

Werewolf's Heartsong by DizzylzzyN Chapter 183

Epilouge

Three weeks later.

Akwa was now at the point in her pregnancy that she could only do light training. That meant no more contact training or participating in the now weekly fighting Tournaments. Because the tournaments were happening so often, the Clan leaders and the Pack Alphas and future in line leaders all gathered together for a meeting. This meeting was to assign designated dates the fight tournaments for Rank placements would take place. This way, any wolf wanting to move up in Rank of needing to defend their Rank placement, would only have to fight on specified dates. This only became necessary because of the fight tournaments increased size and frequency, becoming a weekend recreation.

So many Pack members increased their training time, becoming stronger. They were learning to work together with Pack members of other species. The Soulfire Clan was welcomed with open arms by all, not just their sister Clan, the Heartsong's. Currently the Clan resided in the Heartsong Mansion.

Several miles of empty Heartsong land up against a steep area of the mountain range, had been sectioned off for building of the Soulfire Clan's, Clan Mansion. The Clan Alpha, Beta, Gamma and their families would live in the Mansion. The rest of the Soulfire Clan members would be put into their own individual houses, they were being built at the same time as the Mansion.

There was no lack of volunteers and supplies offered up from all the Pack members. Especially when those members found out how they had been treated and just where they escaped from 2

Some of the remaining members of the Frost and Northmountain Clans, were able to identify some of the Soulfire Clan members, as family that had suddenly gone missing and were reported as dead to everyone else.

2

This led to a lot of tears as it was revealed just exactly how those members wound up in the hands of the Black Magic Coven. The survivors of such abhorrent betrayals by their own Clan members, stayed in the new Soulfire Clan. (2)

Not because they wouldn't be welcomed among the new Frost and Northmountain Clans, they would, there was an open invitation. No, they stayed because they had been remade as a Soulfire, after having been utterly destroyed as either a Frost or Northmountain.

Although those who originally betrayed them were no longer alive, or imprisoned by the Council, the pain years of slavery to the Black Magic Coven was ingrained to deeply in their bones to be forgotten.

While the current members of the Frost and Northmountain had no part in what happened to them, forgiveness was not something they would ever be able to give the Frost or Northmountain Clans. Even so, all three Clans have chosen to live in harmony for the sake of the Pack and their future generations.

It was a very emotionally packed situation, but none of the Clans wanted grudges that would just lead to internal war if they were allowed to fester. Therapy was advised and many went, others found different ways of coping and healing

Many members of the Soulfire Clan, those who had never had the taste of the outside world, were taken under the wings of the Heartsongs. The members we found to be extremely intelligent.

Despite their lack of education among the Black Magic Coven, something done to suppress their natural intelligence, they flourished under the guided care of the Heartsongs. One thing the Heartsong Clan had in abundance were teachers. This bound the sister Clans closer together.

Alora didn't gain any new nightmares, in fact, she had only had one nightmare since the last of her past tormentors were now dead. One night, as the couple lay snuggled up in bed, Damien wrapped around his mate his hand on her abdomen, he felt the first movements of their pups growing inside.

Alora was asleep, exhausted from a long day of running a Clan, so Damien didn't wake her. Even though the movement brought him so much excitement he wanted to share it with her. As for Alora, as she slept all she felt was some sort of stretching sensation in her womb, but ignored it and continued to sleep,

When the pair woke in the morning, it was to find that Alora's abdomen had grown in size, rounding into the unmistakable shape of pregnancy. They shared a loving moment when the pups started to move inside Alora again. This moment led to Damien making slow sweet love to his mate in the morning light.

In a room at another Mansion, this one occupied by Darien and Serenity, they were also having their own special moment. Darien, standing behind Serenity as she talked to her mother on the phone, had his arms wrapped around her, his hands holding her abdomen as their pup danced inside.

Darien felt a sense of awe as he felt the movements, thinking about how special it was to be a part of creating something so magical as another living being. Darien buried his nose against the mating mark he put on her neck, inhaling her scent deep. This had Darien's wolf Axel rolling around inside, reveling in the scent of their mate.

