

My Marked Alpha Chapter 34 – 40

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“Get her!!!” The furious screams echoed all around as Violet reached the finish line **once again**, marking her eighth lap. Just two more laps, she reminded herself, panting heavily.

“Oh, God.” Violet barely had time to take in a sharp breath before torrents of freezing water struck her from multiple directions. The attack was like standing beneath a waterfall and getting beaten down by the furious pressure.

Just as she had feared, Elsie Lancaster had it out for her after that little stunt. And of course,

Elsie didn’t wage her war alone.

The pureblooded she—wolf had rounded up her loyal supporters, who all turned their hoses on Violet, unleashing blasts of freezing water on her and completely ignoring the other runners.

Violet knew at that moment that the rest of the students must be thanking their gods right now for not being in her position. She was bearing the brunt of it all.

Where in the world did they even get that many hoses? Yet that was the least of Violet’s worries at the moment as the streams of water hit her from every angle, leaving her disoriented.

She could barely see as her vision blurred by constant sprays of cold water, and her breath was ragged, interrupted by the choking sensation of water forcing its way into her nose. Her ears filled with a dull, oppressive pressure, muffling all surrounding sounds. The entire world was narrowed to just that icy, blinding flood.

But Violet fought through it. She pushed through the cold onslaught, her body burning with exhaustion but refusing to yield. She wasn’t going to let herself be defeated here, not like this and give Elsie the satisfaction.

Violet knew she was in for something much worse if she fell now. Elsie and her lackeys would probably drown her if given half the chance.

Finally, Violet managed to outrun them, stopping just long enough to catch her breath. She very much looked like a drowned rat with her hair stuck to her head in tangled, wet strands.

Her training gear clung to her like a second skin, dripping with water, the fabric outlining every curve. She shivered slightly, grateful at least for the bra she wore.

If she hadn't, her nipples—which had pebbled from the cold—would be visibly outlined beneath the fabric. It would have been another humiliating disaster to add to this mess.

As if to confirm her fears, Violet heard an appreciative whistle coming from the elite sidelines.

One of the werewolves had his eyes fixed on her, his gaze running shamelessly over her soaked figure. Violet's stomach twisted in revulsion, and her jaw clenched.

Except that attention lasted for only mere seconds. A blur **shot** forward, **and** before Violet could blink, Asher barreled straight **into** the whistling werewolf, his fist connecting with the guy's face in a brutal **punch**. The sound of the punch, a dull, sickening thud reverberated through the field and silenced everyone.

Some of the other werewolves who had been eager to follow in the unlucky guy's footsteps

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quickly abandoned the thought, stepping back as Asher's punch landed a second time. It seemed the psycho Asher had his eyes on the new meat named Violet, considering this was the second time he'd fought her battle in one day.

What the...? Violet was dumbfounded at the sight. What the hell was Asher doing? He couldn't just go around beating up every boy who looked at her the wrong way.

This was exactly the kind of attention she was trying to avoid. Now everyone was going to think they were together or something. So great!

"What do you think you're staring at, asshole? Want me to pluck out those eyes and feed them to you?" Asher snarled, his voice brimming with fury.

"No, Alpha Asher!" the unlucky werewolf whimpered, his heart pounding in his chest.

"But you do have to admit, she's quite a sight," a voice said with a chuckle, and Violet found herself locking eyes with Roman Draven.

Just like the unfortunate werewolf, Roman also gave her body an appreciative once-over, but instead of Asher launching a flurry of punches at him, he merely growled a warning. Roman laughed in response, completely unfazed by Asher's threat. So it seemed Lila had been right. Roman was the only Cardinal Alpha that Asher could tolerate.

Almost immediately, Violet's eyes connected with Asher's, and even with the glasses hiding them, she could sense the brewing storm behind them. There was something so int

ense and overwhelming
about the way he looked at her, it made her stomach twist with a mix of fear and thrill. He excited **and** scared her if that even made any sense.

“What are you still waiting for, little purple?” Asher taunted, his tone dark and laced with something almost sinister. “Why aren’t you running yet? Or do you need me to chase you to motivate you? The way he said it made shivers run down her spine.

Hell no!

Violet didn’t need to be told twice. Without another second’s hesitation, she turned and took off, sprinting away as if her life depended on it. She could hear Asher’s laughter behind her, mocking and amused, but she had no intention of looking back.

She wasn’t about to give **him** a reason to chase her, not now, not ever. She was going to finish

this damn race, no matter what it took.

Violet was focused
on reaching the **finish** line when she ran past Ivy Sinclair, her roommate.

The once—
perfect looking blueblood now looked the exact opposite with her sweaty and disheveled appearance. It seemed just like her, Ivy had fallen victim to the water spray. Though she wasn’t as thoroughly soaked as Violet, she still looked a mess. And from the way she was staggering in the name of **running**, it seemed she might collapse at any moment.

It was none of her business, Violet told herself. The girl was too proud for her own good and hated her guts, so why should she care?

Yet, as Violet caught sight of Ivy stumbling and falling from the corner of her eye, she let out an

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annoyed groan and turned back toward the girl.

This kind heart of hers was going to get her into trouble one day, she just knew it.

