

# My Marked Alpha Chapter 31

## 31 Elsie's Choice

Violet had not planned to make an entrance on the training field, let alone one like this. She remained completely still after Asher spanked her butt, seething inwardly instead.

Screaming and shouting would only draw more attention to herself. Not that it made much difference; being perched on Asher's shoulder had already garnered enough attention. She was literally a walking red flag, drawing countless eyes her way, and she could feel what felt like hundreds of stares on her.

the position. It would be a disaster is

At least Violet made herself go limp, hanging off Asher's shoulder like she had been forced into people thought she actually enjoyed being thrown over a psychopath's shoulder like a caveman carrying off his prize.

And thank the gods she was wearing pants, because she shuddered at the thought of the guy who once commented on her video about what was beneath her clothing.

But Violet's efforts could have been for nothing because the students eyes still widened at the sight of her dangling off Asher's shoulders. To make it worse, she saw them whip out their phone and began to film her, their laughter renting the air.

Great. She was about to trend on Moonfeed **again**.

Violet glanced around, noting that everyone was dressed in their respective sports gear, each uniform reflecting the colors of their houses.

As expected, House West wore their sleek black tops with green accents, – the color green which happened to be the official color of Lunar Academy.

The other houses followed a similar pattern with subtle variations in color: House East had red. with green accents, House South wore orange with green accents, and House North sported blue with green accents.

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As much as Violet hated Asher's ass an ass she could clearly see now that she was upside down she had to admit that the west house wore it better. But she would never admit that

out loud to Asher. Never!

Out of the sea of students, her gaze accidentally collided with Elsie's. Or **was** it Lyka? Violet wasn't sure which name the pure-blooded she-wolf liked to go by. But the look in those eyes, full of murderous intent, made her shudder.

It wasn't hard to guess the reason. Violet knew Elsie's issue with her she didn't want her anywhere near Asher.

Whoah, wait a minute, was Asher her choice? Oh, thank the gods! She was finally free!

What was Elsie waiting for? She needed to come over here and claim her man so that she would be free of Asher once and for all.

At that point, Violet didn't care if Elsie painted her the bitch who attempted to steal her boyfriend, she just wanted to be free of Asher. That was her prayer right now.

Except that didn't happen. The girl just kept glaring at her until Asher **finally** walked **away**.

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carrying Violet out of her line of sight.

Noooooooo!

Violet inwardly wailed. For a moment there, she had hoped she'd be free of **Asher**, but it wasn't going to happen anytime soon.

Almost immediately, Asher dumped her in front of a man, a proud look plastered **on** his face. "Caught one of the runners, coach."

Huh? Coach? Kill her now.

"Good work, Asher, the coach said, patting him on the shoulder with approval. "We can't have any more of these humans running away from training"

Violet almost lost it right there. She could barely contain her rage at what Asher had done, making it seem as if she had tried to run away from training on purpose when it was clearly **his**

fault.

Rising to her feet, Violet glared at Asher, who merely grinned, his eyes hidden behind his ever-present sunglasses. He knew exactly what he had done.

Her **gaze** then shifted to the coach, and contrary to her expectations of a potbellied, beer-breathed, whistle-wielding **man** with a nasty attitude like **the** one at her old school, Violet was met with the complete opposite.

The man was incredibly tall, with broad shoulders and defined muscles, giving him an imposing, almost statuesque physique. He looked younger than she had imagined a coach would be. Violet immediately guessed he must be a werewolf because no human could look this perfect.

“Join the others, Miss Purple,” the coach instructed, his voice carrying a hint of warning. “And don’t think of running again. I’ll be deducting points and handing out punishments enough to

make it hurt.”

Violet bristled at his words, glaring at Asher one last time. She shot him the middle finger, which only made Asher laugh as he sauntered away to join his peers. She was livid. This wasn’t over.

“Violet!” Lila appeared by her side, her face filled with concern. “Are **you** okay?”

“Peachy” Violet replied, her lips pressed into a thin line, her eyes still burning with fury. She wasn’t about to let this go. Asher might have won for now, but she’d definitely get her revenge

soon.

Then Violet looked around the field properly this time **and** her breath hitched at the sheer scale of the setup.

The massive field encircled various stations **for** different activities like an obstacle course **with** towering walls and swinging ropes, a high-tech climbing wall with shifting panels and a lot more she couldn’t exactly describe.

As if that was not enough, a section of the field was cordoned off with banners reading Elite Alpha

Training Zone, where the bastard Asher was mingling with his fellow werewolves.

Violet sneered. For a moment there, she thought this might be a space where their usual

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hierarchy didn't apply, but it seemed she was greatly mistaken.

"Today must be blessed and interesting, even Alpha Roman is here," Lila commented, looking in the direction of the green-haired Alpha. Roman was laughing at something a girl who was unashamedly feeling his arm had said.

Blah! Violet made a gagging face when she recognized him. That was the bastard who had caused her near-death experience with Griffin Hale. Yes, the man-whore.

Violet had not forgotten what he did and she still planned on paying him back one way or another. Soon enough.

Lost in her thought, Violet had not heard what Coach Harrington had said until some girl had jabbed her at the side.

"Move it, Purple head! Stop gawking!"

Violet sighed. Some people never learned their lesson, did they?