Epilouge

Master Samantha came through her Hest present

While this made them both rotatic, a

Master Frisk become extremely overprotective of his mate Merter Samantha's visiting family mashers are unable to understand why he was like this at Text, until they were told about what happened to his first mara

This made them realize why then lenty independent Samantha was allowing much behavior from her mate Master Broch did his best to make men he didact as ton f at overboard, but it was a stringale fai him. His mate knew it, and loved him all the mere for the respect and care that he showed her with his actione

It was a in Elled time by them, because a couple of Master Samantha's unmated family, met their mates among the Heartsong's and the new Soulfire Clan. After all the recent beats mated couples bad gone through in the last few weeks, many of the young newly mated couples chose to not have progrmy at this moment. Instead chowning to grow closer to ther mates and settling in more before bringing pops into the equation (?)

Though there were a few who did become pregnant. Bell and Kass had both chosen to have pups with their mates during this time. Kass and Bella both wanted their first children to grow up together. And because Alora was having her first pups soon, decided it would be wonderful if they were very close together. The next generation was greatly anticipated by all.

There was also an exciting change that had happened. It happened during a casual meet when Lillian was observing the Pack's Luna, Luna Ember. Lillian discovered a shadow of Black Magic affecting the Luna's womb. This shadow was preventing the Lana's womb from being able to reproduce, When Lillian first met the couple, she had

thought it unusual that the Alpha couple didn't have more pups, now she had an inkling as to why.

Lillian had retreated inside her library for a couple of days, her library was in a large clearing of forestry between the Heartsong Mansion and the one being built for the Soulfire Cis. Lillian found the medicinal tome she needed, one that detailed the type of ailment the Luna had and the spells and scenarios that the Luna would have gone through for the spell to be placed.

This meant another wolf would have had to make a sacrifice of a child in her womb to bind the Luna's ability to reproduce. With this information, Lillian went to the Luna, and started asking questions about the Past. The Alpha came in while the Luna was crying, she had to soothe him and get him to calm down while she told her story to Lillian.

After she was done, Lillian showed her the book, this brought forth more details about the accident, that wasn't an accident. Bettina, Alora's mother, had been involved, and the son she had carried in her womb at the time, another Vampire Werewolf Hybrid, was used as the Sacrifice.

Unfortunately for Bettina, the spell she participated in completely removed her ability to ever produce again, while the Luna's was only blocked until the spell was broken. Once the spell was known it was able to be undone, and this took place on the full moon just after the discovery was made.

Under the light of the full moon, inside the Heartsong's magical courtyard garden, the Luna laid on Alora and Damien's bench. Positioned on her back, her womb illuminated with the light of the moon. The energy and healing essence that was all over the courtyard gathered around the Luna, a living breathing energy that was felt by all there.

With the combined chanting of Lillian, Rain, Alora, Bulma and Sunny, the spell was broken. The Luna's fertility was restored, and all there was left to do was wait for her first heat after the spell was broken. The Luna was due for a heat in a few weeks, The Alpha and Luna were looking forward to that time with a new kind of hope. Knowing that they might now start having all the pups they had longed for.

Damien and Darien were ecstatic, they were hoping for sisters. The closest Darien got to having a sister was Alora, but that was different for him, because Alora was also his best friend. He already planned to call his future little sister, if there was one, little aunt,

because that's what she would be

There was another change, one that brought a cloud of depression and tears with it. Because the Black Magic Coven was no longer a dead thing from the past, the Vampire Royal Council was planning for the worst case scenarios, like what would happen if the current King and Queen were to die.

This brought down an order, one that had Asher being called back home. He would now be entering the Vampire Royal Academy, to begin the training and education for the position of the next Vampire King. The training and education would take two years, and was scheduled to start at the beginning of the next semester.

This also meant that Sunny would not be able to claim her mate on her eighteenth birthday as she hoped. And Asher, being the ever responsible Asher, was going to stay away till the training was complete. To make it easier on both of them, Asher had decided to head back home after the news arrived. Sunny and Asher shared a bittersweet moment before the goodbyes were said, Sunny suppressing her tears until after he had left.

Looking at Sunny, the sunlight within her had dimmed so much so that it was almost completely gone. It made everyone who knew and loved her sad. Sunny started to bury herself in studying and training, the hope was that she would slowly get her glow back, even if it was only a little.

Everyone was preparing, a war against the Black Magic Coven had always caused heavy casualties. However, this time, everyone was determined to keep the casualties to a minimum. No one was willing to just roll over and die or surrender to the Black Magic Coven. They were determined to live, and fight the horrible future the Black Magic Coven was determined to bring about.

