefully to get out of this academy, she'd have to find

So when Asher said, “You should sit,” without the usual coercion following his command, Violet understood it was his way of giving her a chance to “behave” before he took away her choice. altogether. The underlying threat was still there, just beneath the veneer of politeness.

Without a word, Violet walked over to the plush leather couch in Jameson's office and sat down. She could only hope that Principal Jameson would walk in at any moment and perhaps change the outcome of this situation.

But even as she held onto that faint hope, Violet knew better. It was becoming painfully obvious that Jameson was nothing but a puppet, and the **real** rulers of this academy were the Cardinal Alphas.

As



s soon as she sat down, Asher followed, casually plopping down beside her. He sat facing her, one leg bent, relaxed, his entire demeanor as if they were friends about to have a casual chat, despite the tension crackling in the air.

“Turn towards me, he commanded, his voice holding the authority of a king who expected nothing less than obedience.

Violet obeyed, though she let out an exaggerated sigh, a subtle form of rebellion. Not that Asher seemed to care. As long as she followed his instructions, she would have worn a sackcloth, and he would’ve been indifferent.

They sat facing each other with Violet wondering what exactly he had planned. Asher, however, seemed completely preoccupied with typing something into his phone.

His hair fell messily over his forehead as he concentrated, and for some inexplicable reason, Violet had the urge to brush it aside. However, she clenched her fists slightly, shaking her head. What was wrong with her? There was no way she was catching Stockholm syndrome already.

Almost immediately, Asher looked up, a smile breaking across his face as he set his phone aside. It was so sudden, so genuine, it caught her off guard. The happiness seemed real, and it looked almost... good on him. And he took advantage of her distraction, grabbing her hand.

“So, about my powers...” he murmured, holding her hand firmly as she tried to pull it away, his warmth enveloping hers.

“Mind control and mind reading are two very distinct abilities, even though they both deal with the mind. Technically, it’s possible to possess both. In fact, if I really put effort into it, I could develop mind-reading as a secondary power. But, honestly, mind reading can be chaotic and exhausting, and I’d like to keep what’s left of my sanity intact.”

Oh *God*, he just admitted his mind wasn’t complete. Violet cried inwardly.

**Meher** continued **so** if they were in come turisted classroom setting all the while drawrina **email**

## 23 His Rebellion

circles on her arm. If it was meant to soothe her, it sort of worked, though it only made her more hyper-aware of his presence.

“With my mind control ability, Asher began, “I can manipulate someone else’s thoughts, behaviors, and actions. It means exerting influence over their will, forcing them to act in

ways they wouldn't otherwise choose. He paused, adding casually, "For example, I could make you kiss

1. me.

Violet's entire body stiffened, her back going rigid. Her gaze flickered up to meet his heated eyes, first in shock, then disgust. But as she searched those strange, captivating orbs, an idea formed in her mind, maybe this was the key to solving her problem.

"The kiss..." she said breathily, the air between them suddenly feeling thick and charged, "Is that what you want? Is that your motive for all of this madness?"

Asher raised a brow, clearly taken aback by her words. Before he could respond, Violet had already pushed him back against the armrest of the couch, leaning over him, their bodies pressed close as she continued, "If that's it, then let's get this over with."

For a long moment, Asher just stared at her, stunned by her boldness, before he broke into laughter. Violet frowned, annoyed. She hadn't been trying to be funny. Then she felt his hand glide up her neck, his fingers brushing against her lower lip, and she shivered despite herself.

His gaze lingered on her lips, the intensity of it causing a warmth to rush to her cheeks. Asher finally spoke, "If all I wanted was a kiss, I would've taken it already. And while I do admire the fire in your eyes, when we kiss, it won't be out of obligation. You won't look as if you're doing me a favor. Your eyes will burn with passion, Violet, not defiance.

Violet flinched as if he'd struck her, though it was only the force of his words that hit her so hard. She shifted back, allowing Asher to return to his previous position.

He grinned, knowing he had won that round. Without missing a beat, as if the moment between them had been just a brief interlude, he reached for her hand **again**. Violet resisted, baring her teeth at him. Asher didn't back down, baring his own teeth in response, accompanied by a low, guttural growl.

That growl was enough to remind her that while Asher might look human, beneath that skin lay a beast. She hesitated, then reluctantly relented, letting **him** take her hand. Again.

"As I was saying..." he continued, "I can directly give commands, subtly influence decisions, or even completely override your own choices."

Violet shivered at the thought of him turning someone into a puppet. She wondered just how deeply he had already sunk his **claws** into **her** mind. How many of her actions were

e her own? Had he planted the idea of her **coming** here, just to orchestrate this twisted version of a “first date“?

No. Violet shook her head. She knew herself well enough to trust that she wouldn't willingly stay at this academy after everything that had happened between her and this psycho. This was her decision, no one else's.

“However...” His voice cut through her thoughts. “The effectiveness of my ability depends on my

### 23 His Rebellion

strength of will, my focus, and sometimes... the level of emotional connection between me and **my** target...” He trailed off, intertwining their fingers together.

It was a simple gesture, something that shouldn't have affected her, yet Violet's heart began to race for reasons she couldn't quite grasp.

“**If** my target has a particularly strong will, they might resist the control, especially if they recognize it's happening. Asher explained, his voice almost teasing. “But since you're basically a baby taking its first steps, it's safe to say we'll be having lots of late-night dates, my purple queen.”

In other words, he was planning on visiting her dreams tonight. The thought frightened Violet, but at the same time, a rush of strange anticipation went through her. After all, it wasn't every day one got a stalker pervert invading her dreams. No, it wasn't romantic at all. Yet Violet was still a girl, and the idea of a handsome guy pinning her—even a slightly unhinged one—was thrilling.

“Why me?” Violet whispered. She needed to understand. She wanted **to** understand. **Sure**, her application had been “creative, but there had to be others that had caught his attention as well.

This time, Violet didn't flinch when Asher ran his fingers through her hair. His touch was gentle, massaging her scalp, **and** she nearly melted at the sensation. She shouldn't have been getting comfortable with Asher, the mind-controlling psychopath, yet there was something vulnerable about the moment that drew her in.

“Don't you get it?” Asher whispered, his eyes blazing with intensity. “You're my rebellion.”