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Congratulations! Violet made it to the second round of the character contest. I needs yo
ur points now more than ever to make it to number one on the secon in just a day and a
few hours. Help her win the competition and get a mass

reward! u

Glimmy

35

35 Two Lovely Couples)

Two Lovely Couples

Violet slowed her pace as she approached Ivy, who was struggling to push herself back
up. The scene was quite hilarious to be honest – If only she could watch it forever. Unfo
rtunately, Violet couldn't laugh at her, not when she was on a mission.

The exhaustion was plain on Ivy's face, her pride bruised along with her body. Violet co
uld see the frustration etched in her expression.

After all, Ivy was someone who carried herself with **so** much pride it was annoying. She
probably detested this show of vulnerability, especially right now with her – Violet to see
her like this.

"Get up," Violet grumbled, the annoyance clear in her tone.

Violet didn't want to be here right now. No, she didn't even want to help Ivy at all. It woul
d be so nice to see the look of disgust on her face when she washes the toilet. It would
surely make her

day.

Perhaps Lila's camaraderie was rubbing off on her but Ivy was her roommate
and they needed to pass. In situations like these, she had to be the bigger and better pe
rson.

So Violet reached down and grabbed Ivy's arm amid her protest, pulling her back up. Iv
y looked at her with shock and irritation, as if she couldn't believe someone like Violet
was the one

helping her right now.

"You do know that I don't need your help, Ivy spat, though her voice sounded shaky, bet
raying

her real condition.

“Sure you don’t, Violet retorted, rolling her eyes. “But it looks like you need it anyway. So shut up and move.”

“You don’t understand,” She shrugged away from Violet’s grasp. “My feet hurt and I’m so exhausted right now I can’t lift a finger anymore. So just let me be.”

But Violet clicked her tongue in disapproval, “You’re exhausted, you say, and yet here you are whining. Believe me when I say if you have the energy to talk, then you have the energy to keep

running”

Almost immediately, she let out a dramatic sigh. “But then, if you want to quit, it’s no problem. I’m sure you’ll have a nice time washing the communal toilets and bathrooms.”

At that reminder, Ivy’s eyes widened, as if suddenly realizing the severity of the punishment. She stood up, her gaze shifting hesitantly to Violet, her face flushing slightly. “So... how do we do this?” she asked with uncertainty. (2)

“Come on, start moving. I’ll teach you how to run properly so you don’t burn out easily.”

And just like that, the two of them began jogging, with Violet taking the lead. “Breathe in through your nose, and out through your mouth. Regulate your breathing. This will help you maintain a steady rhythm,” Violet instructed while Ivy nodded, trying her best to follow **along**.

“And remember, keep an even pace. Don’t push yourself too fast **or** you’ll tire out quickly.” Violet added. “Running at a steady speed, rather than in bursts, helps conserve energy. Just take it

12:21

In

easy.

35 Two Lovely Couples

Ivy observed Violet closely, doing her best to imitate her every movement. She focused on staying relaxed, keeping her shoulders down, and matching Violet’s stride.

It was still difficult to be honest. It almost felt like dying with her breath wheezing from the effort it took to run, but Ivy realized it wasn’t as bad as before.

With someone by her side, showing her the ropes, the burden felt lighter. Having Violet t here, running alongside her, gave her the motivation to push through the exhaustion. 2

The two of them ran side by side, looking almost like best friends. If only. Deep down, th e both of them knew it was the situation that demanded this truce and once it was over, they'd go back to **hating each** other. But for all it was worth, Ivy disliked Violet a tad less now.

When they reached the finish line, Violet couldn't help but notice that no one sprayed th em with water. She was surprised but quickly understood why. Or rather, who was behi nd it. It seemed that particular part of the bullying didn't sit well with His Highness, Asher Nightshade.

Someone sure didn't like other boy's attention on her.

Good for him. Because Violet didn't care if they stopped or not. Nothing was stopping h er from finishing this race.

"I don't think I can hold on," Ivy breathed, her chest feeling like it was on fire, each breath becoming a desperate gasp.

But Violet responded with determination, "Hold on, we're almost there. We can make it."

Without hesitation, Violet grabbed Ivy's arm, throwing it over her shoulder, supporting h er as they trudged through the final stretch of the race.

It felt like mission impossible; Violet herself was exhausted, and Ivy's added weight mad e her legs threaten to buckle beneath her. But she gritted her teeth, her mind focused o nly on the finish line, and **pushed** forward with sheer willpower.

Finally, they made it.

The instant they crossed the finish line, they didn't even bother stepping off the track. Instead, they collapsed on t he bare ground, breathing heavily.

What a relief.

Both of them were drenched in sweat, their clothes clinging to their aching bodies. Violet felt like her muscles had gone through a blender, aching in places she didn't even know existed before today.

"If I didn't know any better, I'd think this is a military school, Violet muttered, her voice tin ged with exhaustion **and** sarcasm.

Ivy burst into laughter at that comment, but the laugh quickly turned into a cough. Her throat was dry, parched like a desert. She desperately wanted water, but she was far too exhausted to even think about getting up.

