

Shattered Dreams

As the Black family returned to their house, the weight of the evening's revelations hung heavy in the air. Alena, torn between pride for her wolf and devastation over the realization that Alex was not her fated mate, rushed to her room as soon as she entered the house, tears streaming down her face. Her mother, sensing her daughter's anguish, followed close behind, offering words of consolation and comfort in the face of shattered dreams.

Meanwhile, Elora remained in the living room with her father, still reeling from the shock of discovering her omega status and being Alex's fated mate. Desperate for reassurance and understanding, she turned to him, hoping to find solace in his words. But instead of warmth and support, she was met with a cold attitude that cut deep into her soul.

With a heavy heart, Elora attempted to speak with her father, to bridge the growing chasm of resentment that seemed to divide them. But he brushed her off with a dismissive wave of his hand, his eyes filled with disdain as he delivered his command: "Just go to your room and rest for tonight. We will speak tomorrow. Good night."

Elora watched in silence as her father retreated to the minibar, pouring himself a glass of whiskey with steady hands. The sound of Alena's sobs echoed down the hallway, mingling with her mother's soothing words of comfort. Alone in the living room, Elora felt a sense of isolation and abandonment wash over her, a bitter reminder of her place within her own family.

With a heavy heart, she climbed the stairs to her room, the weight of loneliness bearing down on her with every step. Sitting on her bed in the dim light, she couldn't help but feel the sting of rejection and neglect.

In the solitude of her room, Elora felt a presence stirring within her mind. With a gentle nudge, her wolf, Lina, made her appearance, her presence shy and tentative. "I'm sorry," Lina whispered softly, her voice tinged with sadness. "I didn't mean to cause you pain."

Elora reached out to her wolf, a surge of warmth flooding her heart. "Don't be sorry," she reassured Lina, her voice filled with love and acceptance. "If this is the Goddess's plan, then it must have a purpose. And no matter what, I still love you. You are my companion, and I am yours. We are a team, Lina."

Lina's eyes glistened with tears as she gazed at Elora with gratitude and devotion. "I wish my presence didn't cause you such suffering," she lamented, her voice filled with regret.

Elora replied to her, "Your presence brings me strength and companionship," she assured Lina, her voice firm with conviction. "Together, we can overcome any challenge that comes our way."

After a moment of silence, Lina's thoughts turned to their mate, a glimmer of hope flickering in her chest. "What about our mate?" she asked, her voice tinged with anticipation.

Elora's expression saddened as she explained the harsh reality they faced. "There is a high probability that we will be rejected," she admitted, her tone heavy with sorrow.

"Because we are Omega?" Lina asked sadly.

"Not only this; because he did not wait for us, and he is in love with someone else. He loves Alena." Elora replied in a low and disappointed voice.

Lina whimpered in sadness, her spirit withdrawing into a corner of Elora's mind as she grappled with the weight of their uncertain future.

As Elora succumbed to sleep in the early hours of the morning, exhaustion finally overtaking her weary mind, she found herself drifting into a restless slumber. However, her rest was short-lived, as the relentless pounding on her door shattered the fragile veil of sleep at around 8 am. With a groan, she roused from her uneasy dreams, her mother's voice filtering through the haze of drowsiness, "Wake up Elora, you have 10 minutes to be downstairs as we have guests. Move!"

Still disoriented and bewildered from the events of the previous night, Elora stumbled to the bathroom, splashing cold water on her face in a futile attempt to shake off the remnants of sleep. Hastily, she dressed herself in a plain summer dress, her mind still foggy with confusion as she made her way downstairs.

The scent of sandalwood enveloped her senses as she entered the living room, instantly alerting her wolf, Lina. Her gaze swept across the room, coming to rest on the Alpha family seated before her. Unconsciously, her eyes sought out Alex, her heart clenching at the sight of his constricted expression and dilated pupils that were looking in her direction.

"Good morning," Elora greeted.

Lina's enthusiastic voice echoed in her mind, "Mate came for us, go to him!", but Elora remained rooted to the spot, paralyzed by uncertainty and apprehension.

Before she could gather her thoughts, Alena burst into the room, her tear-stained cheeks betraying her emotional turmoil.

"Alex!" With a cry of relief, she rushed into Alex's arms, seeking solace in his embrace. Elora felt a surge of pain lance through her chest at the sight, a bitter reminder of the harsh reality. Though she had expected this moment, the reality of it still cut deep, leaving her feeling like an iron rod had lodged itself in her chest.