“What?”

“My future, he rephrased. “Our future has been laid out for us like a damn map. But you, my chosen, will wedge the knife. You will tear them all apart and, perhaps then, rip out my bleeding heart. How poetic would that be?” He laughed, his tone laced with something dark.

Violet pulled away, unsettled as his laughter teetered on the edge of madness.

Almost immediately, the door to the office opened, and Violet’s heart leaped, hoping it was Principal Jameson. But it wasn’t. Instead, a young girl in the Lunar Academy uniform entered, pushing a trolley.

“Alpha Asher,” the girl addressed him, bowing her head, waiting for his command.

“What is going on?” Violet asked with a frown.

Asher glanced at his watch, a slight crease forming on his brow. “You might be a bit late to your first class today, but don’t worry, I’ll take care of that. My purple queen must eat first”

“What?” Violet asked, bewildered.

Before Violet could fully process what was happening, the girl began to set up the food on the small table in Principal Jameson’s office.

“All done, Alpha, the girl announced, her tone eager, almost as if serving the meal had been a great **honor**.

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Violet. “What are you waiting for? Eat. Don’t **think** I’ll let you wander around campus after your little breakfast disaster.”

starving

Violet was stunned that he knew about it. While it would have been easy to stubbornly refuse the food, but deep down, Violet was hungry. She decided to let it slide, just this once.

She looked down at the table, and her entire body went still. Goosebumps prickled across her skin as she stared at the meal set before her.

The food was exactly the same as what she’d ordered that morning, right down to the size of the portions and the drink.

This was beyond creepy.

It was borderline stalking.

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Hi everyone!

In case you received the notification, the Most Popular Character Selection

24 Making Progress

Violet hurriedly gobbled down her food, not because it was incredibly delicious, but because she wanted to be done with it as quickly as possible and get away from this psychopath.

Unfortunately for Violet, Asher seemed to misinterpret her urgency. He looked at her with concern and said, "My poor queen, you must be starving. Let me order more for you."

He was already picking up his phone when Violet shouted, "No!"

He raised an eyebrow, clearly taken aback. "No?"

"Yes, I'm good. Any more than this and I'll throw up," she replied honestly. Years of deprivation had conditioned her stomach to accept only so much, and she truly couldn't eat any more.

Asher frowned, clearly disapproving. "You have quite a small appetite. It's not enough, little purple. But don't worry, you're here now, and I'll fix that."

Shivers ran down Violet's spine at those words—a promise she wished had never been made. Asher was not going to let her out of his sight. Good thing she was already thinking of another way to escape. She would not let the psychopath groom her into being his "purple queen. That was never happening.

Violet slowed her pace, eating less quickly now but still taking large bites of food, trying to make

it appear natural. Thankfully she was focused on his phone now, and that gave her some

breathing room.

Still, Violet couldn't help but watch him. Asher Nightshade looked surprisingly proper in his Lunar uniform. Unlike Roman and Griffin—based on her recent experience with them—

Asher **wore** his uniform fully and neatly, and she found herself wondering if he was, in fact, a model

student.

Or maybe that, too, was just an elaborate act to make people believe he was something he wasn't. Just like his abilities, was everything about him a facade? What was real about Asher Nightshade?

Violet got so absorbed watching him, trying to unravel the enigma he seemed to be, that she barely noticed she was still eating. There was something about him that was undeniably alluring, though she couldn't quite figure out what it was. Was it his overgrown hair, gelled smoothly to one side of his face, or the nearly invisible pores on his skin? How could someone look so perfect?

As he typed away on his phone, the slightest frown appeared on his face. Violet found herself having the ridiculous urge to smooth it away. Yep, *this* was more proof that she was going crazy,

Or perhaps Asher was somehow willing her to find his features appealing. That sounded absurd, though considering Asher, nothing seemed impossible.

Violet ended her inner monologue and lifted her head to steal a glance at him, only for her eyes to collide with his. The suddenness of it startled her so much that she choked, the food going down the wrong pipe

.

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Violet

## **24 Making Progress**

began to cough violently, tears slipping from her eyes.

"Here, Asher said, quickly pushing a glass of water to her lips. She didn't even protest, instinctively gulping it down until the glass was empty. Asher set the glass aside and began to rub her back gently,

"You're safe. I got you," he muttered, his hand moving in soothing circles across her back.

Violet had stopped coughing, but she was now frozen in place, staring at Asher as if he had suddenly grown two heads. No one had ever said those words to her. Even though this was some twisted situation, no one had ever taken care of her like this.

Maybe Nancy had, but only when Violet was sick **and she** didn't want her to die. No one else had ever looked at her like she truly mattered, like they genuinely saw her.

Violet was caught in the moment when Asher cupped her face with one hand, the other continuing to rub her back, his touch now slowing into a gentler, almost seductive rhythm. Her breath hitched, coming out in shallow bursts.

Violet couldn't fight the strange magic in the air. Asher leaned in, her own eyes slowly drifting closed. She knew what she was doing. It was only a kiss, nothing more. Violet justified it in her mind.

However, just as their lips were about to meet, the door suddenly swung open, and Principal Jameson's voice echoed through the room, "Who the fuck is in my office...?" she trailed off as she processed the scene before her.

Violet jerked back immediately, the feeling of being caught about to kiss a psychopath feeling like a slap across her face. It was a sobering shock, yanking her back to reality.

"Mr. Nightshade... Oh, shit..." Jameson cursed as she realized he wasn't wearing his shades.

Violet used the distraction to scramble away from Asher, managing to get to her feet just as Jameson pulled a pair of aviators from her bag and put them on.

With the principal's over-the-top reaction, Violet couldn't help but wonder what was unnerving about staring into Asher's eyes.

**Sure**, his eyes were unusual from the others, but that was all.

If anything, Violet found herself oddly comfortable staring into those slitted, reptilian eyes. Unless, of course, Jameson had secrets she didn't want Asher pulling from her. Unlike Jameson, Violet had no secrets, aside from her plans to escape tonight.

"**Oh...**" Jameson finally seemed to recognize her. "Miss Purple..."

Even with her eyes hidden behind the shades, Violet could sense the accusation in Jameson's tone. She had begun to judge her and it was not surprising, not after her "creative" application.