Suddenly, a shadow loomed over them. Violet frowned when she looked up and saw Roman

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Draven standing there, a smug expression plastered on his face.

She hated that guy, and she still had a long-standing score to settle with him.

You

“Aww,” Roman drawled, looking down at them with mock adoration. “Look at you two, all cuddled up like sweet lovebirds. But, as much as I hate to ruin this romantic moment, I have to know that you’ve got only five minutes to recover before we resume training. So make the most of it, bask in each other’s company. It’s limited.” He winked before walking past them.

With Roman gone, Violet turned her head to the side, her eyes meeting Ivy’s, and suddenly she understood why Roman had made that comment.

They were both lying on the ground, clinging to each other, Ivy’s head resting against Violet’s arm in a rather intimate manner. The scene was, indeed, misleading.

Violet studied Ivy for a moment. As she noticed before, her roommate was quite beautiful, and in another universe, they might have looked like a perfect couple. But as their eyes locked, the realization seemed to hit them both simultaneously, and without a word, they shuddered, scrambling to move away from each other. (2)

That was so weird.

What in the name of nonsense thoughts has Roman Draven planted into her head?

The competition is getting tougher and

36 Fight Like Dogs

Violet **was not** the first to finish the race; **there** were already **human** males who made it with their masculine strength, not to mention Lila as well. But then, she wasn’t the last either.

However, the race was over, and right now, the result was obvious—those who had made it and the ones who quit halfway. And among the quitters, Violet saw Daisy Fairchild.

“Fuck!” Violet cursed when she saw Daisy looking around with what looked like a crestfallen expression and tears in her **eyes**.

When their eyes

eyes connected, it felt like the emotion slammed straight into Violet’s chest. She hadn’t helped her, having been busy with Ivy. And now the guilt hit her hard.

Lila must have noticed the exchange and picked up on her thoughts because she said, “It’s not your fault. You can’t save everyone, Violet.”

Then, **as** if to lighten the mood, she added in a chirpy tone, “At least, on the bright side, you’ve just proven you’re not as emotionless as stone.”

“And whose fault is that?!” Violet snarled and took off.

She couldn’t bear to be around Lila or stare at Daisy’s disappointed face right now, which didn’t make any sense because it was none of her business. This was a race. Everyone was on their own. But then she had helped Ivy, the roommate she liked the least, and abandoned Daisy, the warmer one. Well, “abandoned” being a strong word, but whatever.

This was why Violet preferred being on her own. It wasn’t because she was a social outcast, no, she knew better than that. Violet knew the truth, and it was because she cared too much. And in a brutal world like this one, caring too much only got you betrayed, a knife in the back for your

trouble.

Violet took a moment to gather herself, forcing her emotions into submission. This was all Lila’s doing her words, her presence, were making her feel things she didn’t want to feel.

But then, she wouldn’t let that girl’s influence undo her. By the **time** Violet opened her eyes, the tight grip of anxiety had faded, and she felt back in control once again.

In her effort to collect herself, Violet had moved to the back of the crowd, where she suddenly caught sight of Griffin.

Wait a minute, Griffin Hale?

Violet wasn't sure she'd ever seen that brute smile, and he certainly wasn't smiling now. The anger rolling off him was almost tangible, like a living force that made her skin prickle. It brought back memories of yesterday when he had nearly choked her to death. Was it really just yesterday? It felt like a week ago, with so much happening in between.

Violet froze as the space between her **and** Griffin closed up, and she expected **him** to grab her by the throat once **again** and perhaps this time finish her off for good.

But Griffin strode past her, his shoulder brushing by ever so briefly, but that small contact felt like she had been enveloped in flames. Heat traveled to every part of her body **and** left her

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burning.

She had caught his scent, and it was a rich blend of sun-soaked woods and warm amber, infused with hints of fresh summer citrus and earthy spices. He smelled full of life and strength.

Instinctively, Violet turned to follow him, curious about who had drawn his wrath this time. Others seemed to sense his rage too, parting before him like a sea of bodies. His strides quickened, his focus sharpening as if he had locked onto his target and couldn't wait to unleash

his fury.

Violet slipped through the opening **in** the crowd before it could close, trailing Griffin to the front. She arrived just in time to see the exact moment he locked eyes with his prey.

Oh, fuck.

Asher Nightshade was in the middle of a discussion with his friend and fellow cardinal, Alpha Roman, when Roman suddenly trailed off, his gaze shifting to the angry figure rapidly approaching them.

As if he could sense the storm brewing behind him, Asher turned at precisely the right moment, only to be met with a guttural roar from Griffin. The sound was wild and dangerous, cutting through the air with such force it sent shivers racing down Violet's spine.

Almost simultaneously, Griffin's fist connected with Asher in a punch so powerful it sent him flying meters away, a clear display of the stunning strength packed into that one strike.

But Griffin didn't stop there. He advanced on Asher without hesitation, grabbing him by the front of his shirt and yanking him upright with an almost feral intensity. Then he began driving punch after brutal punch into him.