Epilogue

After all, this wasn't the end of everyone's story, this was only the beginning.

//////Author's note: Thank you for reading this rough draft, the book is being re-written as A Song in the Alpha's Heart, and The Song in the Alpha's Heart will be the new start of the Heartsong Saga.//////

Chapter Comments

Dawn Foxall

thank you so much for this wonderful story I loved every word!!!

Jacquelyn Lucero-MacErnie

Important announcement: "What Happens Now
What Happens mon that Werewolf's Heart kong Has Ended
the lack. Werrandi Hearting it the first thing I have actually written and publiatly polished.
When i fest

I've only been a reader since 1 en einven

(was writing this luck, I remembered a time when I was thirteen years old, and my best friend and I were artaddiy talking about becoming

waters, and we even started an outline of what it was we were going to write alent.

Those always kned the supernatural and science fiction One of the first cartoons I remember watching when I was a little girl was Sonic the Hedgehog. My fa t anime war

kadar Moon. The host books I fell in love with 'reading were the Harry Pudleys. My fast

memorable ielence fiction movies were the Star Wars, Buffy the

Vampire Mayes, and the bristustal High

Those were put a small glimpse at the vast amount of influence I've gotten over my flirty years of life thirty one... I started this book when I was thirty okay! flow I'm starting for ramble.

The point is, as I was writing I was developing, and I found things I liked and didn't like.

As I was finishing up this book, I had already made plans to rewrite it. If not for the grammar and spelling mistakes alone. I had also decided that I would rewrite Witches

Heartsong and Dragon's Heartsong as well, before the chapters

Quick note: Ezt me explain something about Dragon's Heartion. I actually didn't mean to start publishing it when I did, that was an accident. I meant to press "save draft on the first chapter and accidentally pressed 'publish':

Both Dragon's Heartsong and Witches Heartsong have drastically changed from the first posted chapters. The new rewritten chapters were posted over the old, and I stinur those two books to coincide with the new Werewolf's Hearsonic, titled The Song in the Alpha's Heart.

The Song in the Alpha's Heart is written in a different style. More details and explanations have been added, the sequence of some events have been changed.

Other detads have been changed, new content and characters have been added.

The Song in the Alpha's Heart is available on both AnyStories, and Readink. You can find all the books currently published under me at both sites by searching my name Dizzylzzy. If you have a Facebook please join my fan page at, Dizzytzzy's Healtsong Saga for other updates.

Now I will leave you with the first chapter of the new book The Song In the Alpha's Heart.

Prologue: "...most important...."

Damien followed his father Alpha Andrew Fire Moonstar of the Moon Mountain Pack, and Alpha of Alpha's, to the river. He wanted to check the levels close to the Moon Star Mansion. There was a Pack Picnic happening today in the Pack's biggest gathering grounds, located up the River from the Moon Star Mansion.

Damen was the oldest of two males at fourteen years of age, his little brother Darien was nine years old, and currently with their mother. Luna Ember Shadow Moonstar, was finishing some things at one of the Pack's medical clinics before she would meet him and his father at the picnic.

Damien, like his father, would one day become the Alpha of Alpha's. They drove his father's four by four Suburbans as far as they could, then they hiked the rest of the way to the river. It wasn't that far from where they parked. They Reached it in ten minutes. Alpha Andrew looked at the swollen River that was rushing downstream. It had indeed crested, now a good six feet above its usual banks. Luckily, they were forecasted to have no more rain for the next fourteen days. It would give the river time to go back down to normal.

While Alpha Andrew was making his assessment, Damien had caught the faint scent of blood, Inside Damien, Zane perked up, his ears and nose twitching Unlike most Werewolves, who's wolves slowly grew with them, Damien's was always fully grown. The Elders said this meant that Damien's wolf was an incredibly old and powerful soul. Damien wandered away from his father, following the scent of blood, "What could it be?" Damien asked his wolf.

Zane let out a rumble, his version of a grunt. "Don't know, the smell is really faint, like whatever is bleeding was washed up," Zane said.

Damien agreed with Zane, that was how it smelled to him too. It was not until they were closer to the scent, that they picked up what it was. It was the smell of a wounded Pack member. Damien started to run in the direction of the smell.

