

Lauchlan The Betrayed

The Matchmaker and Alpha Franco (back to the beginning)

1578 Words

Amora Amora looked up as she saw her grandson Franco, also the current reigning Alpha to the Silver Sable pack, knock on her front door, and then call out to her, as he opened the screen door and stepped inside. No longer did she live within the packhouse. Her Mate had died many decades ago, aiding an allied pack, as was his loving nature to help those in need. She'd not been there, had been the Luna at the time and was here looking after the pack, only to have to see many of their wolves feel their Mates sever, until that ill-fated moment when she too had felt her Mate sever from her. Her own son had been 31 at the time and training to take over as most heirs did. She could have reigned until he was of the pack's age of requirement to take over, which was 35, but she hadn't had the heart to at the time, and her son, he'd already found his Mate, so she had passed everything on to him and tried to bare the pain of the loss of her Mate. She had turned to studying the use of her foresight in her grief, in order to try and forget how much it had hurt, and had become very adept at using her ability of foresight. She had to focus for many years after giving up her title, to train herself to use it for a singular purpose; to become adept at seeing Goddess-Gifted Mates for wolves. She had wanted those around her to know of the love she had once felt herself, and she now enjoyed holding the title of Matchmaker for this pack. But she didn't limit her use of her foresight to just this pack. No, she wanted all those around her to be happy regardless of the pack they came from. So any from other packs could also come and ask her to foresee their Mate as well. They all had to abide by the same rules she had in place for those here, within her pack. Though she had some rules to go with her matchmaking ability, rules laid out by the Wolfen Council, which she had to abide by to stop acts of coercion occurring, something she was happy to agree to, she didn't want to harm anyone, just see wolves be happy like she had once been. Those rules were that she was never allowed to state the name of a Mate, to any wolf that was sitting before her wanting information on their own Goddess-Gifted. She was never allowed to tell them what their Fated Mate looked like. Not how old they were, not even if they were to receive multiple mates. All of those things should come as a delightful surprise to a Mate, something she agreed wholeheartedly with herself, and she was happy to keep those things to herself, even though it was required of her. She could watch the joy of those little surprises that happened here within the pack to her own wolves from the sideline. Though she could also see if one would be rejected by a Mate, her ability was good, and she could foresee a little way into the mate bond, about 10 years only, because she wasn't really interested in seeing the entire future of someone. She was not a seer and didn't want to be one. Though she had been told she could be one if she

wanted to go and train properly, it would likely take her 50 years or so to be trained-up and master the art of true foreseeing; but she'd declined the offer, just focused on the seeing of Mates. Amora did not interfere in anyone's bonds, whether good or bad, it was not her place to do so. Those broken bonds, even though she could predict it; were up to the will of the Goddess or the fate of each wolf themselves. She now lived in a small two-bedroom cottage on the eastern side of the pack, and had been here since she had moved out of the packhouse, something she'd done because it held so many loving memories, that it was just too much to bear. Now here was her grandson, Franco, who looked more like his mother than his father; who had suffered the same fate that her own Mate had. Her child too had died in battle, defending an allied pack, and Franco had taken over in the same manner, though his mother still resided in the packhouse. But her grandson, Franco, he was more cautious about jumping into and heading off to defend another pack for allied assistance. Seeing as it appeared to be that all Alpha's to the Silver Sable Pack died during allied assistance; it went back for generations. So, he wouldn't jump head long into anything without knowing who was going to aid as well, and weighing up the odds of his own survival. He'd changed a few of the pack laws, one being that his own heir and unit had to go off to the kingdom and serve a term of four years to make them better strong fighters, which would see them be better able to protect their own pack and their allies as well. He was going to train his boy to look at the odds and make a decision based on what was best for this pack, when allies were calling for aid. If the odds weren't in this pack's favour or there was a hint of him not coming back from battle, then he was going to be trained not to take the risk. She didn't think it was right. That wasn't how allied assistance was decided in the true way of wolfen culture, but Franco was insistent that his way was the right way, to protect the pack and see it remain happy and prosperous. Now her great-grandson, Lauchlan, who looked so much like her own Mate, Leighton, it was hard to be around him at times, those blue eyes and that blonde hair, his happy-go-lucky demeanour. Every time she saw him moving about the pack she nearly had to do a double take. She'd called him Leighton once, and he'd smiled at her. "Do I look like great-grandfather that much?" he'd asked. It was just after he'd gotten his wolf at 16, and he'd changed with his first shift. She'd just nodded at him and hugged him, "Spitting image." She'd stated, "Sorry great-grandson if I get teary looking at you at times, or just hug you for no reason at all." "All good great-grandmother," he'd stated, and hugged her back. He dropped by once a week after that and had dinner with her. Just the two of them. He was a good, kindly soul, and he was more like Leighton than Franco even in temperament. She knew he was going to be a good Alpha to this pack one day. He never prodded or poked her about anything, they just sat and chatted about his school life and, eventually, what he thought Alpha College was going to be. Never once did he ask her anything about his Fated Mate. He knew the pack laws and could abide by them with ease. He was also a young and very free-spirited boy. The girls in the pack liked him. Lauchlan was going to turn 18 in just eight weeks, and she had a feeling she knew why Franco was here. The man was a planner, and he likely wanted her to see into his son's future to see the boys' Mate. She'd had other Alphas come to her and ask about their own heirs before, and she gave them the same thing she would give their heir: a rough estimate of when they would meet their mate, nothing more. Though most Alphas did want to know if there was a rejection coming or happiness, she could see that, but didn't divulge anything that

was untoward, usually just stated "that is the will of the Goddess." The hardest part of her job was seeing those that were mate-less. It hurt her soul to have this knowledge and though in the beginning she'd told them the truth. Then informed her grandson as well, so that they could try and help them through the knowledge and assure them they were still valued and could take a Chosen Mate, reassure them that it wasn't their fault. Some of them were only mate-less because their mate had relinquished them back to the Moon Goddess, when taking a Chosen Mate. Or some had died before they could meet them. It was very hard for them to hear this, and so, in the end, she opted not to do that anymore, because she'd seen too many of them take themselves off to the kingdom for war. They just left the pack and turned themselves to battle. One had started a brothel out the back of the pack in a way of defying the Goddess herself, and many now had joined her in that place. So, no more did she tell them they were Mate-less she didn't like seeing the outcomes of them hearing it. Only a few had turned themselves rogue and vanished away into the night, but more often than not off to the Kingdom they went to never be seen again.