Violet grabbed her satchel. "I'm leaving for class"

Asher rose to his feet as well. "I'll escort you-"

"No!" Violet shouted, startling both Jameson and Asher.

## 24 Making Progress

already” And it was anything but a thank you.

If Asher walked her to class, Violet could only imagine the commotion it would stir among the other students. She didn't want that kind of attention.

Before coming here, Violet had checked her ranking, and to her dismay, she'd already moved up to eighteenth place. If those she had pushed aside to reach that rank were anything like Sharon, she was in for more trouble, even though she wasn't responsible for any of it. She didn't even

want this!

Who on earth was pushing her up the ranks? Whoever it was, they'd have a meeting with her fists soon enough.

For a moment, it seemed like Asher might ignore her and insist on his own way, but for once, he relented.

Thank God, Violet sighed inwardly.

Violet would rather deal with Asher's obsession in secret than let it be broadcast to the entire academy. She just couldn't handle it.

Jameson, however, seemed to realize what Violet's departure meant. That she'd be left alone

with Asher. Oh shit.

Immediately, she shot a pleading look in Violet's direction, silently imploring her to stay.

But Violet only saluted her with a knowing grin. “Have a nice day, ma'am.”

And then she left.

Jameson swallowed, turning back to Asher, who now wore a scowl on his face.

Just when he had been making progress with his purple queen, she had to come in and ruin the

kiss.



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!

**12:18**

25 True Evolution

"There you are!" Someone suddenly jumped in front of her, startling Violet out of her thoughts.

"**Ahh!**" Violet screamed, instinctively landing a punch on the person's face, only to realize it was

Lila.

Lila yelped in pain while Violet's expression shifted to horror as she recognized her friend. She hadn't meant to hit her, but years of always keeping her guard up had conditioned her to react

this way.

Violet rushed forward, hysterically checking on Lila.

"I'm okay, I'm okay," Lila insisted, trying to calm her down. "See? No damage." She attempted a smile, but her face scrunched up in pain. "But damn, that was a mean hook"

With a deep breath, Violet slowly calmed her racing heart. But almost immediately after, her expression twisted in anger.

"What the hell is wrong with you?! Why would you jump in front of someone like that? Are you asking for death or something?" she shouted.

Lila rubbed her cheek, pouting. "I should be asking why your automatic response to a small prank is to punch someone in the face. What if the person was innocent..." She added with a pout, "Just like me."

"Well, where I come from, there's no mercy for 'small pranks,'" Violet said with emphasis. "And it teaches people like you to never try it again. She retorted coldly,

Lila's pout deepened, her eyes almost watering as she complained, "You're so mean."

“If I’m so mean, you can remedy that by leaving me the hell alone,” Violet replied bluntly.

At first, Lila’s persistent following had been cute, but now it was becoming increasingly annoying. Violet liked to keep her distance from people—no one could be trusted.

There were no friends, only selfish individuals capable of betrayal and cruelty. This jungle of a school wasn’t a place for friendships, either. Violet refused to admit, even to herself, that Lila was slowly breaking down her defenses. That could never happen.

“Not going to happen.” Lila said defiantly, startling Violet. For a moment, she thought Lila had read her thoughts.

“What?”

“I know you’re trying to push me away, but I won’t let that happen. I can see it in our future, we’re going to be great friends,” Lila said with so much conviction it made Violet frown.

What gave Lila such confidence? Was she a psychic or what? Ugh, what was she even thinking? Lila chirped happily, “So I saw your schedule, and we have both classes together. Come on, let’s go. We’re already late.”

Without waiting for an answer, Lila grabbed Violet’s hand and pulled her along with such speed

LIL

12:1

25 True Evolution

“Incoming!” Lila screamed as she dashed through the crowded hallway, making other students jump out of the way.

“That lunatic!” Violet cursed, but there was nothing she could do except let Lila drag her along

They soon stopped in front of a numbered door. Lila flung it open and pulled them both inside before Violet even had a moment to mentally prepare.

The class was already seated, with only the teacher missing. Violet—counted herself lucky—if only

she knew better.

The moment they entered, all eyes turned toward them, and as Violet expected, whispers began. If she hadn't earned fame as the first freshman in Lunaris to make it to the top twenty, then her legendary fight in the dining hall certainly did the trick.

As expected of Lunaris, the classroom was large and luxurious. Violet could feel the cool air of the air conditioner, and they even used an electronic whiteboard. It was beyond anything she'd

ever seen.

Most of the students were human, but quite a few werewolves sat among them as well. Violet was glad to see that none of the Cardinal Alphas were in this class.

With her head held high, Violet chose a seat at the back, trying to make herself as inconspicuous as possible. Lila, however, followed her like a buzzing mosquito, her movements clumsy as she tried to settle beside Violet.

At this point, Violet gave up trying to drive Lila away, confident that the girl would tire of following her eventually. Hopefully?

The murmurs continued, with students glancing at her, but Violet ignored them all. Thankfully, it wasn't long before the anthropology teacher arrived.

Mr. Radcliff was a tall, sharp-featured man with piercing silver eyes. He carried a coffee mug in one hand and an electronic device in the other. He paused briefly, assessing the class before heading to his desk at the front.

Lila leaned over and whispered to Violet, "They say Radcliff is a racist prick who prefers werewolves and practically worships them. Good thing karma gave him a human form, unlike his siblings."

Before Violet could fully digest that tidbit of information, Radcliff was already in front of the board. Without any pleasantries, he scrawled the day's topic in large, clear letters on the whiteboard.

"Werewolves: The True Origin of Humanity?"

Violet's eyebrows shot up, though she quickly schooled her expression, unlike some of the human students who gasped audibly.

Professor Radcliff turned, his face full of disdain as he looked at the humans sitting among the werewolves.

He stepped forward and asked, "Can anyone tell me the theory of evolution? Or, simply put, how

did humans come to **he**?"

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25 True Evolution

No one moved. It was clearly a loaded question.

"Why isn't anyone speaking?" Radcliff asked, his voice laced with mock disappointment.

Under his breath, but loud enough for all to hear, he muttered, "Humans. Always the cowards. And you wonder why Werewolves shouldn't rule this carth?"

