

Lauchlan The Betrayed

CH 2

Franco Amora looked up at Franco as he stepped into her room, and she smiled at him but also looked a little on the confused side as to why he was there, but that passed after just a moment, and he was certain that she knew what he was there for. “Grandson, what can I do for you?” she asked, smiling at him and then waving him into a seat across from her in her living room. He knew this was where all those waiting to see her would sit, and that one of the bedrooms in this cottage of hers had been remodelled into an office-like room. That it had a door to the outside for those to leave the house as well, which allowed for the wolves that came to see her to be let out the back. None that came here to see her left by the front door. All of them were directed out the door out of that room, and back out into the pack. She’d wanted it this way so that in case it wasn’t good news, so that no others out there in the waiting area got to see their pain, a curtesy she afforded to all of them. Amora addressed him with familiarity and not formality as she always did, being his kin and an elder of the pack, who was liked and respected. There was no need for him to insist on formalities, and they both addressed each other in the family way, always. His son, Lauchlan, and the pack’s heir, would turn 18 in just two months’ time, and he would be here like all the others in the pack very soon. Lauchlan and Amora, he knew, were very close. They had a good loving bond. Here in the Silver Sable Pack, he allowed all

his wolves, regardless of rank, to be able to come here and have the matchmaker tell them about their Mate; or when they would meet them, but had put a rule on it himself, that they couldn't come to Amora until one month prior to their 18th birthday. That stopped her from being overwhelmed or seeing an unnecessary number of pack members on any given day. Today, Franco was here himself because he wanted a heads-up on his son's Mate, because his son was a little on the wild side at the moment; he had a different girl in his bed nearly every other day, for all to see, and Franco was a bit concerned about how his future Mate would see him. Or more specially if she was going to be one of the girls his boy had bedded, and walked away from for another already, something Franco knew could see a she-wolf reject a mate; Alpha-blooded or not. If they'd already slept together, and she thought it was going to be more than a one or two-night thing, and he'd moved on, tossed her aside, so to speak, there was a high possibility that she would just reject him. If she was royally ticked off about it, she could not only reject Lauchlan but stay here inside the pack and see her way to sleeping with many inside this pack. Just to hurt him, and show him how disrespectful it was to go sleeping around in front of a Mate. He'd seen it happen before. His own sister had in fact rejected her Mate. Who had been Franco's Beta for that very reason, and then she'd slept with his younger brother and a few of his friends. It had hurt his Beta, and though the man had learned his lesson and stopped his ways after that, it had not helped. Francine wouldn't accept him at all, because they'd come together, and he'd moved on after just one night with her, to one of her friends. Although she was no longer here inside the pack, she had been given a second chance mate; another Beta that hadn't even looked at

any she-wolf while waiting on that Mating Ball. He'd been here in this very pack when it happened and was already a fully-fledged Beta, not an heir, and the man was three times her age, and he'd smiled at her, bowed his head, and even told her "I was mated before. I have two children. They are older than you are, and I have many grandchildren as well. Is that a problem?" Francine had shaken her head 'no' "Do you want more children?" was all she'd asked, and he smiled at her, "I'll give you whatever your heart desires," he'd stated, and she'd accepted him and moved away. His Beta, Mal, had gotten to see it all. So, he'd tried to tell Lauchlan that his ways weren't going to be seen as a good thing if his Mate was inside this pack. But his boy didn't seem to care, he was young and just doing what all horny teenagers did. He seemed unconcerned about his ways, had laughed it off. "I'll be well-educated in the ways of s*x, and able to please my mate, when she comes along, won't I." He'd in fact laughed it off. Franco also knew that Mates were sometimes tricky to find, born into other packs that one was not affiliated with, so coming across them was not always easy for some. But he wanted the future of the pack to be seen; so he could prep for it and secure it. The boy's Mate might not even be here, she could well be in an enemy pack for all he knew, or off in the kingdom. He'd seen all kinds of scenarios over the years. "Lauchlan is turning 18 in two months, and I wanted a bit of a heads-up. Do you think you could see your way to giving me a little information? He's a bit on the rebellious and wild side right now, and I don't want for her to get the wrong idea about him if she's here, is one of our own pack members." Amora smiled at him and nodded. She didn't need Lauchlan to be in this room, just needed to put her mind to him. Having the wolf in question before her just helped her to focus better

was all. "Of course I could. Let me have a look. I'm hoping young Lauchlan will be very happy too." He watched her sit and close her eyes, and focus on her foresight, and then it only took a few minutes for her to state "Ah, there she is." and she was smiling after several minutes. "She is many years younger than Lauchlan. She also lives here within our pack and knows of him, but your concerns Franco are relieved. She is too young to know anything of Lauchlan's behaviour that would cause her concern or to reject him at this time." Franco smiled, now that was a relief to him, and there would also be no hunting for the girl. Just waiting for the day she would turn 18, and the full moon to follow it, so she could scent out her Mate. "Is she pretty? Have lots of friends, well-liked by those around her? A good family? Does she have a good bloodline?" He asked now, wanting more on the she-wolf that would be the future Luna to the pack. Franco also knew that because he wasn't asking about his own mate, that some leeway could be given to him. As not only the current Alpha, but also Amora's own kin. "Pretty she is, and she comes from a warrior bloodline," Amora told him. Not many got to get this kind of special treatment, but some extra privileges were granted to him. Amora was now, he thought, as he looked at her, actually focused on looking at the future for Lauchlan and his Goddess-Gifted, likely looking at how they would be for the first few years of their mate bond. She was smiling as she viewed Lauchlan's future. It looked to be that his boy was going to have a happy life and that pleased Franco. So, he sat patiently and waited for her to see what she was seeing and come back to him, to divulge information that was pertinent, but likely also didn't give too much away at the same time. She liked surprising everyone. After several long minutes, that smile turned to a frown, and

then a few minutes later it deepened even more. The silence had stretched on, and then he thought it was becoming uncomfortable in the room, and apprehension started to creep into him. He knew something was wrong, and he could actually see her starting to strain in the use of her ability. He watched as small beads of sweat appeared on her brow, and knew she was really pushing at her foresight ability; trying to catch what had made her frown in the first place, or understand what she was seeing.