

Chapter 85

Fiona's POV

"Will you shift this night?" Camila asked, and Fiona turned from the window, where she stood staring out, to her.

She nodded. It was essential for him to shift tonight under the full moon. She needed to gain strength, and this was the one way

the moon goddess made it possible for her children to do it.

"I need to, but this is the human world; I would probably be the only one shifting. The human world is more than welcoming for

our kind, but I need to find a territory that is conducive enough to allow shifting and hunting."

"We live in the city, but there are rural sides that are far away."

"I have to go there."

Camila held a look of worry on her face as she stared at Fiona. "Will that be safe, though?"

She smiled, touched by her continuous worry for her. "I am a werewolf; I can defend myself against any human that might want

to attack."

Fiona set out an hour later, and Camila promised to have the door opened to her when she returned. Taking Camila's direction,

she raced to the countryside, which provided the territory needed for her to shift. Though it wasn't hers, if she was careful and

calm enough, she knew no one would see or want to harm her.

She kept her focus on the moon, almost at its apex, and continued racing towards the countryside as she shifted into a wolf. Her

silver fur shone under the full moon, and she knew there was no way to hide who she was or keep attention away. It was one

thing to be a black wolf, like the males of their kind, and another to be a white wolf, like the females of their kind. The males

could hide away quickly, and the females could blend well into the night, but she was a silver wolf that shone under the full moon.

If anyone was outside, they would easily spot her and turn her into their prey.

She barely got those thoughts out of her mind when she heard a voice from behind. "Silver wolf, that is the first.",

She spun around quickly, moving into defence mode. She saw a red wolf, and this was her first time seeing someone like that in

her life.

“Who are you, and what do you want?” She asked, and her tone was anything but friendly.

The big red wolf behind her raised his hand up in surrender and said, “Calm down.”

She growled at him because of his words: “You do not get to tell me to calm down.”

He stepped back from her, his hands still up. “Fine, do not calm down, but I am not here to attack you. As you can see, I am just

like you.”

“Being a Lycan makes you nothing like me,” she corrected him.

“It is the full moon; I do not think we should be fighting. I am certain there is a crazy hunter who shoots first and asks questions

later; we should get to safer territory.”

That was what she was doing when he rudely interrupted her.

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Without answering, she took to her heels, running just as fast as her strength could take her. She was no match for the stranger;

he was already ahead by a wide margin, and she couldn't even keep up. It didn't matter to her; she was in no competition with

him, and she didn't bother herself.

She arrived at an uninhabited territory, and she knew this was a safe place for her to carry on with the rest of the full moon, hunt,

and kill. However, she was reminded she wasn't alone when she heard the clearing of the throat.

She turned to the other side and saw the red wolf standing there and staring at her. “I will assume you are new here, so I would

suggest you follow my lead.”

“Why on earth will I want to do that?” she demanded, and her eyes narrowed at him in a frown.

The red wolf took a step towards her, and for the first time, she saw him under the full moon and realised he was twice her size.

Yes, she wasn't the weakest wolf out there, but she knew size mattered when it came to Lycans. The bigger they were, the

stronger their abilities, and this Lycan was the same size as Julian, if not bigger. How was that possible? Julian was the Lycan

king and was the biggest, but if this Lycan was bigger, then who was he?

"Well, just like you are not as alone as you want to be, there are also others who are here. There are many like us in the world of

the living, and this is one of those places for them to shift. I believe you know that when there are more than two werewolves in a

territory, there will be a power struggle. Stay with me, and I will protect you the best way I can."

"How will you protect me?"

"I rule this territory, in case you are wondering, and I'll protect you by telling them you are with me."

"Why should I trust you?"

He turned away from her, "You don't have to, but I have no pleasure beating down a female Lycan tonight, no matter how much

she pushes me to."

Fiona felt chills all over her b*dy, and she knew that was fear. It was best not to push her luck.

She didn't ask any more questions and instead followed beside him like he told her to. She didn't trust him, but one untrustworthy

wolf was better than two or three. They made their way to the other Lycans, who had already shifted and stood as if waiting for

them.

"I see you haven't begun your hunting rampage," the red wolf said, and he sounded pleased.

"You killed Lian because he went on ahead without you the last time." A black wolf, almost the same size as herself, spoke.

"Ah!" the red wolf said as if just remembering, "Well, it is good you waited for me, Amor. We have a new Lycan in our midst. A

female," He said and stepped from before her so everyone of the five standing around could see her.

Fiona swallowed, and she was certain her fear showed on her face. She expected three, but they were five.

They were all big, massive wolves, all bigger than her except for one. The red wolf was the biggest of them all.

“She is silver.” A grey-haired wolf said.

“And you are grey. I think you will get along just fine.”

“What is her name?” another wolf asked.

“I forgot to ask.” The red wolf said and turned to look at her, “What is your name, little wolf?”

She hated the nickname, but she bit down on her tongue to stay silent. She had to stay on his good side; he was the alpha of these fives, after all. “Ona.”

“Ona.” He echoed it as if he had heard it from somewhere.

“Why are you silver and shining?” another wolf asked.

She stayed silent, unable to find the answer to give. After a few seconds, she opened her mouth to speak, only for the red wolf to

beat her to it. “I do not think she owes any of us that answer.”

His interruption saved her from giving answers to what she wasn't ready to.

“Ona, it is nice to meet you. I am Dion; that is Dexter,” he said, pointing to the one who, asked why she was shiny. “This is

Sante,” he said, and he pointed to the wolf that asked for her name. “The grey wolf is called Zayn, and these two are Colton and

Billy, and the little one here is Jasper. These are the only wolves in this territory. We meet here every full moon, and if you stick

with us, you will be safe.”

Fiona nodded, not finding the courage to speak. She had a lot of questions about them, though, like what their real names were

and why they were here instead of in the werewolf world.

Were they exiled as well, or were they born in the human world like her sons? She wanted to know how long they had been on

the city side. But, like Dion said, they only met during the full moon and might not even know anything else about each other.

Perhaps that way was better, and she wouldn't have to tell them what she wasn't ready to.

"It's time to hunt." Dion announced it, and the wolves howled in excitement. "Remember," Dion began, and they joined in.

"We are Lycans; we are not monsters." Then the five dashed off into the woods, running as fast as their paws could take them.

Dion turned to her, and she felt chills. "So, what do you think?" he asked, as if he expected her input.

After a while of silence, she realised it was not a rhetorical question. "It's okay. Thank you."

"You look so tiny; I have to believe you have been starving yourself from both food and nature, and we need to change that.

Come with me." He said that and took off ahead of her, and without having to be told, she followed him.

The night wind brushing through her fur and the earth underneath her paw caused excitement, and she did her best to keep up

with Dion's fast pace. He was also a skilled hunter and applied patience to every one of his pursuits.

She watched him for the most part and followed his lead; he was also attentive to her. He didn't have to be; she could handle

herself.

She was under his pack now, and so was his responsibility.

He gave her a few of his kills before letting her hunt by herself towards the end of their shift. She wasn't the best, but she gave it

her all and came back with a deer caught

between her fangs.

Dion looked impressed and didn't downplay her effort. She felt pride that she still had it in her despite everything. She had him to

thank for that. When she had thought about tonight's shift, she thought she would shift alone, but she was glad she didn't have.

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The full moon ended, and the other Lycans that had run off into the woods to hunt and explore territories returned, and Dion

dismissed them.

“Wait!” Fiona called to him as he tried to take his leave. “Who are you?” She asked even though it wasn’t in her place to.

He paused but didn’t answer her before dashing off into the night.