No shit. Lila had not been kidding. Radcliff was a racist scum.

Radcliff sighed as if teaching was a burden he had been sentenced to. "Fine. The first five hands. to go up will get five points cach."

Violet quickly realized how much weight the point system held, as nearly every hand shot up, including several of the werewolves' hands—and Lila's.

Lila?!

Violet gave Lila a bewildered look.

"What?" Lila scowled. "I need points if I'm going to have any chance of protecting you."

"I don't need your-" Violet started, but students were already answering the questions.

"According to the biblical perspective, in the beginning, all life was created by God. On the sixth day,

God created Adam and Eve, the first humans, one student answered.

"Amen. Radcliff clasped his hands together in mock prayer. "Five points to you. Next."

He picked the next student.

"Charles Darwin's theory, based on natural selection, suggests that species evolve over time. Organisms with favorable traits survive and reproduce, passing those traits on to future generations, leading to gradual adaptation," the student answered.

“Excellent. Five points to you. Next.”

And just like that, Radcliff picked three more students, none of whom were Lila, leaving her visibly frustrated.

Radcliff clapped his hands and said. “All of you answered correctly,” he said, “and stupidly, at the

**same** time.”

The excitement on the students’ faces immediately vanished. They hadn’t expected that

“Humans weren’t the beginning of evolution, it was the werewolves.”

26 Make **An** Enemy

26 Make An Enemy

In Violet’s entire life, she had never heard anyone spout so much nonsense as this man was spewing right now.

By chance, had the teacher taken coke before coming to class? Was that what was in his coffee? And yes, the Lunar is teacher would probably be capable of it. After all, teacher – student relationships were encouraged here, so taking coke shouldn’t make any difference.

Radcliff went on to prattle about how werewolves were not only

the first inhabitants of this world but also the true predecessors to what humans now call ‘evolution.

His voice carried a faint edge of disdain on the word evolution, as if it were a misguided myth that humans had arrogantly clung to.

It didn’t escape Violet that the werewolf students seemed unbothered as he spewed that propaganda; if anything, they looked quietly pleased. Of course, the teacher was on their side. Why wouldn’t they like it?

However, this was clearly racial discrimination, and she could feel the tension rising among the

humans.

Professor Radcliff himself was completely indifferent to the unease in the room, which was akin to a mixture of diesel and gasoline that was dangerously close to igniting.

He continued, "The concept of human evolution, as you know it, is largely a fabrication. Pure-blooded werewolves were the first beings, blessed with strength, resilience, and intelligence. It was only later that humans emerged, an offshoot, weaker and less capable."

A human student at the back couldn't contain himself any longer and lifted his hand.

"And what is it...?"

"Dion."

"How can I help you, Dion?" Radcliff asked, his lips pressed into a thin line. It was obvious he didn't appreciate the interruption.

Dion asked, "Is this even in our curriculum?" (

The entire class burst **into** laughter, including Violet. She wasn't a robot, after all. She had been waiting for someone to call the teacher out, and now that Dion had mocked his lecture, she was pleased.

Unfortunately, Mr. Radcliff looked like someone had just spit in his face, and his expression was downright scary. For a moment, Violet imagined Radcliff murdering Dion for his audacity.

He began stepping toward Dion in **a menacing manner**, and with each step he took, it seemed like he was sucking the very air out of the classroom. Finally, he stood in front of Dion, **and** Violet had to give Dion credit for not flinching, instead, he stood tall.

Professor Radcliff's expression was cold **as** he spoke. "This class, Dion, isn't for speculative debate. It's a study of werewolf heritage, culture, **and** legacy, one that's deeply rooted in fact,

## 26 Make An Enemy

even if some humans would prefer to believe otherwise. He glanced around the room, daring any other human to challenge him.

He continued, "And the fact that you asked that question means you haven't either studied properly or intended to rile me on purpose. He added conclusively, "Ten points from you."

"Aww, **man**," Dion moaned, "It was just a question, sir!"

“Another ten points deducted. Radcliff declared.

Dion slumped back into his seat, sulking, while the teacher turned to leave.

Violet turned to Lila, “Can points be transferred?”

“Obviously. How do you think you’ve been climbing up the ranks so quickly?”

“Oh.” The realization hit Violet.

Initially, she wanted to compensate Dion for standing up for what he believed in, but a sinister thought crept into her mind. What if she transferred all her points away? You know, like philanthropists give away their wealth. That would be like contributing to society, or in this case, Lunaris, right?

But Lila seemed to catch on instinctively, shooting her a warning look, as if she had read her

mind. “Don’t even think about it.”

Violet smiled sheepishly, but that idea had already taken root and wasn’t **going** anywhere.

“Is there a problem here, Miss Violet?”

Oh, shit.

Violet swallowed when she looked up to see Radcliff standing right in front of her. Judging by the way his eyebrow was arched and his cold gaze focused on her, she bet he had overheard her talk about transferring points to Dion and assumed she was challenging his authority.

“No, sir...” The response was right there on Violet’s lips, but her expression furrowed. Screw it. She wasn’t going to let this man bully her like the others.

“Actually, sir. I do have a problem, and it’s with your theory” Violet said fearlessly.

Radcliff was taken aback, clearly not expecting that. Even her classmates straightened up, a slow tension filling the room. Violet swore she saw someone pulling out their phone from the corner of her eye.

“**And** what exactly is the problem, Violet, the chosen one?” His words dripped with sarcasm.

Violet had no doubt that Radcliff knew about her circumstances at Lunaris and didn’t approve. In his mind, she probably

wasn't worthy enough for Alpha Asher. If only he knew she didn't want his attention either.

Violet cut straight to the point. "If werewolves were truly the pioneers of evolution, then why didn't they dominate the earth like humans? Humans have always been resilient, adaptable creatures capable of extraordinary feats. From my perspective, it seems more plausible that at some point, a human might have surpassed their natural limits and developed the ability to shift

into a werewolf. Phrasing that meant she had a hunch she was right and she wasn't alone in her opinion.

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## 26 Make An Enemy

responsible for it."

She continued, "Or maybe the moon goddess decided to bless some random human for a noble act, giving rise to werewolves. But let's be real, if neither of those scenarios fits, I'd bet my ass they were cooked up in some lab experiment gone wrong" 1

Her words hung in the air, bold, unapologetic, daring the room to challenge her theory.

