

# Defy The Alpha(s)

## Chapter 7: Purple Flower

The air was cool against her skin, the grandeur of the academy almost making her feel small. Violet clutched her bag tightly, the rough fabric digging into her palm as she eyed the stone stairs leading up to the academy's main building.

She was ready to step forward when a voice called out, "Hello."

Startled, she turned, only to see a well-dressed man in a tailored suit striding toward her. He looked like he belonged here with his polished confidence. And though Violet should have been on edge, there was something oddly disarming about his smile, as if it had been practiced to put people at ease.

"You must be Violet Purple?" His voice was smooth, catching her off guard.

Violet blinked. How did he know her name? Then she remembered the guard from earlier typing her information into his device. Of course. The academy must have an efficient communication system. Information sure traveled fast around here.

"And who are you?" she asked, keeping her tone polite but laced with a thread of suspicion. Growing up in the ghetto had taught her not to trust anyone at face value.

The man's smile widened as if her wariness amused him. "I'm Michael, a staff of this institution."

Wow. even their staff dressed fine. Violet thought.

"I've been tasked with taking your things to your dorm." His eyes flicked to her bag, his smile faltering slightly as he took in the modest size. "Is that... all?"

Violet caught the flicker of disapproval in his gaze, and for the first time, she felt self-conscious. She hadn't thought much about how many belongings students were expected to bring, but in an academy meant for the elite, the rich, and the privileged, it wouldn't surprise her if others arrived with wardrobes fit for royalty. But she wasn't about to let a stranger make her feel inferior.

Violet straightened her back and met his gaze head-on, "Yes, that's all," she replied firmly, her lips pressing into a thin line.

Michael raised an eyebrow, clearly reading her mood. He immediately backpedaled, his tone apologetic. "I'm quite sorry. It's just that... well, we're used to students arriving with more."

Violet cringed inwardly but maintained her composure. "Well, this is me," she said, her voice steady, though embarrassment burned her cheeks.

Without another word, Michael reached for her bag, lifting it effortlessly, as if it weighed nothing at all. Violet watched him with a mix of gratitude and lingering discomfort. Her belongings might be light, but they were hers. She half-expected another judgmental glance, but instead, Michael simply smiled.

"I'll take your things to your dorm. You should head inside and get yourself set up," he said, gesturing toward the tall double doors looming ahead.

"Well, thank you," she murmured, watching him walk down a different path, likely towards the dormitories.

Despite the man's reassurances, her old instincts flared. Violet had trust issues with strangers and always had. Growing up where she did, people went through your things if given half a chance.

Her gaze narrowed as she considered the possibility that Michael might rummage through her bag. But this was Lunaris Academy, not the ghetto. And, realistically, there was nothing of value in there anyway. Yep, her poor, pathetic life.

Still, if anything went missing, she'd hunt him down. After all, she knew his face now.

Taking a deep breath, Violet turned her gaze back to the academy's entrance, the imposing structure seeming even more daunting now that she was alone. She squared her shoulders and began her ascent up the stone steps and walked through the door and was lost in a new world.

Students hurried around her, rushing out of classrooms, all dressed in the academy uniform—slacks for the boys and skirts for the girls. Back at her old school, they hadn't bothered with uniforms, seeing it as a thing for elementary school students, and the fact they would look ridiculous in it. But that wasn't the case here.

The Lunaris Academy uniform featured a sleek, deep forest green plaid skirt with gold and navy accents, paired with a tailored midnight blue blazer that hugged the figure perfectly, over a crisp white shirt. The left chest pocket proudly bore the golden crest of a wolf, finished off with a matching tie. The combination of rich colors and the detailed emblem radiated an air of elegance and prestige that made it anything but childish.

Not many things surprise Violet, but this school so far has left her gaping like a moron. She stood in the lobby still examining the school environment which might as well be akin to a five-star hotel when a commotion caught her attention.

A guy with striking green hair came barreling toward her, laughing like he was being chased. There was no time to dodge the impact, and he crashed into her with a force as jarring as his appearance.

Holy creator of the universe.

Before Violet could react, his arms were around her waist, steadying her, her face pressed into his chest—a hot, hard chest, packed with muscle. She could feel the power in his grip, his body solid against hers. He smelled incredible, like the promise of freedom carried on a wild breeze, and for a split second, she had the absurd urge to spread her arms and let the wind take her.

