

Lauchlan The Betrayed

CH 9

1858 Words

Lauchlan The full moon celebration for their return to the pack was in full swing and he, Caleb, Dawson and Marshall were all standing around with a drink in their hands. They'd spent the week prior to this catching up with all their old friends, and hearing about their lives. They kept the realm talk off the topic. It was all just war and death there, and he and the boys were honestly glad to just be home and not have to concern themselves with getting between any otherworldly creatures anymore. They'd headed off into the city of Albany to buy all new wardrobes for themselves. Seeing as they'd come home bigger and more muscled up and in need of new clothes. He'd had a few she-wolves he'd gone out with in his high school days slide their hands over his arms here or there and smiled at him, and a few murmured "Very nice, Lauchlan." He'd simply removed them from him, not wanting his Goddess-Gifted to see him with another before scenting him out. It was nice to wear a proper suit on the night, something that wasn't his military uniform, which was all he'd worn for the past four years, and to pull on a decent pair of shoes. It was also nice to be able to drive his car when going somewhere, and not have to walk or run in wolfen form, or be on horseback everywhere he'd gone in the realm. The night was a happy occasion, and many of the pack's unmated she-wolves were in the ballroom dancing away and sticking close to them, and he knew they'd all come here to see if he or one of his unit would be paired up with them when the moon set. He himself had, had his eyes peeled for

anything that was of extra interest to him, because he was hoping that now that he was home, he would find his Mate. He'd opted for formal attire for the night, even though it wasn't a mating ball; just a party, but he'd wanted to look decent just in case his Mate was in this very room, when the moon set in an hour. Lauchlan was standing with a frosty beer in his hand, wearing a dark blue suit and white dress-shirt with his jacket unbuttoned and his shirt open at the collar. It was unlike how they would have seen him dress before he'd gone off to Alpha College, for parties here inside the pack. He wanted to appear different to how he had been before going away to war, to show the pack that he'd grown up and become a man. That he wasn't the she-wolf chasing horny teenager of his past anymore, as they would all have known him to be. His wavy blonde hair was neatly styled and swooped back. He'd taken to having an undercut-style haircut in the kingdom, and he'd had it trimmed here in the pack to make it neat and presentable, used hair products to give it a little volume and make himself look nice. His ice-blue eyes were set beneath dark lashes and drew many a she-wolf to him. They weren't the usual deep dark blue of so many Alpha wolves, bright and sometimes could almost be mistaken for a steel grey colour under direct lighting. He was also clean-shaven for the first time in three years. He'd stopped taking the time to shave in the kingdom; it was a pointless thing to do. Their razors were nowhere near as good as those here, and one didn't have time for full grooming and looking presentable, unless you were in the city of Nightingale itself. He didn't think he had changed all that much, he just had a more defined jawline, and had way more muscles was all, his personality was still the same. He could still have a laugh and a joke, though he had to admit, he was a bit annoyed by the

batting of eyelashes at him every time he turned around. He'd not minded those first few days after coming home, but it was near on constant now and annoyed him more often than not. His hearing also picked up all the suggestive comments of some of those she-wolves looking to climb into his bed, either for the first time or once more. He guessed he'd matured on that front; he'd liked it as a teen. But back then he'd not been looking for his Mate, he'd just been out to have a good time. Whereas now he was back and actively looking for his Mate, he wanted to find her and be all loved-up and settled down, he supposed. His parents and the Alpha unit's families had been happy all his life. He'd seen how happy mated pairs were. The loving family bonds, and he wanted that for himself, he guessed. Although he'd already found a she-wolf to pull into his bed, she was one of his old flames and still single. She'd smiled at him when he'd asked her if she was interested in joining him for a night. She'd just nodded and had no issue with it. He'd left before the full moon after he'd turned 18, and so he'd not been in the pack for one after his official scenting age, something his father thought was wise, because if he scented out a Mate prior to Alpha College he'd likely not get to go at all. There were rules around when one could be enrolled. He could see that very she-wolf, Gillian, over there watching him, and she smiled at him as their eyes met, and he knew she was hoping that they would scent each other out, but he had a feeling his mate was younger than him. Amora had stated 'not until you get home from service', which to him meant, at the time of her checking, his Mate wasn't the same age as he was; was younger. So, he doubted it was Gillian the she-wolf he was currently bedding. The moon rose and set and there was nothing for him, he nearly sighed out loud, and he saw Gillian's annoyed look as well. He

