

Lauchlan The Betrayed

CH 11

Amora's Pain

1926 Words

Lauchlan age 25 It had been two years now since he'd returned home, and he'd completed half of his university degree, as had all of his unit. They'd been to many mating balls and still there was nothing for him, and he was becoming annoyed by this. Amora had told him after he'd served, and that was now years ago. His mother still looked at him with hopeful eyes as the moon set, with each passing mating ball she held. She also mind-linked right to him if they were in the home pack 'You're only young son, there is plenty of time yet.' 'I know that.' He would reply, and he did; they had very long lives. Though his father never seemed concerned about it at all. Didn't even look at him as if to ask the question. He thought his own father had more knowledge about his Mate, perhaps when and where even, considering he never ever brought it up. He was, it appeared, completely unconcerned about his own son and heir finding his Mate and bringing home the future Luna to the pack. He had told him just once, "Come on son, you're barely 25. Look at some of those Alphas out there that have to wait centuries for their Mate to even be born. "Patience is the key. It will happen when it happens, and pack law states you'll get the pack when you turn 35 and not before, so don't concern yourself with having a Mate or not. It doesn't define when you get the pack. Just use this time without her around to learn to run the pack properly so when it happens, there is a smooth transition from me to you." He'd then clapped him on the back and

walked away, like that was it. There was no concern at all. Not even any of his unit had found their Mates, and when he'd brought that up with his father, he'd just smiled at him. "Son, they're also only young, and some Alpha Units don't meet their Mates until their own Alpha does, or after he does even. It's going to be just fine," was all he'd said on the matter. Lauchlan couldn't argue with that one. It often happened like that, and it was put down to their Goddess trying to get them to all have pups at the same time for the next generation's leadership. "Son, only one quarter of the pack is un-mated right this minute. It's not a big deal at all, even they're waiting, some much longer than you have been, patience is likely going to be the key to finding your Goddess-Gifted is all." Lauchlan had nodded, it was all he could do, but he was also very unhappy about the waiting. More than half of the wolves he'd grown up here with inside this very pack, his social circle, were now mated off, and a fair few of them also had pups already. He'd been to mating balls here inside this pack, gone to half his father's allied packs now for mating balls as well. Some of those allied packs had even had unallied packs in them, seven unknown packs he'd seen in mating balls over the past two years, where each one had brought roughly 50 un-mated wolves, so many unknown she-wolves to him, and still he'd not found her. He made his way to his great-grandmother's house and took a fully loaded tray of breakfast foods with him. He'd noted over the past two years that she didn't ever come to the packhouse for anything, not even family dinners. That his and her own relationship since he'd gotten back was a little off, and she appeared to avoid him at times. Or that was how it felt to him. She also often declined to go on pack runs of late, something that was held here in the Silver Sable pack every

new moon, and was led by his mother and father, their two units. The pack then followed them in rank order for a full lap of the pack. It wasn't a large run, just something to keep them all connected to each other was all. She had refused the last two pack runs, stated once to himself that she wasn't up to it, and he didn't understand that at all. He'd tried to have dinner with her when coming home from university, and even then, half of the time, she declined to eat with him, stating she had plans already with her own friends. Another time. But it was now just too much for him to dismiss, because today was his birthday and he'd come home for it. He was actually skipping uni classes to be here to spend it with his family. She'd made up some excuse for her not to attend dinner with him and the family that evening. It was out of character for their past relationship. So he was going to go and see her and see just what was going on with her. They'd always been close, and he now felt that something was keeping them apart. He could see her light was on inside her home as he walked through the front gate, so she was up, and he called out to her from the front door. Amora appeared before him and she looked tired to him. She also wasn't dressed for the day or wearing her usual make-up and nice clothes. She was dressed in a long black dressing gown and her hair was roughly pulled up into a messy ponytail as though she'd not even brushed it, just yanked it up uncaringly. She was now standing there staring at him, standing outside her door, in the first snowfall of the season for the pack. Then she just sighed a little and held the door open for him, "Come in Lauchlan." She murmured and stepped aside for him to pass by her. He wondered as he stepped inside if she was ill? She didn't look very healthy to him, like most wolves do. She actually looked drained and tired, like she wasn't sleeping, and he could see she had