Yep, she was definitely losing her mind.

"Well, hello. Look what fate just dropped into my arms," he purred, his voice smooth and velvety, slipping into her ear like silk against her skin.

His breath was warm against her neck, and Violet involuntarily shivered, realizing how dangerous this one was. She stepped away from him and looked up. Except that was a mistake.

Violet knew werewolves were hot, but this was next-level hot.

He had the most striking eyes Violet had ever seen, a vivid green with flecks of gold at the center, and they were locked on her, intense and unblinking. A slow, mischievous grin tugged at the corners of his lips, making her heart skip a beat. He also had green hair and for someone who often found herself in the same situation, she couldn't help but wonder if it was natural or dyed.

Either way, it suited his rebellious look, complementing his high cheekbones, strong jaw, and those full, undeniably kissable lips. The gods help her, what in the world was she thinking? Hasn't she learned enough with her mother's, no, adopted mother's experiences with men?

"As much as I would love to get acquainted with you, my purple damsel. There's a monster about to murder me right now."

From those words, Violet could tell this one was a lady's man but the mention of murder, made her blood run cold, and whatever attraction she felt towards the stranger vanished at once. She sincerely hoped he didn't mean those words literally.

However, fate seemed to have other plans because a deep roar reverberated through the hall, scaring everyone. What the hell was going on? Before she could say a word, he was already on his heels. Again.

Violet was about to get out of there when she spotted something.

"Hey, you dropped this!" she shouted after him, guessing he must have dropped the necklace when he ran into her.

He shouted, "Hold onto that for me, darling, would you?" he winked before disappearing out the door. And he didn't even offer an apology for knocking into her.

Violet shook her head, bewildered. "What a weirdo." Although a cute one. Yep, she was not going there.

"At least he knows good stuff." She muttered, examining the necklace.

It was a delicate piece, adorned with a single teardrop-shaped sapphire pendant encircled by tiny diamonds. The sapphire gleamed with a deep, oceanic blue, catching the light at every angle. Violet frowned, realizing this wasn't an ordinary necklace. The engraved details told Violet it might as well be a family heirloom and she felt uneasy holding onto such a personal item.

Violet was still looking it over when a growl that made the hairs on edge came from behind her. She turned slowly to see a furious red-haired werewolf stalking toward her, his muscles taut with barely restrained anger.

The gods help her. Why was the universe doing this to her?

If the green-haired wolf from earlier had been hot, this one made her swallow hard, torn between fear and anticipation. He was so tall that she could almost call him a giant. His long red hair was tied back in a bun, a style that should've made him look effeminate, but it only enhanced his raw, masculine presence.

He looked like a Viking straight out of an old movie, with thick, sculpted muscles that made his biceps and pecs bulge under what could barely be called a uniform. His blazer was nowhere to be seen, and the top buttons of his shirt were undone, revealing a hard, tanned chest and a teasing glimpse of a tattoo she couldn't make out from her angle.

In short, the red-haired male was dangerously attractive. And unless she was into some dark beauty-and-the-beast romance, this was the moment of reckoning because the beast looked like he was about to snap her in half.

He towered over her, hatred burning in his eyes, with his lips curled into a snarl. Violet whimpered inwardly, what did she do wrong, Mr. Beast?

His eyes lock onto the necklace in her hand, and without warning, he lunge to snatch it. Violet acted instinctively, dodging and pushing it away from his reach. "Hey, that's not —"

Violet couldn't finish it because he grabbed her by the throat, lifting her effortlessly off the ground. What the fuck? Her eyes nearly bulged out of her eye. What in the name of

madness was going on here? And why was no one stepping out from the sea of students to help her?

It dawned on Violet no one was coming for her. If anything, they looked away as if she was not getting strangled in the lobby by some brute. Cold dread washed over Violet as she realized this guy could murder her right here and then and no one would say a word. What kind of crazy was this?

"I don't know what you and Roman are up to," he hissed, his voice thick with menace, "but touch my stuff again, and I'll kill you. For real."

His stuff?

Oh no.

Violet instantly figured out that he was the owner of the necklace. In that case, does that mean the green-haired guy stole from him? It finally made sense why he had been running. And thanks to the asshole, she was about to be murdered. Was that the punishment for stealing in this institution? Somebody help her! Nobody informed her about this.

