

Training Montage

Day One Battle Training

Elowen POV

The second our boots hit the gravel of the training yard again, Lyssira perked up in my mind like a damn caffeine addicted squirrel. "Training day, baby. Let's show these alphas how it's really done."

I rolled my eyes. "Can we not get ourselves killed today?"

She mumbled, "That depends. Are we using the sexy blood magic or the dramatic silver one?"

I rolled my eyes, again. "I hate you."

She snorted. "Liar. You love me. Now stretch those thighs, bitch, we're about to pop off."

The whole crew was assembled. Rylen, Jace, and Daxon were over near the sparring mats with King Draven's elite warriors, already sweaty and glistening in a way that made focusing difficult. Taya was with them also, looking like a fire haired snack. Ash was waiting near the edge of the field with his arms crossed and a glint in his eyes that screamed challenge accepted. "Ready?" he asked.

"Born ready," I lied. We started with summoning again, moon magic first. My hands glowed silver on command now, the lunar warmth buzzing

through my bloodstream like a drug I hadn't known I was addicted to. Ash made me shape it, control it, then toss it like a damn frisbee through a ring of floating runes.

Lyssira practically purred. "Okay hotshot, I see you."

When we moved into blood magic, I was way more cautious. But Ash was patient, explaining again how blood magic responded to intent. Anger. Protection. Love. The blood wasn't the danger, it was the uncontrolled emotions behind it.

"I trust you," he said quietly when I hesitated.

So I did it. My palms split open without pain, and red threads shimmered like silk between my fingers before coalescing into a whip of pure energy. It cracked like lightning and hit the target dead center.

"Damn," Ash muttered. Lyssira howled with glee. "That's my girl! BLOOD BITCH POWER ACTIVATE!"

I groaned. "We need to talk about your enthusiasm levels."

Across the field, the guys were getting wrecked and loving every second. Daxon was tossing a two handed axe like a damn berserker. Rylen wrestled one of the elite wolves into the mud. Jace was flipping like a gymnast on steroids. But the real shock came when Taya's hands lit up silver.

Everyone froze. I squealed. Lyssi howled in my mind.

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Moon magic. Ash and I exchanged a look, and I jogged over just in time to see her staring at her fingers like they'd grown boobs.

"What the actual fuck?" she said, blinking.

"Taya," I grinned, "welcome to the weirdo club."

Lyssira laughed maniacally, "Ohhhh Zuki's gonna lose her shit."

****Day Two of Training****

****Taya POV****

Zuki was full blown vibrating in my skull. "You're the chosen one, bitch! Channel the moon! Howl louder! Flash them your glowing tits!"

I huffed in frustration, "You are not helping!"

Zuki snarked, "Yes I am. You're a healer. A battle babe. A moon blessed mama! Now cast something and stop being cute about it!"

The entire pack had heard about my little glowing moment the day before, and now I had Luna Queen Aelira herself supervising while Ash and Elowen worked nearby. Rylen looked like I'd just given him the winning lottery numbers and a blowjob. Simultaneously.

"I knew it," he whispered before training started. "I knew you were more than just stunning and fierce."

I beamed. Then I turned and accidentally healed a sprained ankle just by touching one of the elite warriors.

"...Oops?"

Aelira lost her mind. "You're a healer," she said breathlessly. "A real one. We haven't seen one in generations."

Zuki howled with pride. "That's right, peasant bitches! Bow before my magical glory!"

Meanwhile, Elowen was now controlling both types of magic like a goddess in gym clothes. I caught her doing a spinning combo with silver and crimson that looked like something out of a fae war movie.

Zuki sighed in adoration. "Look at our sister go. Damn. She's gonna save the whole realm and look hot doing it."

I grinned and nodded in agreement. "Honestly? Facts."

Jace, Dax, and Rylen were also leveling up like mad. Jace learned to use dual daggers, Rylen beat a warrior twice his size, and Dax actually bowed to his instructor by the end of the day instead of growling. By nightfall, we were bruised, sweaty, glowing, and fucking unstoppable.

Back at the keep, Rylen pulled me aside and whispered, "I've never been prouder of anyone in my life."

I kissed him so hard his toes curled. Because I wasn't just strong. I was

moon touched.

And I was ready to burn down the fucking world if anyone came for us.

****Elowen POV****

The sky was still barely pink when Ashrian dragged Taya and me to the training circle with a look that said he was about to commit war crimes in the name of education. Taya was bouncing in excitement, and I was sipping the last of my tea and praying I didn't have to hold anyone's intestines in today.

"Healing magic lesson time," Ash said with a smug smile that immediately made my stomach drop.

Lyssira wrinkled her nose. "I don't like that face. That face means violence."

I giggled. "It always means violence."

Ash turned to Jace, who had the worst poker face in history. "You volunteered," Ash reminded him.

"No, I fucking didn't," Jace muttered, clearly betrayed. "I was bribed with waffles."

"Same thing," Ash replied smoothly.

Taya tried to look concerned but failed miserably. "This is for the greater good."



Zuki crooned, "Sacrifice the pretty one!"

I huffed a laugh and a snort at the same time. "You are even worse than Lyssira."

Zuki gasped in delight, "Thank you!"

Jace sighed dramatically, but to his credit, he rolled up his sleeve and held out his hand. "Make it quick, prince charming." Ash nodded and promptly snapped Jace's pinky.

The crack echoed. Jace let out a string of curses that would've made a demon cry.

Lyssira purred "I like him."

I knelt beside Jace and hovered my hands over his finger. Moonlight shimmered at my fingertips, cool and calming. I focused hard, pulling from that quiet place inside where my magic lived. Slowly, the bone knitted back together.

Taya took the next round, healing a gash on Jace's arm after Ash dragged a dagger across his forearm.

"You need a new hobby," Jace muttered to Ash through clenched teeth. "One that doesn't involve maiming me. Ever think of knitting?"

Ash grinned. "Knitting's for destruction. This is for growth."

Taya's healing was warmer than mine, like sunlight and honey. Jace visibly

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relaxed as his skin closed up, leaving no trace of the wound. "Damn," he muttered. "You're really good at this."

Zuki grinned wickedly, "Tell him we can fix other things too."

Taya rolled her eyes, "No."

We practiced on him for over an hour, slowly escalating to bruises, sprains, and even a cracked rib. Each time, Taya and I managed to fix him, a little faster and a little cleaner. By the end, Jace was flopped across a bench like a melodramatic war widow. "I better get a cake for this," he groaned. "A whole damn cake."

Ash patted his head. "You'll get stronger. That's your reward."

"I want cake," he repeated.

Lyssira purred softly, "I'll bake him a cake. Out of werewolf tears and sarcasm."

Taya and I shared a grin, high fived, and flopped down beside Jace. Exhausted? Sure.

But we were healers now.



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