

Lauchlan The Betrayed

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Lauchlan Age 23 Lauchlan and his unit were finally headed home from the kingdom, back to the human realm and to their pack after four years of military service on the North Eastern border of the Wolfen Kingdom, a place that was partially under control when he and the boys had arrived, and there was less warring there, than in some other parts of the realm. Four years had been enough for all of them, and though the place was partially under control, they barely had peaceful days. The North Eastern front had several packs near it, and there was a lot of dealings with interbreeding of species out there. Because that border backed onto not only part of the dark witch's territory but also touched on the dragon realm and the demon realm. Some of the off spring that came from those parings were un-liked by the wolves that lived here, and keeping the peace was hard at times, or keeping the non wolfen Mate and the children that came from the pairing safe; could be a real nightmare. It was his and his unit's job as peacekeepers for the royal military for that boarder, to keep the peace and protect those that needed it, regardless of species. It was a constant flow of getting in, and helping out or mediations to make sure those packs adhered to the laws and rules. But inter-species breeding meant that the off spring could traverse between the realms and territories, something they themselves could not do. Then there was also kidnappings and murders, the torturing of other species. There was also in-house fighting among the packs themselves, where one Alpha would allow a vampire or dark witch or demon even, to live in their pack. But another

Alpha would see it as going against the Wolfen Kind and not trying to bring the species together as one, which was how the other Alpha saw it. So, they would then bring war to the pack in order to kill the vampire, witch or demon they hated. Dragons were also known to fly from their realm and just drop from the sky and take a she-wolf or he-wolf for themselves and there was no hope of getting them back. Those creatures were massive, and their power was unmatched by any. Then there was the dark witch's kingdom itself. That place was a haven for all manner of nasty creatures, where all manner of deals were made, some to get Mates for themselves, some would kill others and some would curse those around them. Anything was fair game in that kingdom. Although they mostly stayed in their own realm. They paid the demons to do their bidding within the other realms and, so technically, it was the demon that did the crime, and punishing one of them wasn't possible for a Wolfen folk. They could not enter the demon realm. It was forbidden, only witches seemed to be allowed in there. They'd barely gotten rest at all in the four years on those borders, and even when they thought they were about to rest, they still had to go off and deal with the wolves in the encampments that were in need of pulling into line, or go and help deal with the rabid's that roamed about around the forests that were between the packs. He and his unit, Caleb, Dawson and Marshall, had really learned how to work together. As a proper unit defending each other, they'd learned how to fight four on one; all of them together to make quick work of the enemy, in order to move on to the next one. They'd learned to fight and defend not only against vampires but rabid's of all kinds. They had body armour to their most vulnerable places, that a rabid would bite; arms and legs they went for mostly.

Those creatures were mindless fighting machines that had lost their minds and had become savage beasts that wanted to kill anything that moved. A few of the packs didn't kill them but took them in and chained them up, put them around their own packs at intervals that didn't allow for passage between them. Saving them from having to instate a border patrol, because nothing was going to try and get past a rabid. It was a good line of defence for a pack, and those packs that risked doing that rarely got attacked. But it was a full risk in itself, because a single bite to a pack member meant they were infected and for the next three months they could infect anyone else, and all hell broke loose when that happened. He'd seen it more often than he'd liked and he and his unit had to go in and search the entire pack, right down to the tiny pups, some barely a few days old even. They'd had to put down members of the Alpha's family at times. Not something the Alpha wanted, of course, but it was the risk they ran, keeping rabid's chained in the pack at all times. They never put their own kin who had been bitten out there. They wouldn't chain them up and have to look at them all the time. Always put their own down. At least in the human realm there were no rabid's, it had been contained to the otherworldly realms for now. Those portals were highly guarded around rabid-zoned areas of the Wolfen Realm. Lauchlan and his unit passed through the realm portal and each of them shivered near instantly, having gone from the scorching heat of the Wolfen Realm to the bone-numbing cold of winter in the North Eastern mountains of the Adirondack Park in the state of New York. It was a long two and half day walk from this portal to their pack at a casual stroll, likely to be longer in this weather. He wasn't interested in a freezing-cold hike through the mountains, and as he looked at his unit

they were all shaking their heads. "Shift boys, we'll run it in wolfen form, be warmer and quicker," they weren't carrying anything, just walking along without a pack of any kind. "We'll also get home ahead of schedule and be able to surprise everyone." He could feel his wolf Thoe itching to be ripped out of him and let loose to run as fast as he liked. Not something done often in the realm, you didn't fight rabid's in shifted form, that was a sure-fire way of getting oneself bitten. They weren't due home for at least a week, but things had settled on the North Eastern borders of late, and so they'd been released from service a few days early. They'd all been happy about it, most heirs were happy to head on home after a term of service. Things were not as violent in the human realm. They all shifted to their wolves and raced away from the portal along the track that had taken them to the Wolfen Realm four years ago. He'd been gone from the Silver Sable pack for a total of five years, had left directly after Alpha College for the kingdom, and he was more than a little excited to be returning to his home pack. He'd seen his great-grandmother Amora, who was the pack's Matchmaker, before he'd gone to Alpha College, and she'd told him that he would meet his mate only after his term of service had been completed, and now that was over and done with. He would find his mate soon, seeing as he was home. He'd tried to have Amora tell him more about the Mate he would have, what she looked like? How old she was? Was she older or younger? Did she reside inside their very pack? Or would he have to go to a mating ball in another pack to scent her out? All the things Mates wanted to know; he'd thought being the future Alpha to the pack, she'd give him answers to some of his questions. Amora, however, had just shaken her head at him and stated, "You know the rules, great-grandson." And refused to tell him

anything more, had sat there in silence and just stared at him. He'd pushed the Future Alpha card and tried to get her to tell him, but she'd stubbornly refused and wouldn't even state how long after he got back. She'd just looked at him and stated, "Lauchlan my boy, be patient and just wait until the day you scent out your Goddess-Gifted, like everyone else has to." He'd taken it that it would be right after he'd gotten home, so he was now itching to get home to the pack and being that little bit closer to finding his Goddess-Gifted Mate, as was Theo his beast. All wolves wanted to find the other half of their soul. As Theo raced along the track, Lauchlan was glad for his wolf's thick fur. He'd forgotten how cold it could get here in the human realm, and was glad it was Thoe racing through at times knee-deep snow back to the pack, and not himself trudging along getting frozen toes and fingers. Not something he ever enjoyed. His wolf's hearing picked up fighting, growling and snarling in the distance, and they stopped racing towards the pack to scent it out. Rogues and they were not that far away, and then he caught the scent of his own home pack, fruticose lichen, along with those Rogues and just knew someone from his pack was in trouble. Thoe snarled, and they shot off in the direction to go and aid whoever it was.