Violet's vision blurred, the edges of her sight darkening as she struggled for air. His rage was overwhelming, radiating off him in hot, angry waves. She could feel his hands shaking, not from fear, but from the sheer effort it took to hold back his strength from crushing her neck.

And then, just as quickly as it started, the brute flung her away like she was nothing.

Violet hit the ground hard, pain shooting up her spine as she crumpled in a heap. She watched as he bent down and picked up the necklace that fell on the ground and left her alone, thankfully.

Breathless and trembling, Violet lay there, the sting of humiliation and the terror of nearly dying clinging to her skin. Before she could gather herself, a shadow fell over her.

God, who was it this time?

She looked up and forgot how to breathe. Does this academy only accept fine, attractive males, or what?

A tall and commanding guy stood before her. He wore dark shades, indoors of all places, and something about his presence made her instincts scream. Who wears sunglasses inside? Call it instincts but something told her the shades weren't just for fashion but necessity. It was something else, something darker.

And yet, she found herself checking him out. His jet-black hair was faded at the sides, while the longer strands fell messily over his face, screaming he was due for a haircut soon. Broad-shouldered and muscular, he didn't carry the bulk of the redhead or the lean grace of the green-haired thief. Yet his uniform clung perfectly to his athletic frame, highlighting his jock-like physique. Violet's heart pounded, and an inexplicable tingle spread through her, heat pooling low in her belly.

What the hell was wrong with her today? It had to be the overload of handsome faces; if she'd known Lunaris Academy had this many striking men, she might have mentally prepared herself better.

For a split second, their gazes locked, or at least, she thought they did. Beneath those shades, she sensed the weight of his eyes assessing her. Part of her hoped, foolishly, that he'd help her up. But that wasn't the case. Instead, his lips curled into a cold, mocking smile, the kind that made Violet feel like prey—a plaything to be toyed with.

His eyes roved up and down her body and her breath hitched, not out of attraction, but sudden fear. She had dealt with guys like this before back at her old school, and Violet knew better than to trust men with that dark, brooding intensity. Whatever drew her to him, it was nothing good.

Suddenly, his lips curled into a wild, unsettling smile. "Welcome, my purple flower. I've been waiting for you for so long."

What the hell?

-----

Note: Please check the comment section to see what a picture of Lunaris Academy looks like and their uniform as well!

## **Chapter 8: Point System**

Violet stormed down the hallway in huge strides, as if the devil himself were right on her heels. Given what she'd just experienced, he might as well have been. Not even the time she was nearly choked to death rattled her as much as that weirdo did. And the worst part? He hadn't even done much. Yet somehow, that little bit was enough to make her realize she'd made a colossal mistake coming here.

He didn't do much after calling her, what was it again? *Purple flower*? Ugh. What did he think she was? Some helpless damsel in distress? But it was his next statement that really sent ice through her veins.

*"Trust me, I can't wait to see you in bed too."*

With that, he left, but the chill he left behind clung to her like frost. Worse, it was the way he'd looked at her—hungrily—as if she were covered in thick, mouthwatering chocolate, and he couldn't wait to sink his teeth into her.

Yeah, no. That was definitely not happening.

It was probably nothing, Violet tried to tell herself. Just a bored, psychopathic alpha getting a thrill from seeing a helpless human on her knees or something. But no matter how hard she tried to brush it off, a nagging feeling gnawed at her insides. There was something at play here. Something she wasn't fully aware of, but could *feel* it.

After all, what were the odds that she'd bump into a guy who turned out to be a thief, then got manhandled by another, only to meet the last creepy, disturbingly handsome one in quick succession? This wasn't just a coincidence; it felt orchestrated. Her instincts, honed by years of surviving in rough places, screamed that something was off. And deep down, she knew.

Surely, applications to this school were approved by the administration, not students, right? Because if students had any say in who was admitted, she was royally screwed.

Violet shook her head to dispel the thought. What was she even thinking? Of course, the principal approved the applications, not random students. And she was about to meet that very principal. The one who had read her very COLORFUL application form.

A blush crept up her cheeks at the thoughts. At least now, she might finally learn why she'd been accepted even though her submission had been... far from ideal.

By the time she reached the principal's office, Violet's neck was throbbing with a hot, angry pain. She had been rubbing that spot for a while now, it was too painful to ignore.

She knocked on the door and heard a "come in." from the inside.