Each blow landed with such force and intensity that it made her stomach twist, a visceral reaction to the sheer violence unfolding before her eyes. It was horrifyingly clear. Griffin wasn't going to stop, not until he killed Asher,

"Asher!" Violet screamed his name before she even realized it, her body moving instinctively as she took a step forward. She barely managed that step before someone grabbed her from behind, halting her.

She turned sharply to see who it was, her anger flaring, but the familiar face of Dion met her

gaze.

"Let me go! That bastard is going to kill him!" Violet shouted, struggling fiercely against his grip.

"Are you out of your mind?!" Dion snapped, holding her firmly. "No one interferes between two alphas fighting, unless you want to end up dead."

"But he's going to kill **him**," Violet snarled, her hatred for Griffin bubbling to the surface. It wasn't as if she was a die-hard supporter of Asher, but if there was anyone who had helped her since she arrived at this academy, it was the West Alpha. Whatever his twisted motives might be, at least he wanted her alive and thriving. She needed an ally like him alive, not dead.

"No, he won't kill him. This isn't the first time two alphas have fought, Dion said with a sharp **edge**, his voice intense, leaving her momentarily stunned. "In case you haven't figured it out yet,

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fighting is **the** way of the wolves. They fight to survive. Fight to own

or prove the things they want. Fight to be at the top."

The heat in his words seemed to hit her harder than his grip, but it also worked to settle her nerves. Her anxiety dropped slightly as she turned her attention back to the fight. Asher was finally landing punches of his own, but it was clear Griffin still had the upper hand.

As if to prove Dion's point, the coach stood casually from his seat, his demeanor entirely unbothered, as if this fight was nothing out of the ordinary. It was no cause for alarm at all.

At once, Violet felt a sudden wave of embarrassment for overreacting.

The coach's voice carried over the chaos. "Alright, this is the point where we'd unfortunately have to call it a day. You should return now."

Some of the students cheered at the prospect of skipping another round of grueling training, but not a single one moved. Their attention remained glued to the fight.

"I don't understand," Violet said, her brows furrowed. "Do they just wake up and pick fights like mad dogs, or is there a reason Griffin is doing this?"

Dion turned to her, his expression incredulous. "You haven't figured it out yet?"

"Figured out what?" she asked, confused.

His gaze grew serious, his voice low as he said, "Clayton is part of Griffin's pack. Asher beat him. up. Think of this as Griffin getting revenge." 2

"Oh, fuck," Violet breathed, her chest tightening.

This fight was because of her.

Asher was taking this beating because of her, and she had no idea how to feel about it

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Asher's glasses must have fallen off during the fight because, in a sudden and horrifying **turn** of events, Griffin was ferociously punching his own face. The sight froze everyone, their expressions full of shock and disbelief. It was then that Violet realized that Asher had charmed him into doing it. a

However, before things could escalate further, Roman stepped in, positioning himself between the two alphas. Even from where she stood, Violet could hear his commanding voice, "Let go of him, Asher. This has to end now."

But Asher's response was anything but calming. He bared his bloodied teeth, a crazed smile stretching across his bruised and battered face. Violet felt her stomach **churn** having recognized that look. Asher didn't want this to end. He wanted it to escalate. Chaos was his element, and he

thrived in it. The guy was insane, for crying out loud.

Her attention shifted to Griffin, who had managed to grab his punching hand with his free hand, desperately trying to stop the self-inflicted assault. The struggle was obvious in his eyes, his face contorted with the effort of holding back his own strength. Yet, no matter how **hard** he tried, the hand continued to rise, inching closer and closer to strike his face again.

Asher's power was in the psych, giving him control over his opponent's brain, and in turn, over motor functions. He had willed Griffin to harm himself, manipulating his mind like a puppet. But Griffin was a Cardinal Alpha, his will and strength unmatched by most. Violet couldn't help but wonder if he was strong enough to resist Asher's powers.

That wasn't the only alarming development. Violet's eyes widened as she noticed Griffin's body begin to swell, muscles expanding as his mass increased. It shouldn't have been possible, but nothing was impossible with the Cardinal Alphas.

She wasn't the only one to notice. Beside her, Dion let out a sharp intake of breath. "Fuck, this is

bad."

Violet's heart raced. "What's going on?"

Dion's tone was grave as he explained, "Griffin's main power is his strength, but it also gives him the ability to rage out. When that happens, he's hardly in control. It's not safe anymore." He glanced around, his eyes scanning their surroundings nervously. "We have to get out of here"

Violet had no idea what "rage out" meant but something told her she didn't want to find out.

Dion wasn't the only one coming to that conclusion. The once-calm coach now wore a look of sheer panic, his composed demeanor completely gone. He began yelling at the students, his voice booming with urgency. "Get away from here! Get inside right now!"

The students must have understood the sense of urgency now, as everyone began to flee in a chaotic panic, werewolves included. Only a few werewolves remained, keeping their distance at what they must have thought was a safer range.

None of the humans stayed behind, not when their fragile lives were on the line. Violet came to

beneath her

an abrupt halt when a ferocious roar ripped through the air, shaking the go. Violet came to

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feet. A cold shiver ran down her spine as birds erupted from the trees, scattering in alarm at the palpable danger.

Violet turned, and the sight before her knocked the breath from her lungs. She saw Griffin, or rather, what had become of him.

