

## Hell School

\*\*Elowen POV\*\*

Waking up between a possessive werewolf and a snarky ancient vampire should've been overwhelming. But honestly? It was bliss.

Daxon had one arm draped across my waist, his massive body wrapped around mine like I was something breakable. Ash was behind me, spooning in like it was his goddamn birthright, his hand tangled with mine on my stomach. They were warm, safe, mine... and for the first time in days, my heart wasn't racing from panic.

Just... love. And maybe a little residual pride over my epic takedown of Jace yesterday.

"You're thinking too loud," Ash murmured against my neck, his voice still husky with sleep.

"You're both still clinging to me like I'm a teddy bear."

"Would you prefer a teddy bear that growls and bites?" Daxon asked, not bothering to open his eyes.

I snorted. "I'm not complaining. But we're gonna be late if we don't get up."

Ashrian groaned dramatically while Dax grumbled like an old man, but eventually, we all dragged ourselves out of bed, showered, dressed, and

made our way down to the main hall for breakfast.

The pack was already gathering when we walked in. I waved to Jace, who was double fisting bacon and clearly thriving. The moment we sat down, Rylen and Taya burst through the doors like a damn rom com slow motion scene.

Taya's face was glowing, not metaphorically. Actually glowing.

A shimmering silver vine tattoo now curled along her collarbone and down her arm, paired with the matching one dancing across Rylen's chest, visible beneath his unbuttoned shirt like he wanted everyone to see it.

The room exploded in excitement. "Oh my goddess!" Luna Queen Aelira gasped, hands covering her mouth as she stood. Alpha King Draven rose beside her, face split in a rare grin. "It's true. A second fated pair. Unbelievable."

"I knew it!" I cried, standing to hug Taya as she all but ran at me, both of us squealing like idiots. Daxon and Rylen slapped hands in that bro style greeting, and even Ash offered a respectful nod Rylen's way.

After all the clapping and howling calmed down, the kitchen staff brought out trays of eggs, bacon, fresh bread, fruit, and more caffeine than should be legal. We settled into our seats while the buzz still rippled through the room.

Alpha King Draven stood and tapped his fork to his glass, his voice calm

but serious.

"We've seen two fated bonds form in under a month. Two rare, ancient bonds, when most wolves go their whole lives without finding one." He paused, scanning the table. "It begs the question... why now?"

Ashrian folded his arms, brows furrowed. "Because the prophecy is unfolding. Magic is stirring. The world's shifting."

"Exactly," King Draven said. "If fated bonds are returning, what does that mean for the rest of us? For our kind?"

Taya tilted her head. "Maybe more fated mate pairs will find each other."

I swallowed, my heart racing. "But if they're returning now... maybe it's because we have to unite. Because of the war coming. Because the world needs us together."

Ash nodded slowly. "The prophecy said she would howl the world back together."

King Draven rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Then perhaps it's time we test the theory. I propose we host a gathering, invite the other wolf packs. Let the unmated gather, let the energy flow."

"Like a mate finding festival?" Jace said with a smirk. "Do we get name tags and punch bowls?"

King Draven chuckled. "Something like that. But also... a show of unity."

Strength. We need allies. And if fated bonds form, all the better. We will be better protected against the Aegis Protocol that's for sure with that many wolves here."

Everyone clapped and nodded in agreement and Alpha King Draven smiled kindly. "It is settled then. We will begin planning!"

Lyssi chimed in my head, "I love our pack." I smiled in complete agreement. I looked around at my people, my pack, my mates, my best friend. And for the first time, it didn't feel like I was barely hanging on. It felt like I was exactly where I was meant to be.

Even if I had no idea what the hell I was doing. I can learn as I go.

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**\*\*Day One of Hell School\*\***

**\*\*Elowen POV\*\***

Ashrian stood at the front of the room like a dark academic god, marker in one hand, a literal staff in the other. Behind him, two new instructors stood waiting, a no nonsense woman with silver streaked braids named Professor Calla and a massive bearded human man who smelled like pine and sarcasm called Professor Glendale.

"This will be hell," Ash announced, turning to face us. "Congratulations, you're all about to get smarter or die trying."

Lyssira snarked, "I vote smarter. Then hotter. Then ruling the world."

I sighed internally. "Can we just pass English first, please?"

Rylen slouched beside me, his long legs stretched out like he had no intention of behaving. Taya sat on the other side, her cheeks still glowing from the bond mark. Jace was behind us, already doodling on the corner of his notes. Daxon had a front row seat, his posture military straight, taking this like it was war. Of course.

Professor Calla snapped her fingers. "Focus up. We're starting with political history, werewolf pack structure, ancient treaties, failed peace accords, and the collapse of the council system."

An hour later, I felt like my brain was leaking. By lunch, we were knee deep in theories about inter pack diplomacy and Rylen had been scolded twice for snarking about the council being a "glorified circle jerk."

"I'm not wrong," he muttered. "They never got anything done."

Lyssira cackled and purred, "If he wasn't already mated, I'd suggest making him bite you."

I scoffed, "Shut it. Weirdo."

We moved on to chemistry next, taught by Glendale, who threw chalk at Jace when he zoned out and made us do chemical bonding equations until my eyes crossed. Taya actually enjoyed it. Daxon nailed every question. I guessed half the time, but somehow didn't fail.

By dinner, I was fried. We all slept like the dead.

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**\*\*Day Two of Learn or Die Trying\*\***

I woke up sore, mentally and physically, and Lyssira was still muttering formulas in my head. "Carbon, hydrogen, silver...wait, that's us."

Ash doubled down on the second day with math, logic, and advanced history. Rylen actually took notes. Jace started competing with Daxon for top scores. Taya, bless her academic heart, helped me sneak study guides under the table.

By mid afternoon, we were each called to the front of the room to deliver a short summary of how fated mates may have been impacted by magical divergence. Rylen's theory? "Magic used to weave everything together. But the species separated. So now fate's like...a broken radio signal."

Taya beamed at him. "Smart and hot."

Jace fake gagged. Daxon didn't even look up. Ash just wrote something down. "Interesting. Continue."

By the time we hit English and grammar, I wanted to throw my textbook across the room. But Ash made it fun somehow, turning it into magical interpretation and spell linguistics. "You'll need to understand both Latin and ancient wereglyphs," he said. "Especially you, Elowen."

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"Why me?"

"You're the prophecy girl. Prophecies are never written in emoji."

Lyssira muttered sarcastically, "He's not wrong."

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**\*\*Day Three of Hell School\*\***

This time, breakfast came with nerves. We were all on edge, even Rylen who had mastered the art of fake chill. Tests were coming.

Professor Calla threw essays at us like weapons. Glendale timed us on math problems. Ashrian stood over me while I translated three spell runes and then made me write one of my own.

"You're capable of more than you know," he whispered, his fingers brushing my wrist as I cast. "Stop doubting."

Lyssira drooled, "Sexy praise kink alert." My cheeks burned. "NOT the time." In between sessions, we still joked and whispered. Jace dared Rylen to write his entire history paper in haiku. He actually did.

"Five species are doomed, Without her, we burn or freeze, Thanks for all the stress."

Taya laughed so hard she choked on her tea. After dinner, Alpha King Draven handed out final results. We all passed. He clapped and beamed at us all like a proud dad. Every single one of us tested out, three days of

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brutal learning crushed under caffeine, chaos, and cosmic level motivation.

We were ready.

For whatever came next.

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