Principal Jameson's office was a world apart from the cramped, cluttered space Violet had known at her former school. It was so spacious, she could easily imagine spreading a bed and still having enough room to go about her duties.

The decor was sleek and polished, giving off an air of sophistication. The desk, positioned at the center of the room, was immaculate. Only a name tag, a modern laptop, a small flower pot, and a few neatly stacked files occupied the surface. Compared to the document chaos of her old principal's office, this was the epitome of order and elegance.

Principal Jameson was quite a stunning woman and she smiled up at her as soon as their eyes met. "Welcome, Violet....." her expression faltered the next seconds when she saw the angry red mark.

In the twinkle of an eye, the principal had shot up to her feet, closing the space between them with horror etched on her face.

"Who did this to you?" she demanded, her voice laced with concern.

For the first time since she arrived, Violet felt a spark of vindication. Finally, someone was going to do something about that brute.

Without wasting time, Violet narrated the whole encounter, precisely describing the red-haired werewolf in detail, but as she spoke, she noticed the principal's expression shifting from anger to something far more unsettling: fear.

"You mean Griffin Hale did this to you?"

"Griffin Hale? Is that his name?" she asked. It was quite a nice name.

"Miss Purple," the principal began, her tone far more cautious, "I understand you're upset, but what happened was likely just... playful roughhousing. Things here are different from your former school and while it can get a bit intense, but it's all in good fun."

At once, Violet's expression shifted, her fury boiled over. Playful roughhousing? He had nearly killed her!

"Principal Jameson, Griffin Hale nearly —" She was about to argue, but there was something in the principal's eyes, a flicker of fear or perhaps a silent warning that made her pause.

Unwilling to clash with the school authority on her first day, Violet swallowed her retort, but not her anger. If the principal wouldn't pursue this matter, then one way or another, she would take matters into her own hands and make sure that red-haired brute paid.

Although Violet had no idea how she would get revenge against a creature who could snap her in two, she would find a way. She always did.

"I'm sorry you had such an awful experience, Miss Purple, but trust me, the boys aren't always like this. Just think of it as a guy pulling on a girl's ponytail to get her attention." Principal Jameson said.

*In that case, Why don't they pull your ponytail as well?* Violet wanted to retort but managed to calm herself.

Although If the principal was managing such "wild beasts" in this school, Violet bet they've pulled her ponytails so many times.

"I'll have Mary come over. She would take you to the infirmary to get the injury sorted. Class is almost over for the day, so you can resume tomorrow," Principal Jameson said, walking over to her desk and picking up the telephone, made a call to the so-called Mary.

Violet stood awkwardly, unsure whether to sit as the principal hadn't yet invited her to. She did her best to ignore the conversation the woman was having on the phone, her eyes wandering around the room instead, absorbing the elegant décor.

Moments later, the call ended, and Principal Jameson's attention shifted back.

"You can sit, Violet. Your student guide will be here shortly." She gestured toward the chair across from her desk.

Violet hesitated before sitting down, her posture tense as she faced the principal, who radiated an air of formality and professionalism.

"I understand that things here are quite different from your previous school," the principal began.

"Definitely," Violet responded, her tone carrying a noticeable edge of bitterness, still fuming over the earlier assault and the principal's apparent inaction. What Violet didn't realize yet was that Principal Jameson, like everyone else in the academy, was just a puppet dancing to the strings of a hidden puppet master.

If Principal Jameson noticed Violet's tone, she didn't acknowledge it. Instead, she continued, "The term began on September fifth, and you're nearly two weeks behind. However, after reviewing your records, it's clear you're a bright student, so I have no doubt you'll catch up with the curriculum. Unlike other institutions, Lunar Academy doesn't just produce efficient students, it ensures they leave with a well-rounded future by the time they graduate."

*"Yep, through your matchmaking skills,"* Violet quipped inwardly.

"At the same time, Lunar Academy thrives on excellence and discipline. Your student guide should have been the one to tell you this but since she's not here yet I'll break it down for you. This might not have been practiced in your formal school but we run a point system here."

Violet's brow raised, hinting at her curiosity.

"As you may already know, many of our recent graduates go on to become key figures in our society, particularly human females who are paired with powerful werewolf mates. The relationships that begin within these walls frequently lead to marriage, as seen in the case of the Werewolf King and his human queen, along with other prominent alphas who have followed his example. To foster the best possible matches, each student is

ranked within their year and assigned a point tally, reflecting their overall performance and compatibility."