Griffin Hale was now a monstrous, towering humanoid figure, standing over seven feet tall. Violet could only swallow hard as her eyes swept over the impossibly large muscles bulging across his body. His massive arms and legs seemed capable of obliterating anything—or anyone—in their path, and the only thought racing through her mind was how easily he could rip her in two. The gods help her.

His shirt had not survived the transformation, hanging in tatters, while his trousers clung to him in scraps. Whatever beast Griffin had become radiated an aura of pure chaos and destruction,

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yet Violet couldn't stop the brief flicker of awe that rose in her chest. Who in the world had

created such an abomination?

That sense of awe, however, lasted only seconds. Griffin let out another deafening roar, the sound like rolling thunder, and then he charged forward. His target was clear: Roman and Asher, who stood rooted in place, wide-eyed like two deer caught in headlights.

Violet wanted to scream a warning, to tell that idiot Asher to run, but Griffin closed the distance too fast. He charged like a raging bull, unstoppable and furious. Yet, Asher stood his ground, that wild glint in his eyes as if he already had a plan to neutralize Griffin, despite the immense disadvantage in size.

Roman, however, stepped protectively in front of Asher, taking a fighting stance. But his bravery was short-lived. One powerful punch from Griffin sent Roman hurtling through the air, his body flying so far that Violet was sure he was a dead man.

But to her shock, Roman transformed mid-air. What landed on the ground—and on its feet—was no man. It was a massive, impossibly green-colored yeti, its size rivaling Griffin's. The creature let out a ferocious roar, a defiant declaration that it had survived. 7

Violet stood frozen, utterly dumbfounded and overwhelmed by what she was seeing. How could any of this be real? This wasn't a school—it was a goddamned freak show!

Roman's transformation proved to be a momentary distraction for the beast. Griffin turned back toward the now—unprotected Asher. He raised his hand, but it stopped halfway, trembling in place. It was clear Asher had charmed him again, using his power to regain control.

For a moment, it looked like Asher had won. Except, to everyone's shock, Griffin managed to fight through the charm and delivered a brutal punch straight to Asher's face, sending him flying several meters away.

Great. Idiot.

The yeti roared again **from** across the field, stealing Griffin's attention. Their eyes locked, and Violet instantly knew this was going to be a showdown. And judging by the murmurs and stares, so did everyone else.

"Fuck it, Violet, we have to leave now!" Dion's voice broke through her daze as he grabbed her

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arm, pulling her urgently.

Violet didn't need to be told twice. She took off running, her heart pounding in her chest. She wasn't about to stick around and become collateral damage.

But just before she slipped through the doorway, she caught sight of Asher lifting his head from where he lay sprawled on the ground. At least the bastard wasn't dead.

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The competition is getting tougher and tougher. We have less than fourteen hours to help our character "Violet Purple" qualify for the semi finals. Please vote for Violet with your points and push her to the point. There would be a mass release event *if* we win

the competition!o

38 Straying Thoughts

One might assume that after such a distressing event, classes would be canceled for the rest of the day to allow students time to recover and process the unnerving experience. However, nothing of the sort happened.

Instead, Principal Jameson announced through the speakers that the Alphas had been “cooled down,” and students were now free to resume their normal activities. And, of course, she added ever so gracefully:

“Loitering during class hours will not be permitted and would be punished. Missing classes will result in point deductions and may lead to disciplinary actions at the teacher’s discretion. Most importantly, fighting is strictly prohibited on academy grounds unless supervised and conducted as part of the approved curriculum. And that would be all. For now.”

And yes, that was indeed all. Fights like that were surprisingly common, though not as frequent as Griffin unleashing his beast, which was a true game-changer. For the older students, such events were almost routine, something they breezed through without much thought.

However, for Violet, a newcomer, witnessing nearly all the Alphas display their powers for the first time had left her shaken. To everyone else, though, it was just another power struggle between the Cardinal Alphas, the reigning kings of the school. And, as if to make matters worse, it seemed to excite them.

Clips of the fight were already trending **on** Moonfeed, solidifying why the Cardinal Alphas remained at the top. Their constant drama kept the students captivated, so why wouldn’t they be popular? They provided endless entertainment, allowing the students to live vicariously through their chaos and excitement.

However, if such violent outbursts occurred daily, Violet wondered why she hadn’t come across them on other social platforms. While she hadn’t owned a phone back home, gossip still made its rounds, and her old school’s outdated computers, as crappy as they were, had been her

go-to for “research.” if you know what she meant.

Even when she had first researched Lunarix after receiving the scholarship, she hadn’t found a single piece of dirt on **them**. Not one negative video about fights or bullying surfaced.

Their website painted an idealized picture, boasting about a holistic learning environment and other flattering claims meant to impress the public. Their record was impeccably clean, and now Violet finally understood why.

Whatever happened in Lunaris, stayed in Lunaris. Every student understood the unspoken rule: no incriminating information that could tarnish the academy's reputation was ever to leave its walls.

This expectation **was** clearly outlined in the welcome handbook, and students were expected to comply. Failure **to** do so came with consequences. While the specific punishments weren't explicitly detailed, Violet had already learned one thing, and it was that when it came to discipline, Lunaris knew how to make their point.