For a moment, the classroom was drenched in stunned silence. The tension was so thick it felt like the air itself had stopped moving. Then, in the blink of an eye, Violet saw fury contort Radcliff's expression, his sharp features darkening with an almost feral rage.

As if that wasn't enough, snarls and snapping jaws sounded around her. Violet's stomach churned as she realized the noise was coming from her werewolf classmates.

She swallowed hard, her earlier confidence draining quickly. In her eagerness to challenge Radcliff's narrative, she had unknowingly offended not just him but an entire species.

The werewolves looked ready to leap from their seats, their eyes blazing with anger. If it weren't for the presence of witnesses, Violet was sure they would have torn her to shreds right then and

there.

Fan-fucking-tastic. Make an enemy out of an entire species. Just what she needed.

## 27 Lightning Eyes



Professor Radcliff deducted a **hundred** points from Violet for her “blatant disrespect” of werewolves. However, Violet wasn’t even slightly fazed. She checked her ranking, and the point deduction had barely made a dent.

But then, that was when it clicked on her head. She might have been played by the principal. Jameson had supposedly deducted five **hundred** points from Griffin for assaulting her, but with what she had just experienced, Violet realized that Griffin probably hadn’t even felt the loss. Not when he had so much points to spare.

Principal Jameson must have done it just to pacify her, like a parent pretending to punish a spoiled child. What the fuck! That woman had fooled her **so** well, and the realization sent rage bubbling up inside her.

at woman

Violet clenched her fists, her nails biting into her palms. She so wanted to confront that right now. But Violet couldn’t focus on that now. She had bigger problems. She had just made an enemy out of the werewolves.

With no idea if she had any sort of immunity from their retaliation, Violet decided she wasn’t going to take any chances. So, as soon as the bell signaled the end of class, she bolted out of the room. She didn’t stop for anything or anyone, determined to put as much distance between herself and any potential trouble as possible.

“Hey, wait up!” someone called, and Violet looked back to **see** Dion running toward her.

“Hey,” Dion panted as he caught up to her.

“Hey,” Violet replied, just as Lila appeared beside her as well. God, the girl wouldn’t give her any breathing space.

Dion turned to Violet, “I wanted to thank you for what you did back there, you know, sticking up for me. Although you might want to tone down the mockery a little bit, wolves take any insult to their heritage very personally!”

“Whoa, hold on a minute, Violet shot back. “I didn’t do that for you. Your situation might have prompted my response, sure, but that racist prick had it coming. And besides... She added with thick sarcasm, “The wolves have no problem throwing shade our way, but when we return the favor, suddenly they’re all aggressive”

“I’m just saying, don’t go riling up the wrong people or making them think you’re racist towards wolves. In short, be careful around here.” Dion advised.

“Don’t worry,” Lila chirped in, draping her arm around Violet’s shoulders as if they were besties. “I’ll keep a good eye on her and make sure she doesn’t fall into danger. She was taking her self-appointed guardian role quite seriously.

“Good.” Dion smiled at them warmly.

“And you know what, come join us for **lunch**, Lila offered without missing a beat.

“Lila!” Violet said, her tone laced with warning.

10

27 Lightning Eyes

“What?! We’re just making friends.”

“There’s no ‘we’ here. This is all your handwork, Violet snapped. “And if I remember correctly, you told me the top twenty don’t mingle with those beneath them.”

“Yes, they don’t mingle with them, but they can invite them,” Lila said, unfazed.

“What the...?” Violet trailed off, bewildered. “What’s even the difference?!” She threw her hands up in exasperation. What the hell was wrong with these people?!

Lila boldly continued, “The difference is they can’t dine with you, but you can give them a taste of what it’s like to dine with the elites. A taste that many hunger for. A taste that-”

“A taste that tastes like ashes,” Violet interrupted. “I’m done with you guys here. It was nice meeting you, Dion, but I’m off to my next class.” She spun on her heel and walked away, grateful that Lila didn’t have the same class. Otherwise, she’d lose her mind.

“Meet you during physical training!” Lila shouted after her, but Violet did not give her any response.

Violet’s naïveté led her to believe that the wolves had somehow let her words slide, but reality proved otherwise. As she made her way through the hallways in search of her next class, every werewolf she passed greeted her with low snarls and hisses of disapproval.

Their eyes were full of menace, and it hit Violet that the news must have somehow spread. The whole thing felt like walking through a field of landmines, the glares and growls, reminding her these were predators and making the hairs on her body stand on edge.

But even with all the threat, none of them took it further. There was no physical confrontation, no open challenge. Almost as if there was an invisible line they wouldn’t cross. Vi

olet preferred to think that she had immunity and not because a certain Alpha was protecting her.

1

Those thoughts propelled her feet into action, and Violet finally located and entered the advanced biology classroom. The unfamiliar room was alive with energy, buzzing with chatter as students mingled with friends. Only a handful seemed to notice her arrival and paid her not much attention. How good that felt to not be stared at like an alien.

Students here clearly took their studies seriously, the seats were filling up so fast. Violet's attention immediately landed on an empty one near a window and she hurried over to take it before someone else could claim that coveted spot with a view.

If only she knew, no one ever took that spot.

Violet wasn't alone. A student was already seated beside her, his head face down on the desk, his seat positioned directly by the window.

He must be a werewolf. Violet noticed the subtle way his ears twitched the moment she sat down, and then he lifted his head. Violet forgot how to breathe.

It was him.

The Cardinal Alpha of the North.

Alaric.

27 Lightning Eyes

The same Alpha she had encountered in the infirmary when she had gone to get treated, the one with the lightning powers.

Violet couldn't look away, caught in the snare of his electric blue eyes. She could have sworn she saw a maelstrom of lightning dancing within his irises—wild, powerful, and untamed. Even the air seemed to vibrate with electrified tension around them.

She had never felt such an intense attraction to anyone before, and perhaps that was why it stung when Alaric suddenly narrowed his eyes and broke their gaze.

Without a word, he turned away, facing the **window**, and resumed his sleep. Violet tried not to let the icy distance between them affect her, but she couldn't deny the hollow feeling it left

inside of her.

