

Talking to the Moon |

Silver Wolf

Silver Wolf

The leader lets out a groan, his head falling back onto the ground. "You've sealed our fate."

"Like you were about to do to the White Oak Pack?" I shoot back.

"We need a home!"

"Not at the expense of *my* home!" I move closer, dropping to my knees. "You should have approached us with peace, not war."

He laughs, a chilling sound. "You would have killed us instantly. That's what Lycans do."

"Not this Lycan." I drive the slim blade into his heart, watching as the life fades from his eyes. "I'll look after those who need it," I vow to his lifeless form.

While I was dealing with the leader, the rogues attacking Michael had managed to gain the upper hand, leaving a deep wound in his stomach. He's doubled over, mid-shift, when I reach him.

"Don't shift, Michael. Let your wolf heal you."

I start to chant the same words Jason had used for me in the hospital to speed up my healing. Michael loses consciousness from his injuries.

I mind-link the twins and Isabella to inform them about Michael's condition and the leader's death. I need help, and sneaking out isn't an option anymore.

Several rogues are closing in, teeth bared, and I realize I won't be able to protect both of us. I'm left almost defenseless, alone against the rogues.

Lumen's voice rings in my mind, "*Shift back, let me take over.*"

"*There's been enough violence. We need to give them a chance,*" I argue, but she's not backing down.

"Listen, it's over. We can stop fighting now," I call out, but it's useless. "Just shift and we can talk about what happens next."

They keep advancing, leaving me no choice but to shift. My Lycan traits emerge, and soon, I'm standing before them, my fur a shimmering silver.

The rogues halt, staring. Some have their mouths agape, others are wide-eyed. They hadn't expected to see a silver wolf.

I mind-link every wolf in the vicinity. It's a Lycan ability I haven't fully utilized yet.

They won't be able to respond until they're part of my pack, but they can hear me. *"I am Luna of the White Oak Pack and Lycan Olivia. You will have a place with us if you submit."*

Slowly, one by one, the rogues expose their necks to me and then shift back to their human forms. They whisper among themselves.

"The legend is real."

"A silver wolf."

"We're saved."

The twins appear behind me, looking at the rogues submitting to me. They seem impressed, smiling approvingly. They each place a hand on my back, stroking my fur.

Isabella is by Michael's side, tending to his wounds while we observe the rogues.

Jameson steps forward, using his alpha voice to command the rogues. "Pledge your loyalty to the White Oak Pack, its alphas, and its Luna, and you will have a safe home with warmth, food, and family."

The rogues expose their necks in submission once more.

"Say it!" Liam demands at my side.

Almost as if they've rehearsed, they all pledge their loyalty as instructed. One by one, their pack bond snaps into place, and their minds link with ours. I quickly shift back to my human form.

"Get dressed, pack what you can, and then head east. There will be pack warriors there to guide you home. You'll stay in the pack house until we can make other arrangements. Now hurry!"

I gesture for them to get moving, and most of them do.

A small male remains still. He's covered in bruises and appears to be no older than a teenager. "What's your name?" I ask.

“J-John, Luna.” He exposes his neck again.

“Why aren’t you packing, John?”

“I don’t have anything,” he admits, looking embarrassed.

“Not even clothes?”

He shakes his head in response.

“Liam, did you bring any clothes?”

Liam rummages in his bag and pulls out a pair of shorts and a T-shirt. “Here. We’ll find you more soon.”

“John, come with me.” I guide him to a tent and gesture for him to go inside and change. While he’s busy, I search for some clothes and find a pair of shoes and a hoodie. I reach into the tent and feel John take them from my hand.

“John...where did you get these bruises?” I ask, but he doesn’t respond. “It’s okay, John. You’re safe now.”

“The alpha would hit me when I messed up.” John’s voice shakes. “Do your alphas do that too?”

“No, they don’t. They’re good men and would never hurt someone like that,” I assure him, as he peeks out of the tent.

“Thank you, Luna.” He exposes his neck again.

“John, you don’t have to submit unless you’re given an order.”

He looks at me with wide eyes. “It’s a sign of respect.”

“No, John. It’s a sign of oppression. Please don’t do it anymore.” I try to convince him, and he nods.

“I knew the silver wolf would save us one day,” he says, hugging me.

There it is again, the silver wolf. I know it’s rare to have this color, even for a Lycan, but it seems to be even rarer than I thought. “Tell me about this legend!”

“Well, it’s a bedtime story my gran used to tell me when I was a pup. The story of the beautiful silver Lycan who had the strength and compassion to save those in need. Him—or her, as it turns out.”

He looks excited to share the story and starts gesturing with his arms as I lead him east toward the warriors.

“The silver wolf is so rare that most have forgotten it even exists. Few can match its strength and cunning.” He laughs. “That’s you, Luna. The silver Luna.”

“Okay, okay. Let’s not blow this out of proportion. See that guy over there?” I gesture towards Greyson as we approach the group of warriors.

“He’s a good friend of mine. He’ll make sure you get home safe. Go on now.”

Michael is being hauled on a stretcher by two warriors. He looks like he’s in pain, but his injury doesn’t seem life-threatening anymore. The accelerated healing of a lycan sure has its perks.

I assist the remaining survivors and discover that the women and children who managed to survive the rogue leader’s cruel rule are seriously injured.

It’s going to take years of emotional support for them to be able to live a normal life among us. It’s tough not to shed tears, but I stay strong and offer them a smile instead.

It takes a few hours, but eventually, we manage to get all the new pack members settled in the pack house.

I clear out my personal stuff from my room and move them into Jameson’s room, which is the closest to mine, and give up my room.

I step into the shower and let the warm water soothe me. It’s hard not to ponder about the silver wolf legend and wonder why I’ve never heard of it before.

The shower is quick since there’s a line waiting for some hot water. I hurry up, get dressed in some PJs, and hit the sack.

The twins are going to be up for a while since they’re dealing with the paperwork for every new pack member and figuring out which jobs to assign them.

They also need to start planning for building new houses for everyone, so they might not hit the sack at all tonight.

Sleep eludes me, and I toss and turn most of the night until I finally give up on sleep. I grab a pillow, snatch another one from Liam’s bed next door, and head to the office.

The door is slightly open, and the twins are discussing everything in hushed tones. I pause at the doorway and observe them for a moment.

They look exhausted but not once do they hint that they're ready to call it a night. They're determined to make room for every new wolf in the pack.

My heart fills with warmth, and I'm reminded of why I fell for them. They're selfless to a fault and always ready to lend a hand. They're strong, generous, and funny. They're handsome as hell and know how to satisfy me completely.

Even the bad parts, the parts that led to my rejection, are gone now.

"Olivia?" Liam's voice pulls me out of my thoughts. "Everything okay?"

I smile and settle down on the couch with my pillows. I yawn and lie down. "Yeah, just couldn't sleep."

Jameson tucks me in with a blanket, plants a kiss on my forehead, and wishes me goodnight, then Liam does the same.

That night, I sleep better than I have in years, with nothing to worry about and nothing to keep me awake.

I dream of a life with the twins, what I could have if I accept them, and how we can strengthen our bond together. I picture pups with dirty-blond hair and clear blue eyes running around and playing with the twins.

I'm finally at peace.