

Chapter 72

Emily's pov

A week turned into two then three and before I know it, it was an entire month.

Lamar continued to teach me about our werewolf heritage, guiding me through exercises that helped me tap into my wolf instincts and harness my abilities. It was both challenging and refreshing, and I could feel myself becoming stronger and more accustomed to the nature around me.

As the weeks went by, our cabin became the center of learning and support. Lucianda helped me understand more about the pure white breeds, and the problems of dealing with the council.

By the end of the second month, I was finally able to shift into my wolf fully.

"You're beautiful Emily," Lucianda said in awe as she touched my white fur.

It was odd to be in wolf form but I was sure I would get used to it.

Lamar stood a few trees ahead, smiling gently as a proud look swam in his gaze.

It made me want to whimper, as I felt depressed that Bryson didn't get to see me like this neither mom or dad.

"What's wrong?" Lucianda questioned as she patted my snout.

Her eyes dimmed when she realized where my thoughts had drifted.

"How about we go for a quick run? It will get you used to the feeling of your new skin." She smiled, rising to her full height.

"We're going for a quick run dad!" She yelled.

He gave a thumbs up and motioned with his fingers.

I wasn't quite good at reading hand signs yet but Lucianda was teaching me and I was sure I'd get the hang of it soon.

I believe Lamar was warning us to not go too far out.

"We won't." Lucianda responded with a reassuring smile.

Lucianda shifted into her wolf, her fur white but a bit darker than mine. She nudged me with her snout and off we go.

The forest was alive around us as Lucianda and I began our run. The sensation of my new wolf form was exhilarating and freeing, my senses heightened as I navigated through the trees and underwood with ease.

Lucianda was by my side, guiding me and making sure I was adjusting well to my newfound abilities. She nipped at my heels playfully, urging me to run faster.

We weaved through the forest, our fur brushing against leaves and branches, the wind rushing past us.

It was exhilarating and for a second I found peace.

The sun was high up in the sky, blazing down on us. The branches saved us from its brutality.

After a while, we slowed down and eventually came to a stop by a beautiful clearing. Lucianda and I sat down, our breaths coming in contented pants, our eyes locked on the beauty of the green sea below.

"It's moments like these that make being a werewolf so special," Her voice said in my head.

Lamar, Lucianda and I made a quick mind link between us that worked without us being officially in a pack.

"The connection to nature, the freedom to be who we are."

I couldn't agree more with her words, they rang true.

As we sat there looking out into the forest below, a peaceful silence settled between us. I felt a deep bond with my sister, a connection that went beyond words. We didn't need to speak to understand each other and I was amazed it only took two months for us to feel like family.

Eventually, we started making our way back to the cabin. By then the sun had already set in the horizon. Our steps were slower now, but the sense of contentment remained.

We wanted to stay to see the sun set and that we did.

When we reached the cabin, Lamar was waiting outside, a proud smile on his face. He approached us, his fingers making intricate gestures.

"He's happy that you're embracing your wolf form," Lucianda translated through the link.

I shifted back to my human form, the transition a little strange but not uncomfortable anymore. Lamar's eyes held a mixture of pride and warmth as he looked at me.

"You're growing stronger every day," He signed through Lucianda's translation. "I'm proud of you."

Tears pricked my eyes at his words, warmed by them. They reminded me of the last words mom said to me before she left and I wondered how she was doing now.

Did the council hurt her for helping me escape?

Was she safe?

My heart hurt knowing there was no possible way of me knowing if she was still alive or not.