

The Lycan King's Army

Ylyanah

Chapter 1 Mind-link

Morgan, the Alpha's Daughter. The "Gifted Shifter" Series Book 1

Morgan

I wake up with a smile on my face—yesterday was the best day ever. Last night, I had my Sweet Sixteen party, and Mom had organized it to perfection. I’m not a girly girl, so pink was out of the question. Instead, Mom used a few of my favorite colors: indigo and maroon.

From the tablecloth to the decorations, everything was in indigo and maroon. Only our Pack-members were invited, just like every other year. That’s how it has always been for any party we have—whether it’s for me, the Pack, or one of my six older Brothers. Mom and Dad never invite members of other Packs. It’s an unspoken rule in our pack, one that has been in place for centuries, and I doubt it will change anytime soon.

The best part of my Sweet Sixteen was the gift from my family—a Harley-Davidson Fat Boy, custom-ordered in my favorite colors: black, indigo, and maroon. Even the outfit, helmet, and boots matched—black with indigo and maroon accents.

The jacket fits me like a glove, and the same goes for the pants, both made of a sturdy material—no doubt at Mom’s insistence. My helmet is my favorite next to the bike because Declan made sure our Pack’s crest was airbrushed onto it, using indigo and maroon. A Wolf lying near a water shore.

The boots have a two-inch heel with every possible protection feature, and again, I know Mom was behind it. But I don’t mind at all. Dad made me promise not to ride my bike until Ashton taught me how to ride safely. I had to keep a straight face when I made that promise. If only he knew I’d been riding Ashton’s bike for six months already.

My name is Morgan, and I am the youngest Pup of Alpha Tate and Luna Giselle. Like I mentioned before, I have six older Brothers. Don’t ask me how our parents managed it, but there are exactly two years and one month between each of us. To make it even creepier, we were all born on the first of the month.

We all spent our first year in the same room since Mom wanted the nursery close to their bedroom. But on our first birthday, we each got our own room. Everything was prepared weeks before my Brothers were born—Dad made sure of that.

The day before I was born, Ashton asked Mom why he didn’t have a baby Sister. Mom told him, “We don’t always get what we want.” He then asked her if she wanted a baby girl. She said, “If I get a baby girl tomorrow, I’ll be over the moon.”

Ashton and Dad had laughed their asses off, knowing for a fact that Mom wasn’t pregnant. Mom and Dad had been trying for another Pup ever since Landon was born, and Mom had been devastated when she found out she wasn’t pregnant a few months before that day. After that, she didn’t want to try again.

The next day, just after breakfast, Mom collapsed. Dad rushed her to the infirmary, my Brothers running behind him. From time to time, Dad felt the excruciating pain Mom was going through, and it took hours before our Pack-doctor finally came out to see him.

You can imagine the look on Dad’s face when Doc told him he had a baby girl. Mom panicked because nothing had been prepared for me, but she didn’t have to worry. Everyone in our Pack helped our Beta and Gamma females get everything ready. To this day, Mom still calls me her little miracle.

With Ashton being born in January, you can do the math—I’m a summer Pup, born in July.

So, I am the youngest of seven Pups and the only female, but my Brothers never treated me any differently. I might be Daddy’s little Princess, but I’m not a spoiled brat. Mom and Dad provide us with everything we need, but if we want anything extra, we have to work for it—something we’ve always accepted without argument.

I get out of bed and take a shower. As I wash my hair, I think about what to do today. Dad gave me the day off, figuring I’d sleep in after my party. And while I did wake up later than usual, it’s still early. First thing on my list—breakfast. My stomach rumbles in agreement.

I grab my training outfit from my closet, even though I don’t have training today. I’ll go through my routine on my own, since our Gamma probably isn’t expecting me. As I step out of my room, I realize something—it’s too quiet.

This is usually the time of day when everyone is rushing around. Dad hurrying out the door for his morning meeting, Ashton trailing behind him, and Mom calling after them to be on time for lunch. My other Brothers scrambling to make it to training, with Mom yelling for them to be back on time for lunch. The only one who never rushes anywhere is me.

But today, it’s eerily silent. Even our Omega isn’t in the kitchen. I am glad I can make my own breakfast.

I sit at the kitchen island with my meal and coffee, still wondering why no one is around. After finishing my coffee, I rinse my dishes and place them in the dishwasher before heading downstairs to the training grounds.

Every Pack-member I pass looks a little confused. I have to stifle a smile—looks like everyone thought I’d be sleeping in today.

As I walk down the last flight of stairs, I see that Dad’s office door is closed. He’s probably in his usual morning meeting with his Beta and Gamma. It’s one of the few times during the day when his door is shut. I walk towards the back of the Pack-house—the fastest way to get to the training grounds.

Again, I’m met with confused looks. And now, it’s starting to annoy me. Why is it so strange to see me up and about? Other than my party last night, nothing unusual happened and that means I wake up at a decent hour.

I shrug it off and get to training. The only difference today—our Gamma is a no-show. It doesn’t bother me. By the time I’m done, I’ve worked up a sweat. Grabbing my now-empty water bottle, I head back to the Pack-house. This time, I’m greeted with smiles and “Good morning”s from those I pass.

The door to Dad’s office is closed, and this time I wonder what is going on. Normally, the door would be open by now. As I pass the Beta floor, I hear a lot of commotion, but I ignore it because I am in desperate need of a shower and want to be downstairs in time for lunch.

After my shower, I blow-dry my hair before braiding it. I decide to put on my light blue, high-waisted skinny jeans with an off-the-shoulder black shirt. I grab my boots to go with my outfit and apply a little mascara before heading out of my room. Again, I am met with silence.

I decide to check the kitchen, and when I walk in, I smell that no one has been here since I left. This really worries me because Mom usually comes up here to change before lunch. I walk back toward the bedrooms and I can smell that no one has been here either in the past few hours, which is odd because my Brothers always take a shower after training.

Right now, I wish Dad had initiated me into the Pack yesterday, but I understand why he didn’t—he didn’t want me to have a splitting headache during my party. Still, it would make things easier if I could link Mom or Dad. I’ll find out what’s going on at lunch, and I feel a little better knowing I’ll see my family in a few minutes.

I decide to check my agenda on my way down to the main dining room to see when I have my Mother-Daughter day with Mom, and I nearly lose my footing when I don’t see it scheduled for this week. I go through the agenda for the next three months, but I don’t see any Mother-Daughter days planned.

This is so unlike Mom. She loves our Mother-Daughter days and always plans them ahead. It’s her way of spending time with me, and even though I was reluctant at first, I now look forward to them just as much as she does.

I hear chatter coming from the dining room and slip my phone into my back pocket as I enter the room.

Every conversation halts for a second, but soon the room is filled with chatter again. When I turn toward our table, I notice my family isn’t there yet. I walk over to the buffet, place my favorite foods onto my plate, and grab a cappuccino before heading to my seat.

I smile when I hear Mom’s voice getting closer, but the moment she walks into the dining room, she switches to the mind-link as she looks at our Beta female. It doesn’t take long before I realize that all of them are talking through the mind-link.