

My Marked Alpha

32 Fresh Meat

“Hurry up! Move it! Move it!” Coach Harrington’s urgent voice urged Violet and the rest of the students to gather near the track.

Humans and werewolves stood side by side. Although it was obvious that the werewolves were more relaxed, exuding an air of quiet confidence while the humans mostly exchanged nervous glances.

Even Lila, usually so chirpy and full of energy, hadn’t said a word since they arrived, **which** worried Violet greatly. Who knew what awaited them for this exercise?

By the time everyone had assembled, Coach Harrington looked utterly satisfied with the arrangement, then announced, “Alphas, take over.”

Wait, what? Violet turned so quickly her neck almost cracked. What the hell was going **on** here?

Before she could understand a thing, Asher and Roman had stepped out from among the group, pure evil smiles plastered on their faces. Whatever they had planned, it was obvious **none** of

them would like it.

Would the coach really sit back and let the students take over his class like this? It couldn’t be. Except that was literally the case.

Violet’s eyes almost popped out of their sockets **as** she watched the coach settle into a folding chair, legs crossed, **a** large umbrella parasol shielding him from the sun. On the table beside him was a cold drink that he was already sipping. It was as if he were on a luxurious vacation rather than in charge of a training session.

What the hell? Where had all this even come from? She’d only turned her head for a few

seconds, and he was already lounging comfortably. What in the goddesses’ name was going Violet’s head spun.

“And it begins,” Lila finally spoke after what felt like an eternity of silence..

“What begins?” Violet turned to Lila, an impending sense of dread tightening her chest.

“Their games. We’re basically entertainment to them. You’ll see.”

“You knew?” yourself?”

Violet was dumbfounded. “You had all this information, and you chose to keep it to

Lila furrowed her brows. “I thought you didn’t like it when I talked too much.”

Violet felt like tearing her hair out. She threw her hands up in frustration. “Not when it’s the right information!” she **said**, exasperated. “A little warning would have been good, and maybe then, I’d have skipped training altogether”

“Trust me, you can’t skip **this**,” Lila replied with a low voice. “They take it upon themselves to make sure everyone is here for this **moment**.”

“Listen up, everybody” Asher’s voice spoke up, drawing their attention effortlessly. “Like our last date, we’re here to take the load off the coach’s shoulders by teaching his class. By the end of

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this lesson, you can bet your ass we’ll make something out of you”

And it was that “something” that Violet feared. Her heart only pounded faster at the way **Asher’s** eyes gleamed with bad ideas.

For the first time, Roman’s usual playful demeanor was nowhere in sight. Instead, he stepped forward, his expression all business. His eyes scanned the crowd, calculating and cold. “Fresh meat, step out from your better halves right now, he ordered sternly.

For a moment, Violet was confused by what he meant by that until she noticed two distinct groups forming. Before she could decide which way to go, she noticed Lila moving, and instinctively followed her. Her friend had gone through this before, having started at the academy earlier than her.

Seeing Violet’s lost expression, Lila explained quietly, “Fresh meat are the scholarship students and anyone who joined this semester. In one word, all new students. The better halves are mostly made up of elite students who’ve been at Lamaris Academy since the first or second year.

Violet glanced around, and Lila hadn’t been kidding. The fresh meat group consisted mostly of new students, both humans and werewolves. At least this time there was a sense of equal treatment. Well, to a certain extent.

However, there were no top twenty students in their group, and Violet figured that elite students had immunity from whatever Asher and Roman had planned for them.

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Slowly, Violet began inching backward, her heart pounding in her chest as she hoped to make her escape unnoticed. She took small steps, her eyes shifting cautiously as she approached the elite group.

Just a little further and she'd be safe, she thought, until she bumped into a solid wall of muscle. Her heart skipped a beat, and even without turning around, she knew exactly who it was. The dark, spicy scent enveloped her senses, and her body went rigid.

Violet hadn't planned on playing this card, but she had no other choice now. She forced a sweet smile and turned to face Asher, trying to mask her nerves. "I'm in the top ranking, surely I don't need to do this, right?"

"Yes, you are," Asher said, nodding as if he was considering her words, making her heart leap in hope. She was **safe**!

But then, Asher grinned darkly, "But unfortunately, you're still fresh meat. He flashed his canines at her, and before she could react, he pushed her back into the line.

Laughter erupted from the elite section, loud and mocking, and Violet could feel the heat of embarrassment creeping up her neck and flushing her cheeks.

She clenched her jaw tightly, her nails digging into her palms. That asshole! Violet seethed. Just when she thought he might do her a favor. Damn it!

"Now listen up!" Asher barked, his voice thunderous **and** sharp, silencing the noise. Silence fell almost immediately.

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He continued, his eyes flickering over each face, human and werewolf alike. "Today's session is meant to push you to your limits. We don't care if you're human or werewolf. In this training, everyone's equal. You're not here at Lunarix just to study and get a better life. No, we're the best out here, and you have to be evidence of that as well. So, for warm-up, ten laps around the

track."

"What?!" Disbelief rippled through the fresh meat group, the humans especially.

Almost immediately, murmurs of shock turned to shouts of protest. This was an Olympic-sized track, and he expected ten laps for a warm-up? It was insane! They were going to die.

The murmur of dissent grew louder,

but all it took was for Asher to half—

transform, his face elongating into something feral. His lips pulled back, baring his sharp teeth, and he let out a guttural, deafening howl that reverberated across the field.

Panic spread instantly. Every protest ceased, replaced by the sound of hurried footsteps pounding against the track as they all took off, running as fast as they could from the beast behind them.

Congratulations! Violet made it to the second round of the character contest. But she needs a few hours. Help her win the competition and get a mass release reward!

one on the second round in just a day and

your points now more than ever to make it to number

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Sorry for the fond hold h