Principal Jameson's eyes were fixed on Violet, and when she was sure Violet was paying close attention, she continued, "Points are earned through academic achievement, leadership in extracurriculars, and contributions to both school and community life. There's also a popularity ranking, which, in some cases, can affect your overall point tally. You'll learn more about that as you get to know your peers. However, any behavior that falls below the high standards of Lunar Academy will result in point deductions. And teachers have full authority to award or revoke points at their discretion, so tread carefully—"

Violet raised her hand abruptly, cutting the woman off.

"What is it, Violet? Are you confused about something?" Principal Jameson's voice was noticeably strained, clearly not used to being interrupted. This was someone who liked to maintain control.

Violet, bold as ever, asked, "So I'm curious, would Griffin Hale lose points for assaulting me? And how many points exactly will be deducted?"

The question took Principal Jameson by surprise. Her expression faltered for a moment before she regained composure, clearing her throat. "Miss Purple, you're currently at the bottom of the rankings, so you should be more concerned with improving—"

"How many points?" Violet pressed, her voice sweet but with a smile that didn't reach her eyes. "Or is it that you never intended to punish him at all? Surely Lunar doesn't endorse assault, right? That wouldn't be good for the school's reputation."

Violet knew that she was pushing her luck here and from the way the woman's face had darkened, she might have made an enemy out of her.

"Five hundred points. Griffin Hale will lose five hundred points for the incident. Is that satisfactory?"

Violet frowned slightly. She wasn't sure what the value of five hundred points meant, but it sounded significant enough.

"Yes, that works for me," she replied, though the tension between them had thickened to the point of suffocating.

Just then, Mary, her student guide, arrived—perfect timing.

"I'm here, Principal Jameson," Mary announced, as Violet quickly stood, eager to leave.

After a brief exchange between the two, it was time to go. But before Violet could step out the door, Principal Jameson's voice rang out again, "Violet Purple."

Violet turned, meeting the woman's gaze without flinching.

"Good luck," Principal Jameson said, her words carrying an ominous weight. "You'll need it out there."

Violet swallowed hard. The warning hung heavy in the air, and she knew, deep down, there was truth in those words.

## **Chapter 9: The Lord's Mercy**

Her assigned guide, Mary, was a tall and elegant blonde with an air of nobility that suggested she'd never had to lift a finger in her entire life. It wasn't surprising though, Lunar Academy catered to the rich and elite humans after all.

People like Violet were only "privileged" to be here — so she's been reminded every step of the way. Since the moment she entered the campus, opulence surrounded her from the outside down to the inside of the academy grounds, making her feel out of place.

Yet, for someone from such a background, Mary's humility took Violet by surprise. It wasn't great to stereotype, but the rich often fit the mold of being arrogant, entitled, and dismissive. Mary, however, was kind, with a calm, gentle demeanor that, oddly enough, put Violet at ease.

That was saying a lot, given how much Violet trusted no one, especially in this school, where her worst assumptions had already been confirmed. Mary was a refreshing change from the students Violet had encountered so far.

"I don't know what's going on between you and Principal Jameson," Mary began, her tone soft but cautionary, "but trust me, you do not want to make an enemy out of —"

"I'm not scared of Principal Jameson if that's what you're worried about," Violet interrupted, her tone growing serious. "Trust me, I come from a district where the games you play here would feel like child's play."

Mary stopped walking abruptly, forcing Violet to halt as well. Violet saw an ugly sneer twist across the girl's face for the first time, a darkness flickering in her eyes.

"Who said I was talking about the principal?"

She stepped closer, her tall frame nearly towering over Violet. While Violet wasn't short, Mary had almost a head on her.

"It's not Jameson you should be worried about. It's them..."

While Mary didn't elaborate on who "them" referred to, Violet didn't need her to. There was clearly a powerful clique at the academy pulling the strings behind the scenes. Back at her old school, it had been Jasmine and her gang. Here at Lunaris, Violet could already tell Griffin Hale was one of "them," if not their leader. She hadn't missed the trace of fear in Principal Jameson's eyes at the mere mention of his name.

But even that didn't faze Violet. Back in the ghetto, Jasmine and her lackeys nearly had no limits, and Violet had dealt with them just fine. What could a group of spoiled, entitled brats throw at her that she couldn't take?