Comment 18

Post your first comment!

Vote

10

28 Wolf In Sheep Clothing

“Blood clotting, or coagulation, is the process where blood changes from a liquid to a gel, forming a clot to help stop bleeding. The process is also known as Hemostasis, and the steps include: Vascular Spasm, Platelet Plug Formation, and the Coagulation Cascade... The teacher droned on, oblivious to the fact that one student’s mind was worlds away.

Violet had always loved science, even found it fascinating. If there was one thing she was going to enjoy about Lunaris, it was their advanced courses and well-equipped laboratories. Currently, they were studying the comparative blood coagulation in human and werewolf physiology.

Yet, Violet had stopped taking notes on her Avax phone a while ago. And it was all because of the werewolf seated beside her.

Alaric Storm was still sleeping, and while it shouldn’t have concerned her, it still did. Not just because he was missing out on the lecture, but because his sheer handsomeness was distracting.

Violet couldn’t recall how many times she had been jotting down notes, only to turn and find herself staring at his face, her heart inexplicably picking up speed. Just like that, whatever the teacher was saying would slip right out of her mind.

Eventually, Violet gave up, deciding she’d study more when she returned to her dorm. Her attention now gravitated towards Alaric, and she found herself watching him sleep, which was pretty creepy on her part.

The teacher hadn’t paid Alaric Storm any attention, even when she’d noticed him, and Violet wondered if it was because he was a Cardinal Alpha or simply because she was used to seeing **him** sleeping in her classes. Or maybe it was both.

Why was Alaric sleeping in class, though? Did he just not care because he was the king of the school and could do whatever he wanted, or did he have a late night? Now that she looked closely, she swore she could see dark circles around his eyes. Was he not sleeping well?

In her quest to satisfy her curiosity, Violet didn't realize how close she had gotten to him . She peered at him with deep fascination, like a child who had gotten a new toy and couldn't wait to see how it worked .

They said Alaric was the quietest of all the Cardinal Alphas, and Violet could tell. There was just this innocence and tranquility about him that seemed to extend to her and soothed her nerves as well—if that even **made** sense..

A breeze from the window made a lock of his curly hair suddenly fall over his face, and Violet's eyes zeroed in on it, her hand already twitching to move it. She must really have a fetish for hair.

Well, fuck it! (2)

Violet reached out to tuck the hair away, but before her hand could brush across his forehead, a hand shot out with lightning speed and grabbed hers, a small gasp escaping her lips.

Alaric was awake, and he was **staring** at her with a bewildered expression as if she had lost her

IN

28 Woll in Sheep Clothing

mind or something.

It was at that moment that Violet realized his hand holding hers was gloved, and as she watched him with a startled expression, she saw what looked like a vein of lightning pass through his head. Wait a minute, could it be...

At the same time, his eyes burned with cold anger. "I'll suggest you keep your hands to yourself

from now on."

Violet's face flushed with embarrassment, and she quickly muttered a "sorry" before looking ahead. For the rest of the lesson, whatever the teacher said didn't register in her head. Her mind was far away, and all she could do was blame herself for being stupid.

It became apparent that Alaric Storm must have issues with his powers. That must be why he liked seclusion—so he wouldn't hurt people—and yet she had eagerly tried to touch him. Yes, Violet had always known she had self-destructive tendencies, and it was becoming apparent.

But even then, Violet couldn't help but feel sorry for him. These powers weren't supposed to be a curse. Had their moon goddess considered that before giving it to him?

Violet's attention was snagged when the teacher mentioned something about pairing with one's seat partner to conduct an experiment synthesizing a comparison between human and werewolf coagulation times using carefully mixed plasma samples.

Great, she was on her own, then.

Soon enough, the samples were passed around, with pairs working on their experiments already, while Violet was all by herself with Alaric having turned the other way to continue his sleep. \*Someone sure **loved** his sleep.

The key difference between werewolf and human coagulation was that werewolf blood tended to coagulate more rapidly, a trait evolved to handle high-energy activity and potential injuries in both their human and transformed states.

Ferrusene, the key ingredient in the experiment, was a rare mineral compound used in controlled settings to trigger and compare coagulation rates across species. When werewolf blood is exposed to it, it will clot nearly twice as fast as human blood due to this evolved coagulation mechanism.

Violet had to follow the procedure slowly **from** her textbook since she hadn't been paying attention in class. She reached for the ferrusene vial **and** worked independently since her partner was fast asleep. She wondered how the teacher would grade this classwork considering her partner had not contributed anything to it.

Halfway through, just as Violet was about to add the ferrusene, Alaric grabbed her hand, startling her. Before she could say a **word**, Alaric had already grabbed the vial, tipped it until some poured away, and then added it to the sample.

Why did you do-  
" Violet started, but the scathing look he gave her was enough to make her **shut** up and focus on the experiment.

They remained in silence for several minutes as they glanced at the coagulation indicator, the

clotting reaction having reached its required result

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28 Wolf In Sheep Clothing

It was at that moment that the biology teacher, who had been observing the whole experiment, arrived at their desk. She glanced over their work with a proud look on her face.

“Great work as usual, Alaric Storm,” she praised.

Wait, what? Violet couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Did this guy just take all the credit when she had done the entire job? Sure, he had added the correct amount of ferrus ene—which she couldn’t deny, considering her own measurement was wrong, and judging by the failed experiments around them, he had saved her—but still. This had been all her.

The teacher went on to say, “Precise measurements are critical as werewolf blood’s sensitivity to excess ferrusene can disrupt the coagulation cascade, slowing the process rather than speeding it up. Good work, Alaric. You seem to have been conscious of that rule and must have guided your lab partner throughout the whole process, didn’t you, Alaric?”

Alaric looked at her, and for the first time, Violet wondered what had possessed her to ever think this one was innocent. He was a wolf in sheep’s clothing!

He said with a false smile, “Of course, I did. Violet must feel so grateful right now.”

Violet was far too furious at that moment to even dwell on the fact that he knew her name.

“Good. Good. Good. The teacher clapped her hands, more than delighted to hear that. “It’s so relieving to know that you have a desk mate you can tolerate. I’m sure both of you would make great lab partners.”

