

Plans and Trips

As Alena nished yet another tedious tutoring session with the pack's elders, she couldn't help but revel in the attention and adoration she received. Having a revered and rare white wolf had elevated her status within the pack to unprecedented heights. She basked in the lavish gifts bestowed upon her by Luna Clara and Alpha Ben, relishing the privilege and luxury that came with her newfound status.

Alex's unwavering devotion and promises of a future together as Luna only served to further fuel Alena's sense of superiority and satisfaction. She was on top of the world, her dreams within reach, all except for one dark cloud that loomed over her perfect existence—Elora.

Despite being twins, Alena harbored a deep-seated disdain for her sister. She found Elora's demeanor clumsy and irritating, her goody-two-shoes persona grating on her nerves. Their relationship was never a closed one, but their distance intensified when Alena set her sights on Alex.

Once, Alex and Elora had been inseparable as best friends, but Alena couldn't bear the thought of sharing him with anyone, especially her sister. She had worked tirelessly to push Elora away, to ensure that Alex's attention remained solely on her. The revelation that Elora was Alex's fated mate had shattered Alena's carefully constructed world, sending her spiraling into a frenzy of jealousy and rage.

In her mind, Alex was the ultimate prize— handsome, audent, and destined to be the Alpha. Losing him to her own omega sister was a blow she couldn't bear. She would become the Luna of this pack no matter what.

As today's sessions ended, she was determined to find Alex for another hot round, but she felt a familiar tug within her mind—the presence of her wolf, Tara. With a sigh, she reluctantly allowed Tara to surface, bracing herself for the impending argument.

"Alena, please," Tara pleaded, her voice tinged with desperation. "You must reconsider this path. Alex is not our destined mate."

Alena rolled her eyes, irritation bubbling beneath her surface. "I've told you before, Tara. Alex is our mate. He's the future Alpha, the most eligible bachelor in the pack. Why would I settle for anyone else?"

"But what if our true mate is out there, waiting for us?" Tara persisted, her tone pleading. "We could be missing out on a deep, meaningful connection by forcing ourselves into a relationship that isn't meant to be."

Alena's patience wore thin as she snapped back, "Enough, Tara! I've made my decision, and I won't entertain this notion any longer. Our place is by Alex's side, and that's final. Get used to the idea as you will be Luna."

Tara whimpered in pain, retreating into the depths of Alena's mind, leaving her feeling conflicted and unsettled. Alena's annoyance simmered as she stewed over Tara's persistent pleas. Since their bond had formed, Tara had been a constant voice of dissent, urging her to wait for their fated mate.

But Alena refused to entertain the idea of settling for anyone less than the future Alpha. The thought of being mated to a mere Beta or warrior was inconceivable to her. She was destined for greatness, and Alex was her ticket to achieving it. In the end, Tara would have to accept her decision.

As she was already inside the pack house, she decided to visit her future mate and, with a big smile on her face, she climbed the stairs towards Alpha's door. As Alena entered Alex's room, the sound of the running shower greeted her ears. A thrill of anticipation surged through her veins, and with a swift motion, she removed her dress, leaving herself clad only in her underwear. She couldn't wait to be in his arms again, to feel his hungry gaze on her and his hot c**k stretching her hungry p**y. But to her surprise, despite his heated look and the growing tent under his underwear, Alex didn't approach her as expected once he exited the bathroom and instead, he started to get dressed.

"What the hell?" Alena exclaimed, her voice laced with confusion and frustration. "Why are you ignoring me?"

Alex turned to face her, his expression conflicted. "I'm not ignoring you, Alena," he replied evenly, but Alena could sense a tension simmering beneath his calm exterior.

"This is the first time since we got together that you've refused me," Alena persisted, her tone growing more insistent. "What's going on? You need to go anywhere urgently?"

Alex hesitated for a moment before speaking, his words measured. "Our actions are hurting Elora," he confessed, his gaze unwavering. "She can feel us through the mate bond."

Alena's eyes widened in disbelief, her anger rising. "And? Why do you care?" she demanded.

"It never crossed my mind that she can feel us when we are together and the backlash of it is painful," he replied.

Alena shouted in anger, "I knew it! You are a liar! In the end, you want Elora as your mate and toss me aside!"

Alex's jaw clenched as he shook his head vehemently. "No, Alena, that's not true," he protested, his voice tinged with frustration. "I love only you, but we shouldn't be cruel intentionally. I know you are not like this and that you actually care as she is your sister, but you are too emotional now."

Furious and hurt, Alena quickly dressed herself, her movements sharp and deliberate. With one final glare at Alex, she stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind her with a resounding thud.