Violet met Mary's gaze with unwavering confidence. "I. Can. Handle. Them," she enunciated slowly, making sure the message was clear.

For a moment, Mary stared at her in disbelief before breaking into a slow, mocking laugh. "Oh, they're going to enjoy breaking you."

Wait—what? Violet blinked, caught off guard. Suddenly, she wondered if her instincts about trusting Mary was right.

"I've seen girls like you over the years," Mary continued, her tone almost pitying. "That fire in your eyes? It always gets extinguished. There's a hierarchy here, Violet, and until you learn your place, that fire is going to get swallowed whole by the storm."

The air between them thickened with tense silence, the severity of Mary's words lingering ominously. Whatever excitement Violet had for the tour evaporated.

But instead of backing down, Violet lifted her chin defiantly. "Maybe they've broken others but they haven't met me."

Mary shook her head, "Don't say I didn't warn you."

"Thanks for the warning," Violet shot back, rolling her eyes. "Now, can we get this over with? It's getting boring."

Mary gave Violet an incredulous look. Despite all the warnings, nothing seemed to faze her. As a guide for this semester's new students, Mary had seen most of them lower their heads the moment they learned about the school's hierarchy, eager to stay out of sight and avoid trouble.

But Violet? She wasn't like the others. There was no hesitation, no fear in her eyes. Mary could already tell she was going to be trouble. Then again, the alphas would likely deal with her soon enough.

"Fine!" She huffed, momentarily thrown by Violet's unwavering confidence.

As they stepped out of the administrative floor and into the bustling hallway, it became clear that classes were over for the day. Students streamed out of classrooms, and the atmosphere buzzed with the end-of-day rush.

Violet could feel the weight of their stares, sharp and unsettling. It wasn't the curious glance reserved for a new girl, something novel and intriguing to look at. No, these looks were different, hungry, assessing. They watched her like predators sizing up prey, scrutinizing every inch as if they were trying to determine whether she would disrupt the order they were so used to.

But Violet didn't shrink under their gaze. Instead, she glared back with the same fierce intensity, her defiance meeting their scrutiny head-on. One by one, their eyes dropped, having gotten the message.

"Here," Mary said, pressing a heavy satchel into Violet's arms. Violet instinctively grabbed it, her curiosity piqued. She had noticed Mary leave Jameson's office with the bag but hadn't asked about it until now.

"That's your welcome satchel. Go ahead, open it," Mary urged when she caught Violet's questioning look.

Violet unzipped the bag and saw a stack of textbooks, but something else caught her eye. There was a sealed package nestled inside. When Violet pulled it out and saw the branded logo, her eyes widened in disbelief.

"No way..." she whispered, holding up the sealed phone box, looking up at Mary with disbelief and anticipation.

Mary smiled knowingly. "We understand that some of our scholarship students come from... less privileged districts," she said, carefully choosing her words. "So, we provide free devices to help students learn here at Lunar Academy."

Whatever Mary said after that felt distant as Violet eagerly unsealed the phone box. The moment she uncovered the sleek, touchscreen device inside, her breath hitched.

Violet stood frozen in the hallway, the new phone resting in her palm. Her instincts screamed at her to shout or jump for joy, but the elegance of the academy reminded her that would be a terrible idea. She might be the new girl, but she didn't need everyone to know she was a greenhorn.

Instead, she beamed silently, her smile stretching wide as she admired it. Never in her wildest dreams had she thought she'd hold something like this. Not to mention, Nancy would lose her mind over a touchscreen.

The thought of Nancy made guilt creep in. After all the resistance she'd put up to getting into Lunar Academy, here she was, barely a day in, and already enjoying the perks.

"It comes with accessories, headphones, charger, user manual, in case you don't know how to—"

"I know how to use a phone," Violet cut her off sharply, feeling a bit insulted. Just because she'd never owned one didn't mean she was clueless.

"No offense," Mary said, lifting her hands in mock surrender. "I was just trying to help."

Violet ignored her, turning the phone on. The brand name, AVAX, appeared with a dramatic flourish on the screen, followed by "Welcome, Violet" flashing across the display. She frowned at that.

Mary explained, pride evident in her voice. "Each phone is customized for the students. I told you, Lunar Academy doesn't miss a single detail."

Violet had to admit, as much as she didn't want to, the attention to detail was impressive. If the kids back home knew the level of luxury this school offered, they'd do anything to be in her shoes.

