

Talking to the Moon |

Lycan

Years have slipped by, and I've completed my training at the Lycan Academy. I've aced it all. I've never felt more self-assured and cherished, because here, no one sees me as an omega. To them, I'm just another lycan-in-training.

Leo and I have only grown closer over the years, our bond deepening. It hasn't been a bed of roses, but we've always had each other's backs.

I often find myself thinking about the twins and the pup I've grown to love but will never call my own.

Despite Leo being my mate and his unwavering love, I can't bring myself to remove my necklace. It's become a part of me, a constant reminder of my past.

Greyson drops by every month to see Clara. Their relationship kicked off with a bang, and they mated the night they met. But after a few months, their arguments escalated to the point where I feared they might not make it.

I've spent countless nights lending an ear to both of them vent about the other. They love each other, and I hope that's enough to salvage their mate bond.

After tonight, Clara will join the White Oak Pack, and I won't see her as often.

The night of my lycan ceremony is here, and my stomach is aflutter with nerves.

I've heard numerous tales over the years, but the one constant in all the stories is the magic of the full moonlight, transforming my wolf into a lycan.

My senses will sharpen, my muscles will become stronger and more defined, my wolf features will subtly alter, and even an alpha wolf will find it hard to challenge me.

With my training, both physical and mental, I'll become a true lycan, a fighter, a warrior.

Leo guides me through the ceremony and vows to stay by my side. He'll assist me in shifting into my lycan form. The transformation will be painful, akin to my first shift, but some say it's even worse.

I'm a bundle of nerves and excitement as I stand in the bathroom, putting the final touches on my makeup.

Leo has gifted me a stunning baby blue gown, with a side slit for my leg, a bare back, and modest cleavage.

I pin my hair to the side and let it flow loose at the back. I finish off the look with smoky eyes, light pink lips, and bare feet since I have to trek through the woods to reach the clearing where the ceremony will take place.

“You’re breathtaking, but that’s nothing new,” Leo leans against the bathroom doorframe and grins. He saunters over to me, wraps his arms around my waist, buries his head in my neck, and looks in the mirror. “I got you something.”

He retrieves a box from a drawer and hands it to me. Inside is a diamond bracelet; it sparkles in the light, and it’s beautiful. “Thank you, Leo.”

“Do you like it, baby?” He plants a kiss on my neck, sending a wave of pleasure coursing through me.

“I love it, but I can’t wear it tonight. It’ll break during the shift.” I spin around and plant a kiss on his lips. “Mmm, I could do this all night, but…”

“We have to go, I know.” He gives my ass a playful slap and heads to the door. “You ready, baby?”

“Yes and no. I’m ready to get it over with but not ready to go through it,” I confess, feeling a bit sheepish.

“That’s okay. I felt the same way when I went through it. Let me let you in on a secret. Once it’s over and you have all the lycan senses, sex is a hundred times better.

“You’re more sensitive; you can smell, hear, and feel everything, including your partner’s heartbeat, pulse, and every little sexy moan,” Leo promises, sealing it with one last kiss.

It sounds incredible, and I can’t help but feel a twinge of jealousy that he’s experienced all that during our intimate moments and I’ve only felt a fraction of it. Tonight, I’ll make up for lost time.

The ceremony is set to take place under a full moon in a clearing south of the pack house. The corners where the moonlight doesn’t reach are illuminated by candlelight, and Jason stands in the center by a large rock.

He’s holding an ancient book and several chalices filled with an herbal concoction meant to induce a trance during the most painful part of the transformation.

Clara stands to my left in a gorgeous white gown, with Greyson a few feet behind her. Michael is on my right, and Leo stands behind me, ready to assist.

Jason's voice reverberates through the clearing as he commences the ceremony.

"Thank you all for your hard work and dedication to serve your pack and protect those who can't. Not everyone who started this program with you is here today, and that speaks volumes about your skill and knowledge."

He picks up the ancient book and begins reading from it.

"A lycan serves others with strength, skill, and grace. A lycan strives to better themselves, their loved ones, and their pack. A lycan uses their knowledge and training to protect, never for personal gain."

Leo hands me one of the chalices filled with the herbal concoction.

"Please drink your tea," Jason encourages.

I down it all in one gulp, not wanting the taste to linger any longer than necessary. It's vile, but I don't have time to dwell on wanting to cut out my tongue to get rid of the taste because my mind starts to fog over.

I drop to my knees.

I'm vaguely aware of Leo's gentle touch, but my vision is blurred, and suddenly, I'm no longer in the small clearing with the others.

I find myself standing by the edge of a vast body of water, feeling the breeze in my hair and the cold wind nipping at my skin.

A large silver wolf emerges from the water and nudges my hand. I kneel down and scratch her behind her ear. "You're beautiful. I've never seen a wolf like you before."

The wolf gazes into my eyes and she feels familiar, almost as if I know her. "Who are you?" I ask her, and I'm taken aback when she responds through a mind-link.

"I'm Lumen, your wolf."

"Wow. Why haven't I seen you before?" I continue to stroke her soft fur.

"I've always been with you, even through the tough times, but regular wolves lost the ability to communicate with their wolf a long time ago. Most don't even know it's possible."

"I'm sorry I couldn't be there for you when you needed me, but from now on, I can. I'll always be there, in the back of your mind, ready to protect you," Lumen assures me.

"Is this a lycan thing?"

“Yes, and I know what you’re thinking. Yes, Leo can talk to his wolf too. His name is Pax; it means ‘peace.’ He didn’t tell you because he was worried you’d be scared of his wolf before you could do the same.”

“Can you talk to Pax?”

“Yes. We’ve mated, just like you and Leo, but only emotionally. Once we transform and I can take over, we’ll mate and give each other the mate mark.”

Lumen’s voice is filled with excitement. She can’t wait to finally be with her mate.

Suddenly, I feel a sharp pain in my stomach, and my bones feel like they’re shattering. I’ve felt this before, the first time I shifted, but this is more intense and lasts longer.

It feels like I’m burning from the inside out, and every touch from Leo stings. His voice sounds distant, whispering comforting words.

I grit my teeth, clench my fists, and wait for the ordeal to end. It feels like it lasts for hours, but then the pain eases and the burning sensation turns cold.

I’m worn out but manage to hang on a little longer.

“You’re almost there, Olivia,” Lumen encourages me, and then slowly fades away into the water.

The scene changes, and I’m back in the clearing with Leo, Jason, and my friends. I’m still in human form, and it seems that my transformation was mental but not physical yet.

“Hi.” Leo hovers over me, running his hand through my hair. “You made it, baby.”

“You never told me you can talk to your wolf, Pax.”

“I know, baby. I didn’t want to scare you away, but now that you know and you’ve met Lumen, aren’t you excited?” Leo asks, and then helps me up.

“That’s true, but I think we need to put this conversation on hold and let them meet in person.” I take a few steps back and start to undress. Leo quickly pulls his shirt off and moves on to the rest of his clothes.

Everyone else in the clearing is doing the same since we’re all eager to let our lycans out for a run. I shift into my new, larger wolf and immediately feel the difference from my old wolf.

“Olivia,” Leo mind-links me, ~“you’re a silver wolf! Do you know how rare that is? I’ve only read about them in old books. You’re beautiful, baby.”~

“Thank you, Leo.”

I start running, letting Lumen take control, and I move to the back of our mind. I see everything, feel everything more intensely than ever. Pax catches up with us and wastes no time in claiming his female.