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After all, if people knew what really happened at Lunaris, who in their right mind would **send** their children here? Especially the wealthy, elite families.

For kids like her, though—those from the gutter—Lunaris was a dream come true. Even if students were murdered here, Violet had no doubt her kind would still come, drawn by the chance to escape their rotten districts and seize the opportunity for a better life.

Right now, Violet stood in the cubicle of the locker room, washing away the sweat and grime from the earlier training session. Her hands moved robotically, while her mind buzzed with a load of thoughts.

Was Asher alright? From what she had overheard, it was Alaric who had finally zapped Griffin until the beast receded, allowing him to return to himself again.

Why she worried about Asher, however, was beyond her. That idiotic Alpha of the West had brought the entire situation upon himself. If only he had released Griffin from his mind control sooner, and not pushed the beast to the brink, none of it would have escalated,

Yet, as if that was enough, Violet also found her thoughts straying to Griffin.

How did he have a beast? Wasn't his ability supposed to be just super strength? Was the beast some kind of unique extension of his power, or could it be a case of identity crisis? You know, a **split** personality taking physical form? Did Griffin and the beast share the same mind, or were they two separate entities? Did they even get along?

Fuck! What was she even thinking?

She wasn't supposed to think about Griffin like this. She was supposed to hate him for what he did to her, not become fascinated by him, or, more specifically, by his beast. Go

d, she was a lost cause. Violet knew she had to leave this place as soon as possible; otherwise, she'd lose herself to the madness completely.

A sudden knock on the **door** snapped her out of her spiraling thoughts, nearly startling her.

"What the fuck are you doing in there? Giving birth?" came a frustrated voice from outside the

cubicle.

It dawned **on** Violet that she had been in there for quite a while. "I'm almost done. Give me a

minute!" she shouted back.

Quickly wrapping a towel around herself, Violet stepped out of the cubicle to face the impatient girl waiting just outside.

The girl shot her a nasty glare. "Next time you want to jerk off, do it when there isn't a line of people **waiting** for you to finish," she snarled before disappearing into the cubicle, slamming the door shut behind her.

"Wait-what?" Violet stood there, dumbfounded.

Did the girl actually think she had spent all that time in there pleasuring herself?

Unfortunately, there was no point trying to explain herself now, not when the door was already

shut in her face.

38 Straying Thoughts

on her. Conversations quieted around her, and the once buzzing locker room went still as the other girls turned to stare at her in unison.

Even without them saying a word, Violet knew what this was all about. They had been talking about her, probably blaming her for what had gone down out there.

But Violet She didn't care. Let them gossip all they wanted.

Turning her back to the room, the purple haired girl let her towel slip to the floor, stripping without hesitation. If they had something to say, they could say it to her face. @

Without shame or fear, she quickly changed into her school uniform, slammed her locker shut with a loud bang, and walked out, startling a few girls nearby.

Cowards were they for not Confronting her directly. After what had happened with Asher's violent display, it was clear none of them wanted to risk becoming a target.

With her head held high, Violet walked away. She would deal with one problem at a time.

Except it seems in Lunaris, problems never seem to finish.

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MOON FEED EXCLUSIVE: A NEW STAR ARISES

Written by: The Oracle

Hello, my dazzling denizens of Lunaris Academy! It's your ever-watchful Oracle back with the latest whispers sweeping through our academy grounds. So grab your lattes and settle in because this edition is one for the books.

The halls of Lunaris Academy have never been this electric, and no not because of Alaric's

it's

lightning storms. There's a new player on the field, and she's turning tables faster than you can say "moonshine." Say hello to Violet, our purple-haired wildcard who's been stirring up more drama than a full moon weekend.

From Zero to Hero?

First things first, who is Violet?

This human mystery came out of nowhere breaking records faster than Roman's smirk wins hearts. Violet made history by landing in the top twenty rankings on her very first day. Mic. Drop. A human—yes, you heard me right—climbing higher than some of our seasoned wolves. Coincidence? Maybe. Conspiracy? Likely. Talent? Oh, absolutely.

But this human hurricane hasn't just stirred up the leaderboard; she's whipping up chaos in hearts, classrooms, and perhaps even amongst the cardinal alphas themselves.

The Asher Angle

Speaking of chaos, *let's* talk about our *brooding Alpha* Asher. *All* eyes are on the West Alpha as *he* has *taken* quite *the* interest in Violet. *His* signature *smirk* has been spotted in her *direction* more than once. *If* you haven't noticed that, then *you've* clearly been *living* under a *rock*.

And let's not forget how *his protective* instincts flared earlier today. We *can't help but* wonder *if* this *is* just another one of his infamous games, or *has* the emotionless *Alpha* finally met someone who's immune to *his mind* games? *Either* way, we're watching

Starry-Eyed for the Lightning Prince?

Now before you assume Asher and Violet's story *is* just another classic tale of Alpha meets girl, think again.

Word from the *front* row of Advanced *Biology* is that our resident human has been caught giving none other than Alaric, the brainy and oh-so-reserved Alpha of the North, what some might call longing stares.