Mary continued, "Your phone has everything, campus maps, your schedule, school matches, the syllabus, and, of course, your ranking for the term."

Violet frowned, trying to navigate the phone to find all the things Mary was talking about.

"Here, let me show you," Mary said, snatching the phone out of Violet's hands.

Before Violet could protest, Mary snapped a photo of her without warning, the flash catching her off guard, and making her wince.

Moments later, Mary was typing away, setting things up. Violet let her be. For once, she admitted to herself that she didn't know everything.

Violet knew she was stubborn to a fault but one couldn't blame her. She had been independent all through her life and didn't need anyone's help. Even without Mary's help, she would have figured it out sooner or later.

"All you need to do now is log into the Lunar Academy app," Mary explained. "The school offers free Wi-Fi, though most of us don't use it. While it's encrypted, some of Lunar's top students have impressive hacking skills, so be careful what information you store on the device. Secrets are valuable currency here."

In a place where money flowed like water, secrets became the real currency. Violet almost rolled her eyes, exasperated by how easy these students had it, how oblivious they were to their privilege.

She wondered if Mary had any idea that her district would kill for something as simple as free Wi-Fi, hacked or not. Even in the old world, the government had never cared about the welfare of the people, and in this new world, it was even worse. Her district was one of many left to suffer in the shadows, neglected and forgotten.

"Alright, here's your schedule!" Mary chirped as she handed the phone back to Violet. Violet's eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets when she saw the packed timetable.

## **Monday**

*7:00 AM: Breakfast*

*8:00 AM - 9:30 AM: Werewolf Anthropology & Culture (Non-Elective)*

*Focus on werewolf traditions, social hierarchy, and customs.*

*9:45 AM - 11:15 AM: Advanced Human Biology (Core Science Course)*

*Deep dive into human anatomy, genetics, and comparison with werewolf physiology.*

*11:30 AM - 12:30 PM: Physical Training (Compulsory Sports)*

*Strength, agility, and endurance exercises.*

*12:30 PM - 1:30 PM: Lunch Break*

*1:30 PM - 3:00 PM: History of the New World (Non-Elective)*

*Exploration of post-war human and werewolf integration.*

*3:15 PM - 4:45 PM: Etiquette & Social Dynamics (Compulsory)*

*Lessons on manners, social behavior, and interacting with werewolf alphas.*

*5:00 PM - 6:00 PM: Mythology of Hybrid Creatures (Elective)*

*Exploration of mythological creatures and hybrids.*

*7:00 PM – 10:00 PM: Dinner, Rest, Study Hour / Free Time...*

"What the hell..." Violet muttered under her breath, staring at the daunting curriculum. At her old school, classes were always done by two o'clock sharp.

"I know, right?" Mary sighed, feeling empathic, "Lunaris believes in keeping the students busy, which is why the syllabus is packed. But it makes sense when you think about the

werewolves in our ranks. They need to stay active, or else chaos follows when they've got too much energy and nowhere to put it."

"Then they should have their own separate school and not drag us into this mess," Violet snapped, irritated.

Now she had to deal with werewolf-infused courses that hadn't been any of her business before. Sure, her old school had dabbled in some of those subjects, but this? These were advanced compared to what she was used to.

"And what the hell is 'Etiquette and Social Dynamics' and why is it compulsory?" She scowled, the absurdity of it all making no sense.

Instead of answering, Mary smirked, a conspiratorial glint in her eyes. And that was enough to raise alarms in Violet's head.

"Don't worry, you'll find out soon enough. Come on, let's head to the infirmary. Now that you've got the map, finding everything else should be a breeze." Mary gently guided her forward before Violet could fire off more questions.

"Oh, and unless you want to lose points, uniforms are mandatory every day except weekends," Mary added. "And make sure you're wearing the complete uniform. Principal Jameson loves using that to dock points."

Violet frowned, recalling how Griffin and Roman hadn't been fully dressed in their uniforms. Of course, there were exceptions to the rules.

"I can't tell what's going on in your head with that face all scrunched up, but trust me, Lunaris has its perks. You'll love it here soon enough. Hot human guys, hunky werewolves, and, let's not forget, super attractive teachers."

Violet shot her a look, not judging, but definitely unimpressed.

Mary grinned, unphased. "Speaking of, I'm sure you noticed the compulsory weekly counseling sessions on your schedule. It's Lunaris' way of checking up on students' mental health. And Mr. Richmond... Well, let's just say he loves to listen, you know what I mean."

