

# Defy The Alpha(s)

## Chapter 10: West House

"Just a quick question," Violet began, eyeing Mary. "Don't you have something better to do than follow me around? No offense, but if your schedule is as packed as mine, we should've wrapped up this little liaison by now."

Mary had lingered even after the healer had finished, which didn't take long. Still, she seemed in no rush to leave, despite the fact that Violet could easily find her way back to the dorm with the school map. She was a quick learner, after all.

The girl shrugged, a nonchalant smile on her face. "I take my role as a student guide seriously. I'm not done until I know you're settled comfortably in your room. And as for schedules, I'm a senior. You'll find that some courses are dropped with each term as you get acclimated. Plus, being a student guide comes with certain privileges."

Violet said dryly. "I should have known." So much for feeling guilty about taking up Mary's time.

"Come on," Mary said, tapping something on her phone, "you've been assigned to West House. Let's get you settled so I can finally get some rest, too."

Violet couldn't agree more. She was exhausted, physically, mentally, and emotionally. It had been a long journey to an unfamiliar city, and the overwhelming sensory and mental assault she'd experienced since her arrival in this academy hadn't made things easier either. All she wanted now was a shower and a long, uninterrupted sleep before tackling her packed schedule tomorrow.

Unfortunately, Lunar Academy was massive, and Violet was starting to understand why she'd seen cars driving along the pristine campus roads, dropping students off at various spots. If she hadn't been so determined to play it cool, Violet might have stopped to gape at the sleek, fancy cars gliding past her. Back in her district, she'd only seen vehicles like these in old-world movies or on illegal racing tracks. The sight of them only reminded her how insignificant she was here, and that was fine by her. She didn't come to draw attention.

After about twenty minutes of trekking, Mary finally announced, "Welcome to West House."

"Wow," Violet muttered under her breath, taking in the stately black-and-white brick building.

Its classical architecture stood out, the four-story rectangular structure adorned with evenly spaced windows and tall chimneys on the roof. A grand columned portico framed the front entrance, with wide steps leading up to double doors while the surrounding green lawns and towering trees added a natural, serene charm to the imposing structure. Clearly, the school had a love for nature.

"And that, my dear, is the West House," Mary said with a smug grin, clearly pleased at the awe on Violet's face. "And over there are the other houses: East, South, and North."

Violet turned her head to see three more stately buildings, identical in architecture but painted in red, blue, and orange.

"Do the colors mean something?" Violet asked, picking up on the details quickly.

"I love how fast you catch on," Mary responded as they started up the steps, with Violet following silently.

She continued, "As I mentioned before, this school operates on a strict hierarchy, and whether you're human or werewolf, we form packs in our houses out of necessity. The four most powerful alphas rule this place, and it's only natural that everyone else falls in line," she paused, casting a cautionary glance at Violet. "That includes you."

Violet sighed. Just how many rules does this place have?

Mary told her, "Also, West House is run by Alpha Asher Nightshade."

"Asher Nightshade?" Violet repeated, curious. Who was he? His name sounded interesting.

"Don't worry," Mary cut in before Violet could fire off more questions. "Everything you need to know is stored in that phone of yours. Plus, I'm sure your roommates will fill in the rest."

Mary gestured casually as she spoke, "That's the laundry room over there. We also have a house prefect, a non-academic staff member appointed by the school to monitor our activities and make sure we follow dorm rules. But, honestly, they're pretty much useless when the alphas get involved. So don't worry, no one's going to stop you from sneaking out to a midnight party." she said mischievously.

Violet rolled her eyes. For a school that supposedly prioritizes academics, they sure seem to have a lot of downtime for extracurricular activities, she thought wryly.

As they started ascending the stairs, which likely led to her floor, Mary continued her chatter. "The female dorms are on the first and second floors, while the males take the third and fourth. Oh, and by the way, Alpha Asher and his inner circle of minor alphas

with their betas live on the top floor. So, you know where to go if you ever need someone to... scratch your itch," she teased with a wink.

Violet groaned audibly, burying her face in her palm. *Does every single thing that comes out of this girl's mouth have to be about sex?*

Mary burst into laughter, clearly enjoying how easily she could get a rise out of her as they passed through the busy hall. With classes over, the hallways were packed with students, and Violet could feel the weight of a hundred eyes on her. She brushed it off, walking confidently, refusing to let their stares get under her skin.

Finally, Mary stopped in front of a door. "Here it is. Room 104. And with that, I conclude the grand tour, madame!" She finished with a dramatic bow, sweeping her arm out in a theatrical flourish.

A smile crept onto Violet's face despite her best efforts to resist. Mary was like an annoying itch that refused to go away, yet somehow, she was starting to grow on her.

This had been the best tour she'd ever experienced, and Mary was undoubtedly the perfect student to lead it. Among the students she had seen so far, Violet had a feeling Mary was about the nicest person she would encounter here.

Violet didn't do hugs, so she said sincerely, "Thank you."

But Mary was the complete opposite. Before Violet could even react, she was swept into a lung-crushing embrace.

Violet gasped, struggling to breathe. How was this girl so strong?

As if the horror of the unexpected hug wasn't enough, Mary began to cry. "This is always the hardest part of the tour—saying goodbye after the wonderful time we've spent together."

Violet opened her mouth to argue that they had literally just met an hour ago, hardly enough time to forge any real bond. But she couldn't bring herself to hurt Mary's feelings further, so she endured the agonizing seconds until the embrace finally ended.

Mary clasped Violet's face, forcing her to look into her eyes as she spoke fiercely, "Now you go out there and give them fire, as you promised. Under no circumstances should you break. I've saved my number in your phone, so call me whenever you need me."

*Yeah, that wasn't happening. I can handle myself.* Violet thought inwardly, though she managed to offer Mary a sweet smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. "Yes, okay?"

Mary's face lit up with a wide grin before she gently shoved Violet toward the door. "Now, go meet your roommates!"

Violet grabbed the doorknob and stepped inside, but Mary called out just as she was about to close the door. "Oh, wait! I forgot to tell you that Asher —" The door clicked shut, cutting off whatever Mary had to say.

Leaning against the door, Violet closed her eyes and took a deep breath, grounding herself. When she opened her eyes, the sight before her took her breath away.

The room was huge, far more luxurious than she had imagined. But her awe was quickly interrupted as three pairs of eyes locked onto her, and she found herself face-to-face with her new roommates.

"Fuck, it's really her," one of them said, disbelief etched in her voice.

Violet arched an eyebrow at the unexpected reaction. Why did it seem like everyone at this institution knew her?

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The character display is on and working. I would love to hear what you think about our female lead and her alphas. You can pin them down to me, I don't care how crazy it is! Also, for the pictorial reference of West house, you can check in the comment section!