Whether it's his *intellect*, his power, or *his* untouchable charm that's caught her fancy, we can't say *for* sure. What we do know is that Alaric is *the type* to avoid drama *like the* plague, *so if this* becomes anything more, it'll be the scandal *of* the season.

Griffin & Violet: Hate or Heat?

And then there's the firestorm that is Violet's dynamic with Griffin Hale. After their

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not-so-friendly clash, some are wondering, Is there more to this friction. Is this animosity *masking* something deeper, or are they destined *to be* each other's ultimate *undoing*? After all with Griffin's monstrous *charm* and Violet's unshakable nerve, they would quite a power couple. Either way, it's *deliciously* messy.

Fortunately

or unfortunately—

It may seem our heartthrob Roman *is* the only one unaffected with the *purple fever*. But then, never say never. After all, Violet seems *to be* checking out

prospective partners.

Queen Bee in Trouble?

Hope we *did* not forget Lunariss' reigning queen bee, *Elsie Lancaster either*. Word on the grapevine is that Violet's meteoric rise might be threatening *Elsie's iron grip* on the academy's social ladder.

Could our human newcomer actually shake up the *status quo*, or will Elsie *hold* her crown? With Violet's newfound attention from the *alphas* and her growing *fanbase*, it's clear that his *rivalry* is only just beginning.

A Wind of Change or More of the Same?

One thing's for certain, my lovelies. Violet is the storm Lunariss never saw coming. Will she break the system, or will *the* system break her? The forecast predicts a whirlwind of drama, action, and maybe even a touch of romance.

Hence no matter the outcome, we'd live for every second of it. So stay tuned, my lovelies. As always, *I'll be watching (and sipping tea)* to bring you the juiciest updates. *Until* next time, keep your claws sharp and your secrets sharper.

Yours ever nosy,

The Oracle. 12

"You're dead meat, Dion commented as soon as he was done reading aloud the article that had turned out to be the cause of all the creepy staring.

Violet had no idea if Dion had been stalking her or what, but the instant she was out of the locker room, there he was, standing alongside Lila, ready to accept the offer of that lunch with her. Or rather, with them, she and Lila, to be precise. This was no date, just a little meal with friends.

Friends? Since when *did* she have friends?

Whatever.

It had been Dion's idea not to have lunch in the Silvered Court, so here they were like outcasts on the lawn, soaking up the afternoon rays under the shade of a tree. Not many students were around, mostly choosing the cafeteria hall to cat, and though she wouldn't admit it, Violet liked the scene and solitude.

The few students around were either talking excitedly or on their phones and didn't seem to mind her, which was perfect for Violet considering this was the reason she had agreed to avoid the cafeteria in the first place. Hence, Dion and Lila ended up bringing her lunch instead.

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Unlike in the morning, most of the foods served at this time were comfort foods. Thanks to werewolves' fast metabolism, dishes rich in calories and carbohydrates were provided to help restore their lost energy.

"I'm not dead meat," Violet replied with a tone of frustration, taking a bite out of her burger with more force than necessary. D

Violet didn't mind, but despite how delicious the burger was, it all felt like sand in her mouth. She just couldn't find her appetite, not with all that was going on.

Dion continued, oblivious to her distress, "The Oracle has dug an open pit for you; is for you to be pushed into it and cemented forever."

all that's left

She put away

her food in annoyance this time, saying, "Why would you say that? Why would some little gossip spread rubbish to get me into trouble? Who is she? Where is she right now? Perhaps I should teach her to mind her own business and stop writing baseless stories." Violet sneered, furious.

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We *tried* our *best*, but then, we didn't make it to the quarter finals. However, *thank you a ll* for your unwavering *supports* you all showed me. I also hope you enjoyed every bit of *the* chapter release yesterday! Thank you once more! I love you all!

0 Desire

40 Desire

"You staring at Alaric wasn't baseless **gossip**, Dion said with a knowing smirk.

Violet, the way you looked at him was so captivating, I swear the sparks in your eyes could have rivaled Alaric's own thunderbolts."

At once, a blush crept up Violet's face, and she couldn't exactly deny it, not when there was picture evidence. Yes, the Oracle had somehow captured her staring at Alaric while he slept. during **class**.

But she had only looked because he was undeniably handsome at that moment. Unfortunately, her innocent admiration had been twisted into something more by the gossip column.

And to make matters worse, how dare that coward, hiding behind her pen and paper, suggest she had any kind of interest in Griffin? She would sooner cut her own throat than have anything

to do with that bastard.

“Moreover,” Dion said, the amusement fading from his face, “no one knows who the Oracle is,

and neither do we search for her-”

“Why assume the Oracle is a ‘her’? It could be a ‘he’ for all you know,” Violet interrupted .

“From the tone of the articles, it sounds feminine—like gossip between girls—so we assume it’s a she, Dion replied.

“It could also be a disguise, a trick to throw people off his trail in case anyone tries to find him,”

Violet reasoned.

“Whether the Oracle is a he or a she, the point is that no one searches for the Oracle. If anything, the Oracle finds you instead. She’s a collector of information, which means she probably has secrets on everyone here, making her either a dangerous enemy or a powerful ally. It all depends on which side you want her to be, Dion explained.

