

Chapter 0005

Lola POV

The King and his (identical) twins are visiting each pack every 2 years. Our pack is due for another visit at the end of this year, if all goes well I will already be living in the human world by then and not get to get a glimpse of any of them. All for the better, as they would never let me any closer than viewing them from inside the house anyway. Although the Alpha is a kind man and would have let me join in the festivities together with all the omegas, Chris and his posse would actually push me down in the mud or rip my clothes right before the festivities. Sometimes he or his friends would even physically manhandle me, leaving bruises all over my body as well as a big dent in my ego. And the Queen b*tch Melissa would always be there to relish in my misery and would actually physically assault me. I could easily ~~win~~ ~~with~~ ~~her~~ as she isn't even remotely trained, just as the rest of the females in our pack (besides warrior daughters who get a light form of training - but nothing like the males). But as Chris and his posse would always have her back, I couldn't afford to stand up to them. Melissa and her cheerleading squad also assault me a lot without the males present. I would love nothing more than to show those weaklings my wrath, but if I did I would have to pay later from my tormentor Chris and even more so if they knew I was actually quite strong for a girl - I would pay double the price.

I just needed to remain focused on school and get out of here as planned. After homework I continue to read in the Lycan book. There used to be a lot more Lycans than there are today and, as they are super strong and actually live a lot longer than normal wolves, it's hard to picture why their numbers have decreased so much. Upon reading further I learn exactly why this is though, many of them have struggled to their fated mates. Apparently, for Lycans it's way ~~more~~ ~~important~~ ~~than~~ it is for normal werewolves and the connection runs even deeper. Once one has found their mate it is practically unbearable to live without. Opposed to normal werewolves who can still easily reject each other, which happens quite frequently actually, when a ranked member isn't happy about being mated to a lower rank member. I know it might be easy for me to think, as I am not a ranked member myself, but to me the whole ordeal seems utterly stupid. The moon goddess has good reasons to pair wolves together, reasons we can't fathom ourselves. With as many wolves as today who are neglecting her choice just like that we are weakening our species, although the ranked members will disagree with me on that. That being said, I might not be one to talk as I have very strong thoughts on not wanting a mate myself. But that is because I know what males are like.

I read a bit more in my book and also learn that many Lycans throughout the year have either died without ~~finding~~ ~~their~~ ~~mate~~ or have taken a normal werewolf as a chosen mate, which combined together has led to the vast decline in their numbers. Which makes me think though - the royal family are all pure Lycans - they must be very fortunate to all have found their mates. But then again, they travel all over the country and have all the means to search everywhere, unlike many others, so it really isn't such a big surprise that ~~they~~ ~~found~~ ~~their~~ ~~mates~~ I guess. The book doesn't state how many pure Lycans are left, I could look it up online but I wonder if the number would even be accurate. I mean how does one even know if a wolf is a pure Lycan or partially normal werewolf? I decide to search online for the telltale signs of how to single out a pure Lycan, but I don't get much solid information other than that their wolves are enormous and pure colored - but so are many Alpha's. The search online only states that "one would know" if they encountered a pure Lycan. Well, that's not of much help.

Deciding it's time to call it a night I put away my book and head into the bathroom to brush my teeth. After having thoroughly brushed my teeth (I am very keen on that, unlike some other wolves) I head over to put on my nightgown, which is - as almost all of my clothes - a hand down from Nadia and way too tight around my chest, but I have to make do. It looks nice though, as it is dark green, silky and embroidered with some lace. The only downside being the fact that my boobs are literally spilling out up top.

I lay down on the bed and check my messages - I have a few from Nadia asking about some homework assignments and I have a text from Jason. He has been texting me a lot more lately actually now I have come to think of it. I check the message and it states "hey beautiful! Had a good run after class? I know I have asked before but I would really love to go on a run together one time. You know I train with the warriors and I see you watching sometimes - I could also give you some training if you would like to?". I tell Nadia and Jason I go running after class, while I really go to take fighting lessons but I don't want anyone to know. It may come to my advantage one day. Jason is right. I have been watching the warriors train sometimes. Wolves train differently than humans of course, so I thought it would be good to get some pointers on how they train, both in human as in wolf form.

"You know why I like to run alone, it's my time of day to clear my head from everything. But I would like to take you up on your offer of some warrior training though" I really would like some warrior training. And if there is one person to "expose" my secret to that I am actually quite certain it would be Jason. I know he would keep my secret to his grave if I asked him to. My phone beeps with another message "okay cool! How about tomorrow after school? We'll go into the woods where the patrols won't be so you don't have to feel embarrassed or anything ok?" "ok! See ya tomorrow!" If only he knew what he is in for tomorrow.