"I don't want to know what you mean," Violet replied flatly.

But Mary wasn't done. She winked, leaning in. "There's no real issue with student-teacher relationships here, especially with werewolves. They've got a lot of energy, and some students... volunteer when Mr. Richmond needs to blow off steam—"

"Alright, that's way too much information!" Violet groaned, horrified at the images forming in her head.

She shot Mary a pleading look. "Can we just get to the infirmary already?"

Mary nodded, though somewhat reluctantly, clearly eager to share more. Violet was just relieved she wasn't about to get any more unsolicited details about the school's scandalous affairs.

She had come here to focus on her studies, not end up on the same path Nancy had chosen. But it seemed that path was all too normal here.

As Violet had guessed, this was the main building, a grand, three-story structure that housed the classrooms, the common room, administrative offices, and meeting areas. Lunar Academy also boasted a state-of-the-art swimming pool, courts, tracks, a gym, a greenhouse, and even a ballroom. While the ballroom was indoors, the other facilities were located behind the main building.

Violet had assumed the infirmary would be back there as well, but she couldn't have been more wrong.

Calling the two-story building set apart from the main one an "infirmary" was an understatement. It was more of a private hospital and a sophisticated one at that. Violet was taken aback by the pristine, well-lit hallways. The floors were lined with smooth, light-colored tiles, and the walls were adorned with wooden paneling on the lower half, topped with a calming blue horizontal strip that gave the space a refreshing and tranquil feel.

Doctors in white coats moved briskly, clipboards in hand, and certain areas of the building appeared to have restricted access. Violet couldn't help but be amazed. Did this school experience that many injuries, or was this just another way for the wealthy to flaunt their resources? She wasn't sure.

"Come on," Mary urged, tugging at her arm when Violet couldn't stop staring, mouth agape like a fish out of water.

They walked into a smaller ward where a minor commotion was already unfolding. A healer—one of the rare now-extinct werewolves with the ability to channel healing magic—was chastising a student, a boy whose arms were covered in fresh burn marks. Violet barely had time to process the fact that the academy employed an actual healer, because her attention quickly shifted to him.

"You can't keep doing this, Alaric," the healer said, clearly exasperated. "If you push yourself like this, the infirmary will become your second home."

"I'm fine," he grumbled, clearly annoyed, as the healer's magic worked over his arms, soothing the burns.

Almost immediately, as if he could sense he was being watched, he turned and their gaze met.

Holy creator of the universe. Violet forgot how to breathe.

Fuck. This was slowly becoming a habit.

He had whitish-blond hair that framed a face so striking it was almost unfair. But it was his eyes that truly captivated her, stormy blue, like a brewing tempest.

She wasn't the only one affected; she heard Mary whisper his name in awe, "Alpha Alaric," her cheeks flushing slightly.

Of course, another alpha. Violet couldn't decide whether to be impressed yet.

Though he didn't fit the typical image of an alpha, there was a quiet intensity about him that set him apart from the others. Instead of the usual brashness, there was an innocence in his demeanor that oddly drew her in.

With those striking sapphire eyes, he could have easily been the most handsome alpha she'd met today—if it weren't for the sudden scowl that darkened his face. Violet didn't just sense his anger; she knew it. But why? She'd never even seen him until now.

As if that wasn't enough, his gaze swept over her, up and down, as if sizing her up, sending an unexpected thrill through her. But just as quickly as that flicker of excitement rose, it was crushed by his cold, dismissive attitude. His expression made it clear: she wasn't worth his time. Any illusion of interest on his part was shattered by his icy indifference.

"You're good to go." the healer finished up with him.

Done, Alaric brushed past Violet, and in that brief, fleeting contact, a spark jolted through her. It was like lightning, sharp, unexpected, and oddly thrilling. Violet froze, breath catching in her throat, but Alaric didn't even glance her way. If he felt the same strange jolt, he didn't show it.

"You. What can I do for you?" the healer asked, her brows furrowing as she studied Violet. "You're a new face, aren't you?"

Violet nodded.

"And already in the infirmary on your first day?" The healer shook her head, tutting. "The lord be with you."

"I know," Violet whispered, her voice barely audible. "I know."

\*\*\*\*\*

Do check out the comment section to see what Violet's schedule looks like.