

## Episode 15

### -Alfea Classroom-

Morning sunlight bathed Alfea in a golden glow, spilling through the classroom's large windows. The Winx settled into their seats, ready for their first class of the day. The room buzzed with quiet chatter and the shuffling of papers, while Professor Palladium entered the room.

**Professor Palladium:** "Good morning class, today we will delve into the intricacies of transdimensional magic! Exciting isn't it?"

His eyes twinkled, brimming with passion for the subject—though most of his students did not share the sentiment. Across the room, blank stares and barely concealed boredom looked back at him.

"This type of magic allows us to manipulate the very fabric of reality, allowing us to move between different realms. It is one of the most powerful but also dangerous forms of magic, requiring precision and a high level of magical power."

At the back of the classroom, Stella leaned in carefully, making sure to keep her voice low as she whispered to Flora.

**Stella:** "Where is Bloom?"

Flora cast a cautious glance at Palladium before whispering back,

**Flora:** "She's still sleeping. She didn't feel too well after... you know."

At the front of the room, Palladium continued, his voice unfaltering.

**Professor Palladium:** "To assist with such complex spells, certain magical objects can be invaluable. For example, the sceptre of Solaria! It can act as a conduit, stabilizing the magical energy so perfectly it almost makes it effortless. Isn't that right Miss Stella?"

Stella's head snapped up. She hadn't been paying attention. Her mind raced as she scrambled for a response.

**Stella:** "Oh, uh, yeah! Totally a piece of cake!"

Palladium studied her for a moment before continuing his lecture.

With Stella momentarily distracted, Musa leaned closer to Flora, lowering her voice.

**Musa:** "Don't you think she has been acting strange for a while?"

Flora sighed, her expression troubled.

**Flora:** "I've noticed it too."

**Professor Palladium:** "For those of us without magical heirlooms to aid us, the spell is near impossible. But nonetheless, it is important we familiarize ourselves with it. Even I can't teleport to another dimension without the aid of a magical object, but there have been some beings powerful enough in our magical history who could."

Stella, no longer under Palladium's scrutiny, rejoined the conversation.

**Stella:** "Maybe she's just been upset about Valtor. The guy obviously has it in for her. The dirty little creep... I should have slapped that smirk from his disgusting handsome face."

**Flora:** "I don't know... I think there's more to it. Bloom is not the kind of girl to let someone get to her like that. I think something else happened."

At the mention of Bloom, Tecna's brow furrowed in thought.

**Tecna:** "I had a feeling something was off ever since you guys saved me from the Omega Dimension."

**Layla:** "What do you mea-"

**Professor Palladium:** "Ladies!

Palladium's sharp voice cut through their whispers, making them jolt in surprise.

"Care to put your conversation on hold and pay attention to my class now?"

**Winx:** "sorry professor!"

Palladium exhaled, shaking his head before continuing.

**Professor Palladium:** "Good, as I was saying..."

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### -Alfea Hallway-

Stella crossed her arms, her lips pursed in mild frustration.

**Stella:** "I can't believe I listened to Palladium of all teachers. His new look still throws me off."

Musa wasn't listening and quickly turned her attention to Tecna.

**Musa:** "What were you saying earlier Tecna?"

**Tecna:** "Well, when you guys saved me from Omega, I was talking to Bloom for a bit after we returned to Alfea. Sky interrupted us, and... I don't know, he just looked really annoyed. And Bloom didn't seem too happy to see him either. After, she didn't return for quite a while, remember?"

Layla's brow furrowed.

**Layla:** "Right... I just assumed she and Sky wanted to spend some time together, but now I'm not too sure."

Flora's concern deepened as she glanced at the others.

**Flora:** "Do you think something happened between them?"

**Stella:** "Well, one way to find out!"

She reached into her handbag, pulling out her phone with a flourish. With practiced ease, her fingers danced across the screen, and within seconds, the sound of a ringing call echoed through the hallway.

A soft chime signaled the connection, and soon, a holographic projection flickered to life above the phone—Brandon’s familiar face appearing with a warm smile.

**Brandon:** “Hi babe, what’s up?”

**Stella:** “Honey, do you know if something happened between Bloom and Sky the night we returned from Omega? She’s been acting a little strange.”

Brandon’s smile faded, his expression turning somber. He exhaled slowly.

**Brandon:** “So she hasn’t told you yet... I-it’s not my place to tell, but all I’ll say is that Riven beat the shit out of Sky for it. They’re still not talking to each other. Honestly, no one is talking to Sky except me these days. But, I think it’s better you ask Bloom herself what happened.”

**Stella:** “Okay, thanks babe... talk to you soon!”

Brandon gave her a small nod.

**Brandon:** “Love you. Tell Bloom I’m sorry about what happened.”

The Winx exchanged uneasy glances, the weight of Brandon’s words settling between them.

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### **-Bloom & Flora Dorm-**

Bloom sat on her bed, absentmindedly playing with Kiko, her fingers stroking his soft fur as he nuzzled against her. She looked up in surprise as her friends entered the room, their faces unreadable.

**Bloom:** “Hey guys, everything okay?”

Stella crouched beside the bed, her usual confidence softened with concern for her best friend.

**Stella:** “I think we should be asking you that Bloom... Brandon said something happened between you and Sky? We just want to make sure you’re doing okay, you really haven’t been yourself these days.”

Bloom exhaled shakily, her gaze dropping to Kiko. She ran a hand through his fur, avoiding her friends’ eyes.

**Bloom:** “I-I guess it’s time I told you all what happened that night...”

She hesitated.

“Sky...”

Silence engulfed the room. A ringing started in her ears, dull at first, then growing louder, drowning out everything else. Memories crashed over her like relentless waves—Sky’s voice, sharp and cruel, his words cutting deeper than any blade. The weight of his body against hers, the helplessness, the betrayal. And then Avalon’s voice, gentle but insidious:

*“You are different, Bloom. Nobody here at Alfea compares to you...”*

Her breath hitched. She hadn’t even realized she was crying until warm tears spilled down her cheeks, blurring her vision. The voices of her friends—urgent, angry, worried—felt distant, muffled

by the relentless ringing in her head. She saw their faces shift between shock and fury, sorrow and disbelief.

Then, a gentle touch on her shoulder. The warmth of Stella's arms wrapping around her, grounding her.

*"It wasn't your fault, you hear me? You didn't do anything wrong."*

The ringing finally ceased. The dam broke. Bloom collapsed into Stella's embrace, sobs wracking her body. She wept for her first love, for the betrayal, for the impossible situation she found herself in. And she wept because—despite everything—she couldn't tell them the whole truth.

Yet, as her friends surrounded her, their presence a silent vow of unwavering support, something inside her shifted. The crushing loneliness of the past few days lifted, if only a little.

For the first time, she didn't feel like she had to carry it alone.

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