

Chapter 117 Esme

I had found University such a drain on my brain today, but one I was eternally grateful for. Anything was better than being back at our pack. Five years into my medical degree now, and two years left before I was fully fledged Dr, then all the pain and suffering and long days would finally be worth it.

The fact that after my training shift at the hospital I was collecting my cousin was just a stark reminder of the realities of the hells that remained at our pack on a daily basis. But I was not going to complain about seeing my little Lola. My best friend since we were pups, her visits were one of the highlights of my months when her Mum and Dad managed to sneak them in. It was a true shame she did not live closer. I don't know why I called her my little Lola, she was only a few years younger than me, and we weren't exactly kids any more. Though we were considered tiny in height so perhaps that was something.

I just needed to focus my brain for the last few hours of my shift and I should be ok, I tell myself. I have a few days off for Lola's visit, and we have lots planned.... pampering... nights out... lots of catching up as always..... shopping.....plans of escape.....

That was always a topic of conversation for us, ways of escaping our old fashioned, unforgiving, archaic, strict and outdated pack we had built up such a loathing for over the years. Our pack was not the standardly run werewolf pack. The current Alpha and former Alphas were very out-dated with their views surrounding women and mates too.

Fated mates are the mate you are meant to wait for, the mate that our own moon goddess has selected for you, the one that is perfect for you. Yet our Alpha prefers to keep all pack members within the pack and not allow members to leave, even when meeting fated mates, so in order to maintain this, fated mates are almost unheard of in our pack, and most are chosen mates or even arranged marriages set up by our very own Alpha or the parents within pack.

The women within in pack have very few rights which quite frankly infuriates me. I had to fight to be allowed to continue my education past high school. It was only because my teacher pushed for me to be allowed to college and University that I find myself here, that and the fact I have a Dad who is willing to stand up and fight my corner for me. Or else I would have likely been one of those girls at pack who was married off already.

Thankfully, I had been allowed to head off to University to do my Drs degree on the agreement I would return to pack to be a Dr at our pack hospital. And already I am five years through my degree, and time is most definitely flying by! But I love the course and find it so interesting to do, and love being away from the pack.

The freedom is amazing, the thought of going back when my degree is done terrifies me. The thought of going back to the constraints of pack, the restrictions being in place once more, and likely worse now I am older. It truly worries me. But I do not focus on that for the moment. My focus has to be my future, my goals or else I will crumble. I can't allow that for myself. I got here, and I still have a few years left yet.

A few years I would be cherishing, as my freedom here was something not to be taken lightly. Something that had not been given freely or easily, something that I had fought for and something that I thoroughly enjoyed since the moment I had arrived here. I knew so many of the girls in pack envied me for what I had been allowed. And understandably so when they were barely able to leave the borders of our pack.

But, this had been my childhood dream, everything I had hoped for, and I knew I was privileged to be living it, especially considering the pack I was from. They do not allow this for the women in our pack. Especially not women who talked back, who disagreed. I was lucky to still be here. I loved my university course, the people I had the privilege to work with and learn from, even if it meant it tired me out. And today I was most certainly tired! But the shifts always left me feeling proud and I leave feeling like I have achieved something. I had worked on the children's ward today and I love the chatter they give me, and the smiles when you make them feel better.

I truly loved the job I was training for, I just hoped that when I got back to pack they allowed me to continue in the role I was training for. Make my years of learning and qualifying worth my while. Because that could be the one thing that could keep me going in the hell that is our pack. The fullfillment that comes from the job that I am learning. That and being round my family. Something else I would get to enjoy today. My family. More specifically, my cousin. She was rarely able to sneak a visit to see me, so when she did I made the most of it, as I loved our time together. We always have fun. Always find ways to enjoy our time together. Always find ways to laugh - usually thinking of ways we could escape our pack, as we both truly hate it there.

I would most certainly be enjoying my weekend with my cousin. A night out on the town drinking, having fun, dancing the night away... something we needed. Something we always enjoyed. Quality time with my cousin, my closest friend. Time for fun and freedom...