



Chapter 9: Pack Psychology & Bonding

ARDEN

I gripped my hands to stop them from shaking as we arrived in front of the classroom for our first subject. I couldn't help it. On our way here, most of the wolves had been talking about the 'virgin' who enrolled at the academy.

"Arden, you coming?" Tessa asked, snapping me out of my thoughts.

I nodded and followed after her. The classroom was even better than I had imagined. Or maybe I had just grown accustomed to the worn-out interior of the Hades dorm. It had a new yet antique feel. All the facilities were modern, but the design itself appeared quite classic.

I recognized some familiar faces in the room, although it seemed they didn't care about my presence. I was thankful for that. My plan to lay low was still in action. 1

Tessa and I took our seats at the back, both a bundle of nerves. We were about to speak to one another when the door opened and the room fell dead silent.

The scent of fresh laundry mixed with sunlight and a teasing hint of musk invaded my senses as soon as he walked in.

Alpha Cade Callahan.

"Cade is in this class?" the others began to whisper.

"We're so lucky. We have a True Alpha in a subject all about mating."

"We could do some real mating if he wants."



My gaze snapped toward the woman who spoke those words. Dang, werewolves were truly one of the most sexual beings on the planet, huh?

Cade searched the room for an empty seat. There were still a couple of vacant spots, and the people next to those seats began making more space, silently inviting the cold Alpha to sit beside them.

As he walked, my eyes traced his features. What a dangerously handsome being. It appeared that the Moon Goddess had taken her sweet time in creating him. The harmony of his features looked as if it had been sculpted with devotion, every angle carved for what seemed to be hours.

I snapped out of my daze, however, when he stopped right in front of me, his brows furrowing slightly. But before I could fully grasp the situation, he walked past us and took the seat directly behind Tessa.

At that moment, I felt like I could finally breathe properly. However, the peace didn't last long as the door opened once more, this time revealing Alpha Rowan Wrenmoor of the South. Gasps filled the room as his potent scent engulfed everyone's senses.

While Cade's scent was tame, Rowan's was blatant—an aroma you couldn't escape. It clung to the air, bold and wickedly intoxicating. Even Tessa stilled right beside me.

"We have two true Alphas in our class?"

"Have we maxed out our luck?"

"I don't mind that this class is in the morning, after all."

He stopped in our row once again, his eyes lingering where Tessa and I were sitting. For a moment, I glanced up, and his gaze held mine. It didn't waver. The moment our eyes met, he gave me a wink—



unapologetically bold—before moving behind me to sit next to Cade.

I heard Rowan greet him, but the Alpha of the North didn't budge. I stayed in my spot, ensuring I covered my mark with my hair. I had concealed it with makeup, making sure it wouldn't show, but I wanted to be a hundred percent sure.

"Good morning, class!" A middle-aged woman dressed in colorful frills entered the classroom. She had a wide smile, her red lipstick accentuating the curve of her lips. Her blush was heavily applied, but it seemed deliberate. It suited her well, too.

"I am Miss Lovely Loveson," she greeted, her name appearing on the board behind her. I held in the urge to gasp at the cutting-edge technology. "And I will be your teacher for 'Pack Psychology & Bonding' for the entire year."

"The subject is divided into two parts—Psychology and Mating. The first is more complicated, and since you're all newbies, we will focus on the latter topic for the first semester."

The class cheered, making the eccentric teacher chuckle along with them. "Hold your horses... or in this case, your wolves," she said. "I know you young ones are excited about this topic, and rest assured, I will do my best to teach you in a more... practical manner," she winked.

The room erupted into excited whispers. I turned to Tessa, who was quieter than usual, and nudged her shoulder.

"Do you think that's a good thing?" I asked.

She snapped out of her daze before tilting her head. "Hmm, sure. Yeah, practical teaching is better than plain lectures."



I chuckled and focused my attention back to the front, where Miss Loveson continued explaining the course's gist.

"With this in mind," she continued, "I will not be having a lecture for the first month of my subject. I want you to discuss the topics instead. You are all grown-ups, so I'm assuming you are not clueless about the mating process."

She then brought out a small, colorful box and began shaking its contents. "I will divide you into groups of four, and a representative will choose a topic for discussion. By the end of next week, I want you to give me and the class a comprehensive presentation. Then, right after, we'll have a quiz on everybody's presentation."

As most of the wolves who made it in Elite were intellectuals, no complaints arose across the room.

Just then, a short-haired woman raised her hand. "Can we choose our groups?"

Miss Loveson smiled, a suspicious glint in her eyes. "As much as I value autonomy, I also believe in stepping out of your comfort zone. I will be choosing the groups," she said, her tone not leaving any room for argument.

"There are four columns with eight rows each. You will be grouped according to your seats, which will be permanent, by the way."

Tessa and I visibly froze when everyone turned toward us, jealousy burning in their eyes. However, at that moment, I was willing to give up my seat for literally anybody else.

I slowly turned around, already feeling breathless despite not having done anything strenuous. The two Alphas radiated overwhelming auras,



and I couldn't even look at them for more than ten seconds. How much more if we actually started working for this project?

"So, we're in a single group, huh?" Rowan said, leaning on his elbow and meeting my gaze.