At that statement, Alaric turned to her, scrutinizing her with an indescribable look as he drawled, “Well, color me excited.”

29 Not Gay

As soon as the teacher acknowledged Alaric’s hard work, he abruptly stood up, collected his belongings, and headed out. He **didn’t** so much as glance back or even explain his behavior or better yet, offer an apology to her. Violet could only watch him leave with her **teeth** gritted, unable to follow him and draw attention to herself.

The class ended minutes later, but when Violet stepped out, Alaric Storm was nowhere to be seen. So much for thinking he was different from the others. She should have trusted the saying: Birds of a feather flock together.

Asher **was a** psychopath. Roman was an asshole, Griffin had violent tendencies, and the cute and innocent Alaric Storm was nothing but a good pretender.

And the fact she had been attracted to all four of them on different levels on her first day at Lunaris – and perhaps still was worried Violet greatly. Not just one but four of them? Seriously. Although she knew better than to make any move on any of them.

All four of them were worshiped, and girls probably threw themselves at them whenever they appeared. Violet was not going to be just another girl on their body count. Whatever this strange feeling was, she would work on it and get rid of it.

Perhaps it was because she hadn't had sex yet? Call her old-fashioned, but she had been holding onto her virginity to give it to someone special. A fact her bullies from her old school had learned about and teased her continuously.

Not that she had let the words get to her. It was her body, and she decided what to do with it. Not a few bullies who had slept their way through the entire school.

However, at this point, Violet wondered if it was a wise decision to hold onto it, especially with her sex drive seemingly going into overdrive – she believed that was the cause. Being around so many hot werewolves must have contributed to it, having not been used to them in her old

school.

Perhaps she would find a nice, good-looking werewolf and give herself to him so that she could get over this crazy fascination with the four bastards.

*If only Violet knew, she would need a lot of luck with that with a certain Alpha's eyes on her.*

Violet made her way through the crowd of students toward the female locker room, considering it was almost time for physical training.

As expected, the female locker room was nothing short of luxurious, as though it belonged in an exclusive health club rather than a school.

'Space, a usual characteristic of Lunaris Academy's rooms, was in abundance, while **rows** of glossy **wooden** lockers lined the walls, each bearing a nameplate that indicated the **student** it belonged to.

The floor was made of polished tiles, and a soft lavender permeated the air, keeping the room fresh. A long row of full-length mirrors bordered one side of the room, and on the opposite side **were neiuste** over cubiclee **convorated** hu fretted abge Hankfully Viallet Enour **all too** well the



## 29 Not **Gay**

bullying and taunting that could happen in communal showers.

Violet walked into the locker room, which was a hubbub of activity. Girls were chatting near the mirrors, adjusting their ponytails and braids, and applying their makeup. Why did they even need makeup for a fitness session?

By some stroke of luck, as if to answer her question, she heard one of the girls say, “I can’t lose even one percent of my steez at **all**. I’m going to look perfect even **while** sweating. The girl giggled while talking to her friend, who looked at her with a fake smile.

Tsk. Tsk. Violet shook her head, her attention snagged by the other girls who sat on the benches. in the middle of the room, putting on their training gear.

A girl with blonde hair had her back turned to her and spoke to the girls seated on the bench, only for Violet to freeze when she recognized that voice. It was Lila. Oh, shit.

Violet **turned** away at once, rushing over to locate her locker while some of the students who saw her sudden brisk walk wondered what was up with her.

She found her locker—number 109—and quickly spun the combination lock. The door clicked open, revealing her training gear neatly folded inside. Violet intended to grab the uniform, go into one of the cubicles, and change, with the hope that Lila would have left by then.

But the instant Violet turned around, “Hello, Violet, a certain blonde was right in front of her.

\*Jesus Christ!” Violet screamed, clutching her heart, which nearly leaped out of her chest at the sudden encounter.

“Why are you suddenly jumpy?” Lila asked her innocently. She went on to say, “Usually, people who behave that way have done something wrong or have something to hide.

“Perhaps next time you don’t sneak up on someone like that!” Violet snapped at her.

Lila went silent immediately, her expression crestfallen.

The gods help her.

Feeling guilty for what she had done, Violet apologized, “Sorry for yelling at you.”

“Forgiven!” Lila chirped instantly, her eyes twinkling with adoration for Violet.

Violet frowned. The more she studied Lila, the more suspicious she became that something was not quite right with Lila. She almost behaved like a child. Was she mentally unstable?

Now that her chance of changing in the cubicle was ruined, Violet had no choice but to undress there. It was all females, after all, and she **was** by no means shy of her body.

The **training** uniform was a sleek black top, made from breathable fabric, with green accents running along the sides in a distinctive, zebra-like pattern, creating **an** athletic yet stylish look.

The academy crest was proudly embroidered on the left side of the chest, paired with matching black leggings featuring a similar green highlight at the calves, ensuring a cohesive look. The whole ensemble was completed with sturdy athletic shoes.

Violet set her bag down on the bench closest to her and began to strip until she was down to

undamused. She was a vanaklar for her teniner tan when she caught sight of Lila staring

29 Not Gay

her body with a stunned expression, precisely her chest.

If it wasn't for the fact that Lila had been drooling at the Cardinal Alphas' photos, Violet would have been sure her friend was gay. Unless, of course, she swung both ways.

A chill washed over Violet, and she quickly tugged the top down, then with swift speed slipped into her pants as well.

“You have such a nice body. I'm envious, Lila pouted, looking down at her own smaller chest.

“Everyone's special just the way they are,” Violet responded, glad to know that Lila had only been admiring her body and not the other way round.

Sure, she respected everyone's sexual orientation, but Violet was straight through and through, and she wouldn't have such an awkward relationship with the only one who claimed to be her friend.

Violet was tall, taller than most girls, with a lean build. She was slim but not lanky, her muscles visible in the subtle definition of her toned arms and legs, evidence of her fit lifestyle.

yle. Her body might not be the ideal of femininity for everyone, as many girls preferred a softer look over her athletic build, but Violet didn't care.

Despite that, nature had still been kind in its own way. Violet had curves, full B-cup breasts, and a well-rounded bottom that had always drawn attention, especially the wrong kind.