As Alena sat seething in her new car, her hands trembled with fury. The mere thought of Elora complaining to Alex and him actually listening to her ignited a rekindling of rage within her. She knew she had to act quickly before Alex's affections shifted away from her, leaving her as the laughingstock of the pack.

Her usual methods of manipulation and intimidation had failed to yield the desired results, and she realized she needed to take drastic measures. Elora had to be removed from the equation entirely if she wanted to secure her future with Alex, as she realized that as long as her sister was present in the pack, there would always be a chance for Alex to look in her direction. Just then, her phone pinged with a message from Danielle, asking to borrow her pink sweater for the end-of-year school trip.

A wicked grin spread across Alena's face as a devious plan began to form in her mind. This was the perfect opportunity to rid herself of Elora once and for all. With a renewed sense of determination, Alena's mind raced with possibilities and plans.

"I'll make sure Elora regrets ever crossing me. Plus, she does not deserve to live in this pack as she already shamed our family by being an omega. I will do everyone a favor by getting rid of her." she muttered to herself, her voice dripping with venom.

With her plan in mind, Alena knew her first step was to appease Alex and ensure he didn't suspect anything was amiss. With determination fueling her every move, she descended from her car and made her way back to his room. As she knocked on the door, her heart raced with anticipation, knowing that her next actions would set the stage for her ultimate goal.

When Alex opened the door, surprise ickered across his features at seeing Alena standing there.

"Alex, I owe you an apology. You were right. We shouldn't be intentionally cruel to Elora. I've been thinking, and I realize now that you are right," Alena admitted with a low tone. "I am just scared not to lose you."

Her words took Alex aback as he knew how proud she was as a person, but he could see the emotion in her eyes.

At that moment, Alex pulled her into his arms, his heart swelling with affection for the girl he loved. He kissed her tenderly, "Alena, I appreciate your honesty. You're right, we should always strive to be kind. And I love you too. You mean everything to me, and you have no reason to be threatened by Elora."

As they embraced, Alex whispered words of comfort, telling Alena that their pack would be fortunate to have such a compassionate Luna. Alena felt a sense of relief wash over her. Her plan was off to a successful start, and she was one step closer to achieving her goal.

In the past four days, Elora felt an unexpected sense of relief wash over her. The pain of betrayal was absent, and she found herself cautiously optimistic. "I told you that mate would listen. Maybe he will change his mind as well regarding our bond," Lina, her wolf, remarked softly in her mind.

"I don't want to see you hurt, Lina, so please don't raise your hopes high," Elora whispered, her concern evident even in her subdued tone.

"Thank you for caring about me, Elora," Lina expressed her gratitude, a warmth spreading through her heart at her humans's unwavering support.

"We are a team, Lina, and I love you no matter what."

As she went down for dinner, to her surprise, even Alena seemed to be keeping her distance for the past few days. Perhaps she had realized that she had won, and that Elora was no longer a real threat. Despite the lingering uncertainty, Elora couldn't help but feel a small sense of relief at the temporary reprieve from the turmoil of the past days.

Her parents were still slightly cold, but she could see them trying to accept the reality that they had an omega in the family.

Sitting at the dining table, Elora's mother brought up the topic of packing for the annual school trip scheduled for the next day. Alena nodded enthusiastically, already envisioning the fun-filled adventure ahead. However, when the question was directed at Elora, she hesitated before reluctantly admitting that she had no plans to go.

Her mother and father exchanged glances before her father spoke up, "Elora, this is the last school trip you'll ever have the chance to go on. Besides, with your status as an omega, opportunities like these might become scarce in the future, especially if you don't find a mate with a higher rank from another pack."

Elora's heart sank at the reminder of her restricted future. After some persuasion from her parents, she begrudgingly agreed to go on the trip. Heading upstairs to pack, she couldn't shake off the heavy feeling weighing down her chest. She knew deep down that this might be her last chance to venture beyond the pack's grounds, and the thought left her with a sense of sadness.

The trip was set to take them a day's drive away to a resort nestled in the mountains, a tradition for the graduating seniors before they delved into their respective responsibilities within the pack. As Elora reluctantly began packing, she couldn't help but feel a mix of emotions—anticipation for the trip and sadness about what the future might hold.

In the morning, as Elora boarded one of the minibuses, she couldn't shake off the feeling of melancholy that settled over her. Gazing out of the window as they traversed their pack territory, she watched the familiar landscapes pass by with a heavy heart. The towering trees, the winding paths, and the serene beauty of their pack's land seemed to blur past her, each passing moment feeling like a bittersweet farewell, without realizing that this would be her last time seeing this landscape.