just tipped his glass to her, mind-linked to her ‘Have a fun night.’ His way of telling her she wouldn’t be in his bed this evening. He reminded himself that he did have a Mate out there somewhere, and that he was only 23, so he might just have to wait. He didn’t even know if she was in this pack, could well just have to wait until he started attending mating balls was all. He could, he supposed, go and visit Amora once more, though he doubted she would tell him anything more than she’d told him before. Lauchlan felt his mother connected to him. ‘Son?’ ‘Nothing. Likely in another pack is all.’ he answered her as he sipped his beer. He was free to do as he pleased for another month. Lauchlan looked at his unit. None of them had paired up either, so it wasn’t just him. That actually made him feel a little bit better. His unit had all also seen Amora and Dawson and Marshall's Mates were in other packs and would take some time to meet them, so they were unconcerned about meeting anyone here in the pack right this minute. Caleb had been told by Amora she was uncertain as to when he would meet his Mate, if he even would, because that depended on many varying factors. His Mate could well be unattainable for centuries, but he did have one. His future Mate was kind of there but not there at the same time; she’d put that down to his Mate would likely need saving from someone, or something horrible. It wasn’t a nice thought, but Amora had gone into detail because of how vague everything was, and she thought the girl was in danger and in need of saving by Caleb himself. Her vision wouldn’t settle on the girl, at all, and all she saw were images of many places, many packs, but she never truly saw the girl herself. She was always overshadowed or cloaked by something that Amora couldn’t get passed. Caleb’s Mate’s life was in someone else’s hands, was how she thought it to be. And that someone was a

person she couldn't see at all, or pry into with her foresight, and she thought that it was going to be difficult for Caleb to catch her on a full moon. She had told him to come back to her after his service, and she'd check again. He knew Caleb had been hoping to find her within the Wolfen Realm the entire time they'd been there, seeing as that was predominantly where Amora felt her. He'd gone to see Amora after getting back, only to be told nothing at this point had changed for his Mate; She was still hidden. Lauchlan downed his beer, grabbed another, he wasn't about to step out on to the dance floor to get his party on, and although that would be fun for him, to just really let his hair down and unwind properly. Try and start forgetting about the wars in the realm. Focusing on the life he was now going to have here, that was more important than drinking and dancing to him right now. He saw several wolves stroll into the room from the pack's brothel and head for him and his unit. He'd never used the brothel his father had, and sent those she-wolves away. Even when one of them stated his father had sent them, to show him and his unit a really good time. That place was going to be removed from the pack the moment he took over. There was no bloody need for one of those within a pack. All he saw it as was a place where wolves went to bed those that they desired, but had said no to them for whatever reason before working in the brothel. In the Wolfen Realm they were not nice places at all. Most were female prisoners who were just slaved out to war camps, for the un-mated soldiers to use at their will, regardless of what the she-wolves wanted. It was cruel and sadistic, and he'd hated seeing them, hearing the things that went on in those places. It, however, did seem to be something their own king, Sabastion, had no issues with at all. Allowed it and let it go on unchecked. Most

of those places even had his seal of approval above the door of the brothel. Lauchlan absolutely hated that about their Kind. It was why he would never send a she-wolf to the realm. One mistake in offending the wrong Alpha in certain parts of the realm, and a she-wolf's life could be turned into a horrid, torturous life in the blink of an eye. And offending one in some of the rougher parts of the realm: that was as simple as declining to let him bed you.