Back at Nancy's trailer, it had made her a target for the predatory glances of Nancy's customers. Fortunately for Violet, she was not afraid of using a knife to pass her message, and those who thought they could take advantage learned their lesson, never to cross the line again.

Now done, Violet stuffed her school clothes into the locker and closed it with a soft clanging. She looked at Lila, who excitedly looped her arm around hers as usual. Violet let her be, taking a deep breath instead.

It was time to face whatever Lunarix had in store for her today.

CC

Hi everyone!

In case you received the notification, the Most Popular Character Selection competition is *back!* Exciting *news*, our beloved character, Violet Purple, has made it onto the list!...

### 30 Dreaded Games

They were almost out to the track field for today's training when someone said aloud, drawing their attention. "I bet trainings going to be brutal. I can't wait to see the humans failing woefully like the weak creatures they **are**."

Violet's head snapped towards the asshole who had spoken, and even without Lila, her human. encyclopedia of information, judging from his words, she could already tell he was a werewolf.

Only those arrogant werewolves would find joy in human misery. Maybe she really was prejudiced after all, because Violet still didn't believe in the concept of humans and werewolves peacefully coexisting in a school. It was a disaster waiting to explode in their faces.

The werewolf must have sensed her glare because he turned, and his gaze locked with her own. He looked momentarily taken aback, but then his eyes narrowed, and he growled, "What are you staring at, prey?"

Violet raised an eyebrow. Oh, so that's how it was going to be? Unfortunately for her, she had a sharp tongue that often led her into trouble instead of getting her out of it.

She licked her lips, preparing herself to relish this coming mess. Lila seemed to notice her intent because her eyes widened, and she shook her head, trying to warn her not to. But it was too

late.

Violet shot back, "Oh, I'm sorry, are you just dying for my attention, **dog?**"

And she did it.

Lila's breath hitched in her throat immediately. Not just her, but nearly everyone around the vicinity. Oh no, she didn't.

But Violet did.

Everyone within earshot froze, as if Violet had just committed some kind of heinous crime. Seconds later, murmurs started up, and Violet caught bits and pieces like, "She's dead meat, and, "Clayton's going to tear her apart.

Despite those ominous whispers around her, Violet had no idea what gave her the confidence to stand her **ground**. She refused to cower in the face of danger, or, in this case, bullies. Kind of?

"What did you just call me?" The werewolf, whom she now knew as Clayton, asked in a gravelly tone, his nose flaring as his beast began to surface, provoked by her words.

"You mean the same way you called me prey? Or don't you know how to take your own joke, dog?" she sassed back.

"Violet!" Lila cried, desperately trying to pull her away, but Violet wouldn't budge. She was bigger **than** Lila, and the smaller girl couldn't move her an inch.

Violet saw the moment his eyes flickered amber, his wolf coming to the forefront.

While she might be brash **and** quick-tempered, Violet wasn't entirely stupid. She began to mentally calculate how many strides she'd need to make to reach the outside where help would

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definitely come. She was sure of it.

“I’ll teach you a lesson today, the threat came out as a growl, a blend of man and wolf as he charged towards her.

Violet had already braced herself to run when, suddenly, someone stepped in. A strong hand grabbed the werewolf’s arm, and in front of everyone’s shocked eyes, started to pull. The sound was gruesome to the ears a wet, cracking noise of bones shattering filling the hall.

“Oh God...!” someone gasped from behind her, the horrified exclamation followed by the sound of vomiting. Thankfully the someone was not Lila, else she would have been splashed by the

vomit.

Violet was frozen in place, her eyes wide in shock as she watched Asher Nightshade take over. He had not come here like some fairy-tale prince to save the day. No, this was no knight in shining armor, he was a dark knight, coming to her rescue with an **aura** of pure menace.

“Hello Clayton, did I just hear you call my purple flower your prey? Hasn’t anyone told you that I’m, and only I, hunt her alone?” Asher drawled, his voice imbued with possessiveness as he continued crushing the werewolf’s arm as if it were a plastic toy.

At times like this, Violet would have rolled her eyes at those misleading words and refuted him, but she was too horrified at the scene to say a word. For now, she could only stand there, dumbfounded at Asher’s brutal display of **dominance**.

“I’m so sorry, Alpha,” Clayton moaned, his earlier bravado now replaced by desperation to escape

the torment.

Asher remained unmoved, his voice cold as he asked, “Really, are you?” He twisted the arm

further.

“Fuck, I am... I seriously am! Daddy...” Clayton cried out like a child as Asher applied even more pressure to his arm.

“Tsk, tsk, naughty Clayton. Now, what do you do when you’re sorry?” Asher teased, his gaze shifting towards Violet.

Clayton followed Asher’s line of sight and seemed to get the message. Instantly, he bowed his head, albeit stiffly, and stammered, “I’m so sorry, Miss Purple.”

“What are you sorry for, dog? Asher taunted, chuckling as if thoroughly enjoying the act.

That psycho.

“For trying to hurt you. It will never happen again!” Clayton apologized, his tone now filled with sincerity, realizing Asher wasn’t in the mood for more nonsense.

“There you go,” Asher finally let go, and Clayton released a huge breath, like a drowning man coming up

for air. Though the move seemed simple, Asher had not only broken bones but dislocated his shoulder, and it had been nothing short of hell for Clayton.

“Now move along, doggy. Go find the healer and have her deal with that nasty injury. Asher dismissed **him**, waving him off like a pet, and Clayton walked away with his head hung low in shame, the crowd parting to let him **leave**..

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With Clayton gone, Asher’s attention turned squarely on Violet, and as he moved towards her, the look on his face told her he intended to devour her whole.

Oh no.

Standing up to Clayton hadn’t scared Violet in the slightest, but the dark, unsettling smile on Asher’s face sent fear racing through her veins.

Nope. Not doing this.

Violet spun on her heels to run, but Asher moved just as quickly, grabbing her around the waist as if he had anticipated her every move.

“Put me down, you bastard!” she yelled, struggling as Asher effortlessly tossed her over his shoulder, her weight seemingly nothing to him.

“That is how you thank your savior, my purple flower, “He laughed, continuing to walk and undeterred by her constant hits to his back.

When it became too much, all he did was spank her on the butt, and just like that, Violet went deadly still.

This had to be a fucking nightmare!