But Violet snorted. “She doesn’t scare me. I don’t have secrets.”

Dion frowned. “Don’t push your luck. The Oracle has sources everywhere, making information retrieval look like a piece of cake. And look at what happened today, she doesn’t need an ugly secret to turn your life upside down,”

While Dion’s warning sank in, Violet’s gears began to turn. “So, she might be able to find my parents then?” she asked.

“What?” Dion said in confusion.

“That’s the only secret I have. That is, if it even qualifies as a secret,” Violet replied. “I’m sure the moment Asher pulled my records, he already found out I was adopted.”

“About that, I don’t know...” Dion said, uncertain.

ter all. I don’t have some

“See?” Violet shrugged, making her point. “She can’t find everything, incriminating secret like the rest of **you**. It’s the ones who have the most to lose who have too

many secrets to cover.”

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Dion groaned, rubbing his palm down his face. “You do know you’re too stubborn for your own good.”

Violet smirked. “I like to think of myself as difficult to convince.”

They both laughed, and Violet realized she was enjoying Dion’s company more than she had expected.

But then Dion said, almost out of nowhere, “The Cardinal Alphas all had females satisfying their needs before you arrived. The comment was so sudden that Violet, still caught up in the euphoria of their joke, felt the smile vanish from her face.

He went on, his tone ominous, “What do you think these women will do when some purple-haired girl comes out of nowhere and snatches away their prized Alphas? Alphas, some of them have already dreamed of **having** a future after graduation”

Violet’s throat suddenly felt dry, and she swallowed before saying, “I have no interest in their Alphas.”

“That’s not what they see,” Dion replied. He leaned in, his gaze boring into hers, as if he could see through the deepest parts of her soul. “And besides... desires can change.”

For some inexplicable reason, Violet’s heart began to pound, and she felt vulnerable beneath Dion’s unnerving stare. No matter how much she tried to deny it, she knew he was right. Desires do change.

Asher was slowly breaking down her defenses. She still hated Griffin, but she was undeniably curious about his beast side. And then there was Alaric whom she might just have a crush on.

Fuck. This was getting bad.

Desperate for a distraction from the intensity of the moment, Violet’s eyes fell on Lila. It was strange for Lila, the usual chatterbox, to have remained so silent, and from the looks of it, she was furiously typing away on her phone.

Without warning, Violet snatched the phone from Lila's hands. At that action, Lila's eyes widened in shock.

"No, don't, Violet! Don't go to the comments section!" she shouted, panicked.

But that was exactly what Violet did.

And from the look of things, it seemed that Lila had been **using** a bot account to defend her under the Oracle's post.

Instantly, Violet's stomach churned with dread. If Lila had been using bottled accounts— gods knew how many— to write positive remarks about her, then the situation must be worse than she thought.

With a sinking feeling. Violet took a deep breath and clicked on the comment section, bracing herself for whatever lay ahead.

@LunarQueen*: Ugh, here we go again *with* another human *trying* to play *in* the *big* leagues. *Stay in your lane*, Violet. #AlphaDrama

Desire

@Wolfielly: Did someone say Alaric *and* staring?**** Okay, but honestly, who wouldn't? The Lightning Prince is a literal god. #TeamAlaric

@Moonlit Maven +: Top twenty on day one? That's wild. She must have some hidden tricks

her sleeve. Suspicious Or Talented

@AsherFan4Life &: Don't touch my man. Violet. He's already spoken for by ME (jk unless? **)=Team Asher

@FangiriCentral: Not Violet stealing the spotlight AND the boys in one swoop. Whore behavior thh @purplewhore

@Stormylover #: Violet staring at Alaric? SAME GIRL SAME But let's be real Alaric probably doesn't even know how to fire =Lightninglove

@Packleader 101: Griffin and Violet? That's a disaster waiting to happen. But I'm lowkey here for it && #EnemiesToLovers? @

@HowitUp: Is it just me or is Violet's rise too perfect? What if she's some kind *of* plant? Like a spy or something? ConspiracyMoon

@Team Fisie : Let's not forget the real queen of Lunaris—
Elsie is still THAT girl Violet could never @ =LoyalToTheCrown

QUmar Gossip J: I'm living for this drama The Oracle is serving tea piping hot as always
=MoonFeedAddict

@StarlightFury ir: Imagine a *world where* Violet ends up with *Griffin*, and Asher's left in the dust CHAOS #PlotTwist

@HowlstMe: Y'all sleeping on how weird this is. Asher, Alaric and Griffin. Disgusted

@umaQueen Elsie will always be our queen. This Violet storm will pass

#QueenBeeReigns @AlphaLover22 Asher's totally marking his *territory*. I mean, have you SEEN the way he looks at her like he intends to eat her whole?

#EatMeToo

@PackPrides: What if Violet's playing them ALL?

#HumanWithAPlan

@Wolf PackTees if hate's a thin line, Violet *and* Griffin are already crossing it ** &

#TheHeathRea!

@Imaladie Imagine being Elsie right now. The audacity of a HUMAN stealing her spotlight! #DramainTheDen