

My Marked Alpha

33 Evil With Finesse

"Hey, *Purple* whore!"

Violet turned just in time to see a *ball* flying straight at her. *She barely* had time to *flinch* before the ball smashed into her face, *her* head *snapping* back from the force. The sting of pain flared instantly, and *she* felt warm blood begin to trickle from her nose.

What was *supposed* to *be* just a regular PE. session *quickly* turned into the perfect setting for Jasmine and *her* lackeys to thrive, turning sports time into their personal playground for tormenting her.

"Would you *look* at that? It flowed out *like* ketchup!" Someone mocked *and* laughter erupted

around her.

Her bullies were practically in hysterics, their sharp and mocking voices sounding *like* nails scraping a *chalkboard*.

Violet's vision swam for a moment, but *her* anger burned *the* pain away. She saw Jasmine *with* her smug smile, so proud of herself for humiliating her. Oh, no, not today.

Violet wiped at the *blood* with *the* back of *her* hand, glaring daggers at her bully and nemesis. Without a moment's hesitation, she lunged for the ball that had fallen to the ground.

Grabbing it, she *locked* her eyes on Jasmine, who was still *laughing like* the witch *she* was. Then with all her strength, Violet hurled the ball straight at her.

The dull thud of the impact was deeply satisfying as Jasmine's laughter was cut off abruptly, and replaced *by* a high-pitched screech, *like a turkey being* slaughtered for Thanksgiving. Call *her* a psychopath but the sound of *her* pain felt *oddly thrilling*.

The ball hit Jasmine square in the face, and Violet watched *in* delight as she stumbled back, her hand flying to her now-swollen eye.

"How does a taste of your own medicine feel, bitch?" Violet shouted, *her* voice filled with venom and dark gratification as she watched the *bully clutch* her face, her eyes watering.

But before the purple haired girl could savor the moment to her heart's content, she heard a shout of rage. Anisha, one of Jasmine's lackeys, grabbed a ball, her face contorted with fury and threw it sharply towards her.

Violet saw it coming and managed to dodge it, her heart pounding, except it wasn't over. That was just the beginning.

It wasn't just Anisha. One by one, all of Jasmine's lackeys grabbed the balls, their expressions set with vengeance. Jasmine had never been one to fight with honor and her foolish followers were her prototype.

They hurled them at her, each of their throws filled with anger and with the intention to hurt her.

However, she was not a quitter. Violet did her best to fight back, ducking and weaving, grabbing balls and throwing them as hard as she could.

12:201

33 Evil With Finesse.

She got a few hits in, enough to make some of them yelp in pain and her heart to leap in pain. But there were too many of them. It wasn't long before Violet was overwhelmed.

The balls came at her from every direction, each one hitting her arms, her stomach, her back. Violet gritted her teeth against the pain, refusing to give them the satisfaction of hearing her cry

out...

The only difference between her old school and Lunaris was that Jasmine and her lackeys fought dirty, but the elite students at Lunaris? They did so with finesse. Every jab was carefully thought out, every taunt cloaked in faux civility, and every act of cruelty served with a thin veneer of elegance.

To be honest, Violet had always thought of herself as fit but it seems she had been kidding herself all along. She was not prepared for this kind of punishment. But no matter how poor her efforts seemed now in the face of this challenge, it still was something compared to how the others were faring.

This was the sixth lap, and many humans had already fallen behind. If any species was thriving, it was undoubtedly the werewolves. They moved like they were born for this, their expressions barely showing any strain. Though sweat trickled down their faces, it seemed more like a sheen of triumph than any sign of fatigue.

As expected, some humans had collapsed along the way, giving up entirely. Violet had also considered it. The thought of just dropping to the ground and letting her sore body rest was too tempting to resist. The alphas could go fuck themselves for all she cared. But then, Violet was no quitter. Not to mention, Lila's warning.

According to Lila's words, the students who quit face the worst punishments

like cleaning the communal toilets and bathroom of all the dorm houses which was a nightmare **no** one wanted to be subjected to.

In one word, there were unspeakable things being done there and cleaning up was traumatizing. Lila didn't need to explain further, Violet had understood already and that was enough reasons to motivate her to **run** further. Moreover, the humiliation, the degradation, the admission of failure. It wasn't something Violet wanted to be subject to.

"You must **run** a lot!" Violet panted, glancing at Lila, who ran beside her with an easy rhythm. She seemed almost untouched by the brutal pace.

Lila flashed her a grin. "I love running," she said, and as if fueled by those words, the petite blonde suddenly surged forward, her feet pounding the **track** as she left Violet behind.

Violet watched her go with a mix of awe and disbelief. **That** girl was something else.

But there was no time to waste, Violet focused on her own race. She pushed herself to keep going, each stride bringing her closer to the starting line, marking the beginning of the seventh lap.

And just as she crossed the line, Violet felt something cold splash her - something so cold that

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2/4

CX33 Evil With Finesse

chilling her instantly.

"What the hell?" Violet whipped her head to the side, her eyes widening at the sight of Elsie Lancaster holding a hose, her lips curled into a **smug** smile. The pure-blooded she-wolf looked down at her, disdain etched across her perfect features.

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It wasn't just her. Several of the "fresh meats" were being greeted with the same treatment. It seemed the evil elite students – yes, they were evil had upped their game, splashing cold water on the humans as they crossed the **line**, an extra hurdle to demoralize them further.

Asher and Roman were nowhere in sight, busy tormenting the students who lagged behind and probably having the time of their lives. It wouldn't have surprised Violet if this little water stunt was part of their plan as well.

Violet stopped in her tracks, glaring up at Elsie. The werewolf raised an eyebrow, her expression showing a flicker of surprise at Violet's defiance. But that surprise quickly vanished and was replaced by annoyance.

"What are you still standing here for, Purple Head? Move it!" She spoke with a condescending tone. Every part of Violet screamed for her to deal with this bitchy she wolf. But it was not worth it, Violet told herself. Elsie was the Queenbee of not just their class but the entire school. Already Lunaris was proving to be a pain in the ass already, she couldn't worsen her fate. However, that doesn't mean she would let that go easily.

To everyone's shock, Violet slipped her hand into her waistband, her fingers curling tightly. She then pulled it free and extended her arm, giving Elsie the middle finger. Not just any middle finger, but the most obnoxious, insult-laden middle finger she could muster.

Silence fell over the group of elite students, a few gasps echoing through the air. Violet saw their shocked faces, the wide eyes, the open mouths. All except one girl who laughed so much it made Elsie Lyka Lancaster, the pure-blooded she-wolf, go crimson with rage.

Knowing she had crossed a line and knowing Elsie wasn't the kind to let things slide, Violet didn't stick around to see what happened next. She turned and took off running, adrenaline pushing her forward.

She could feel Elsie's burning gaze on her back, and Violet knew she had just made herself a permanent target. But for some reason, she didn't care. Not today. Elsie Lancaster could hate her, she didn't care considering the feeling was mutual.

Three more laps. Just three more laps and this hell would be over. Although Violet had no idea how she'd get through them, especially with Elsie gunning for her now.

12:21