actually aged as well. That was a very odd thing to see. Generally, wolves only aged up to look about 40 in human terms unless, of course, they wanted to age themselves. Only now that she was standing before him did he notice that she looked to be about 60 in human years. "Are you ill great-grandmother?" he asked her directly as he put the tray on the table. "No, Lauchlan." She shook her head. "Just weary these days is all." "Why?" he asked right back, turning to look at her properly as she sat herself down at the table. "There are many reasons, I suppose." She answered with a bit of a shrug. "Why are you here grandson, at the first c***k of dawn?" she asked with a deep frown as her gaze settled upon him. "To have breakfast with you, it's my birthday, and you've already declined to come and join the family for dinner, which would be a nice outing in the city for all of us." He told her, trying to give a reason for her to change her mind. "Mm, sorry Lauchlan I'm..." she sighed softly and looked at him with an emotion that he couldn't read. "Just not one that leaves the pack anymore." "Why not?" he asked right back. "It's just dinner." He offered as he uncovered the tray of breakfast foods and sat down across from her. She looked at all the food, it was all of her favourites and she half smiled at him. "You're a good boy Lauchlan, I hope you'll take over soon." He frowned at that comment, but let it go. She probably just missed her Mate, who he looked like and seeing him in charge would likely remind her of the old days. "It will happen only after I turn 35, not when I find my Mate, you know that." "Don't ask me, Lauchlan, about her. I once loved being a matchmaker, but not so much anymore. It's draining my life away. To have some come in here constantly and ask me the same questions about what I've already seen. I can't change anything that I see." He nodded though was unhappy about

hearing her words, "Are you being harassed by certain pack members? Are they not following the rules?" he frowned deeply. She was an elder. No one should harass her, and she was also a former Luna and could, if she chose, put them in their place. "Hmm, not all abide by the rules." She answered with a shrug. "It wears me down, let's just leave it at that grandson. I'll say no more on the subject." He nodded as he watched her pick up something to eat. He was going to have to bring this up with his father. It was clear to Lauchlan that he'd missed it. Either he didn't see how tired Amora was or he'd not been down here to see her in a while. She'd aged a good 30 years in just the past two years. How was it that this got missed? "I'm just here for breakfast, nothing more. I feel like you're avoiding me, and our once close relationship is now growing apart." She just nodded without saying anything, just bit into her cream cheese bagel with blueberries on it. He ate as well. They both sat in silence, and she didn't really even look at him, just kind of stared off at nothing in particular. Zoned out, he realised. Lauchlan touched her arm gently. "Amora?" he asked when she kind of just stopped eating all together tears glistened in her eyes and then were falling down her face. Those blue grey eyes of hers turned towards him, and she blinked a few times in an effort to stop them and then dashed them away, "Silly old lady stuff." She waved it off and tried to smile at him, though she couldn't quite manage it. "I'd like to help, if I can," he told her gently. "You can't... no one can." She murmured. "Today for me," she sighed heavily now "has been two years since I told someone terrible news is all. It always hurts, every year, and your birthday just happens to fall on the anniversary of that day this year." He frowned at her now. "Wouldn't it fall on it every year?" he questioned. "No, it's not the date

grandson, but the actual day of the year. You celebrate your birthday on the same date but rarely on the same day of the week.” “Yes, because that’s how it falls.” “Mm, for me, it was the last Tuesday of October, today though is your birthday, it is also the last Tuesday of the month, and that’s how I recall the memory. A horrible day for me and the wolf, though back then it wasn’t your birthday.” “Oh.” Was all he could say to that. He couldn’t argue with that kind of logic.