As Alpha cleared his throat, a heavy silence descended upon the room, anticipation hanging in the air like a thick fog. Elora's heart hammered in her chest as she waited for the next pronouncement, her mind swirling with apprehension.

"We gathered here because I wanted to discuss and clarify a few points following last night's events. Number one," Alpha began, his voice commanding attention, "Alena will need to undergo special training and education due to her white wolf. It's essential to help her develop her abilities and reach her full potential of a revered white wolf."

Alena grimaced at the mention of training, her distaste evident in her expression. She had always preferred the glamorous pursuits of socializing and spending time with Alex over any form of rigorous education or training.

Alpha continued, shifting his gaze to Elora. "The next matter concerns Elora's education," he announced, his tone grave. "I know, Elora, that you had aspirations to become a pack doctor and have maintained excellent grades. However, the pack will not be able to support this going forward."

Elora felt as though the ground had dropped out from beneath her feet, her dreams shattering before her very eyes. "Why?" she managed to utter, her voice laced with disbelief.

Alpha's response hit her like a sledgehammer. "As an omega, your role in the pack will need to be reassessed after you graduate high school. The pack is not supporting expensive scholarships for the omegas or for them to leave the pack's territory," he explained, his words like a dagger to her heart.

The weight of his proclamation crushed her spirit. All her life, she had dedicated herself to the pursuit of medicine, working tirelessly to achieve her goals. Now, it seemed as though everything she had worked for was slipping through her fingers.

Before she could voice her protests, her father's sharp voice cut through the air, silencing her objections. "Behave, Elora," he commanded, his beta aura radiating authority.

Elora felt a pang of anguish as she realized the implications of her father's interference. Until now, she had never been affected by the auras of those above her. But from this moment forward, she would feel the weight of their expectations pressing down on her like a suffocating blanket.

With a heavy heart, Elora swallowed her protests and bowed her head in resignation and submission.

As Alpha addressed the room once more, Elora's heart pounded with trepidation, each word he uttered sending a chill down her spine. She braced herself for what she knew was coming, but hearing it spoken aloud by the Alpha only intensified the gravity of the situation.

"The third topic I want to address," Alpha began, his voice solemn, "is Alex's mate. I spoke with him again this morning and his decision was to select Alena as his chosen mate."

Elora felt a wave of pain wash over her. Despite expecting the outcome, the reality of it hit her like a physical blow, leaving her pale and trembling.

Alpha's words echoed in the tense silence that followed, and Elora felt her sister's gaze burning into her with hatred. Determined to maintain her composure, she focused solely on Alpha, blocking out Alena's animosity.

"But, as you all know, I am a traditional Alpha," Alpha continued, his tone unwavering. "I always respect the Moon Goddess's ways. Considering this, I will accept Alex's decision after one month from today. Until then, he will hold himself back from issuing the rejection."

Alena gasped in horror at Alpha's proclamation, but he silenced her with a stern look. "A person needs to do careful consideration and deliberation before making such a significant decision. The worst thing in life is regret. And I want to make sure that Alex is 100% convinced by his decision when he will give up his fated mate for a chosen one."

After the departure of the Alpha's family, the atmosphere in the Black household remains heavy with tension. Ava, their mother, called out to them, her voice strained but attempting to maintain a sense of normalcy.

"Breakfast is ready, let's eat" she announced, her tone a fragile attempt to restore some semblance of routine.

However, Alena's disdainful response shattered any illusion of normalcy. With a sneer in her voice, she declared "I will not eat at this table while the omega is present," Alena declared haughtily, her words slicing through the air like a knife. With that, she stomped up the stairs, leaving a palpable silence in her wake.

Elora's gaze shifted to her parents, searching for any sign of understanding or support. Instead, she found only resentment reflected in their eyes, as though she had consciously chosen to be an omega, as though she had any control over her designation.

Confusion and pain gnawed at Elora's heart. What was wrong with them? she wondered, her voice barely above a whisper as she addressed her mother.

"I'm not hungry," she murmured, her words laden with resignation. "I'll eat later."

Turning away, Elora retreated to her room, seeking solace in the solitude it offered. Alone in the dimly lit space, she retreated to her emotions nally burst open. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she grappled with the pain of losing her mate, the shattered dreams of her future as a doctor.

Each tear that fell carried with it a weight of sorrow and despair, a testament to the overwhelming sense of loss that consumed her. And as the echoes of her quiet sobs filled the room, Elora couldn't help but feel the crushing weight of her circumstances bearing down on her like a suffocating blanket.