"Dad, I think someone is wounded." Damien said to his father through a mind link

Important announcement What Happens Now

Alpha Matron dobit pans when he revived his wir's message. He had leth trailing behind his way when Damien had started to wander oft. He had brown something had caught (antier's interest. He tous hul amelled the faint love of Hood in the air. A wounded Pack member wat one thing, what they found was

Danian Allowed the sowed close to the rives, a bit of a ways away from where he and his father had originally started out. He looked, and at first, be qvulis') me anything so he sulked the air again Catching the sont, stronger now that he was closer, he followed it to a pile of mud owered tags

Damien went still, koking at the regs, then be realized that he wasn't looking at a pile of rags when it moved. The tiny pain filled moan would have been moved it be bachi't been standing right next to the small muskhy form. Damien rushed over and kiselt next to the form.

11 was a female pug, and she was wearing a dress like most other female pups would be today. It looked like it had been white at one point, with bright Nue Bowens proted on it in random patterns. Long black hair caked in mud was plastered against the female s small form

Damien was so shocked to find a pup in this condition, he forgot to mind link his father and instead shouted for him. "Dad, come quick! I found a burt

Andrew, bearing his son's words, ran the rest of the way to Damien, When he got there, he found his son kneeling in the mud next to a tiny little female pup. The female couldn't be any older than his youngest pup Darien. He helped Damien turn the pup over, laying her on her back.

He gasped, his heart hurting for the little darling, she had cuts all over her arms and legs, there was a rip in the fabric of her dress and blood was staining the tear. After studying the pup for a moment, he was able to see the bruised outlines of hands on her upper arms and around her neck.

neck.

One of her cheeks was bruised, and her lip was split, a cut on her temple was bleeding. Leaving a trail of blood from her temple, down her cheek, to her

“Dad, look at her neck and arms, those are handprint shaped bruises,” Damien pointed out.

Damien and Zane were upset, they had never seen a pup so obviously abused. No Werewolf would ever abuse a pup, at least, not normally. It looked like someone tried to drown her by throwing her in the river. Damien felt a protective instinct well up from within. He wanted to protect this pup from any future harm.

Gently, Damien reached out and moved the female's wet and muddy hair out of her face. “Who do you think she is?” He asked his father.

Damien seemed to become enchanted as he looked down at the delicate little face of the female pup. She had darker skin than him from what he could tell, most of her skin being covered in mud. He wished she would open her eyes, something told him they would be magnificent.

“I don't know son, she could belong to any of the Clans.” Alpha Andrew looked at the female closely. “She's not from our Clan, so there are still the other main Clans, Blackfire, Stonemaker, Mountainmover, Shadowtail.”

“What about the Frost and Northmountain Clans?” Damien asked his father, wondering why he left them out.

“She wouldn't be from the Frost or Northmountains.” Alpha Andrew said.

Confused, Damien asked, “Why not?”

“Because they deliberately breed pale, blond, and blue eyed.” Alpha Andrew said, his disapproval of such a practice on his face and in his tone. “I witnessed Alister Northmountain reject his Goddess Blessed Mate for his current wife, Betina Frost, because she had fiery red hair.”

Damien's expression showed just how shocked he was by that. To reject your Goddess blessed mate because she had the wrong hair color was insane. Damien looked down at the female pup, he would never reject her if she were his because of her hair or skin color.

Andrew was frowning, when he mentioned Alister and his wife Betina, he remembered that they had a female pup who didn't look like either of them. She was born with dark hair and skin, her dual colored eyes silver and violet.

“I wish she would open her eyes.” Damien said, making Andrew think his son was reading his mind.

Then the little female did open her eyes, Damien and Andrew were greeted with large luminous eyes that took up half of the little female's face. Moreover, Damien and Andrew were greeted by violet eyes surrounded by a ring of silver.

“Well, well, this is a surprise.” Alpha Andrew said internally.

Important announcement What Happens Now

“This pup

is a female, she is the

one. The pup is

Damien was baffled into the non of the title Female pup and we lost. Those ever spoke to him. they told him of the pain the little pup went through. He wanted to wrap her up in his arms and tell her he would never let anyone hurt her again. That she was

his

No that can't be right. Domien tha
Alberich he wished she were

The gari maddenh started to rough, and then she bearel, torning her edhe ti her side, the enighed as her body mected all the water that had entered her brady while the was being tossed around inside the rives. Once the stapped coughing spriver water, she was rolled back to face him.

your name, little one? Alpha Andrew asked the pup.

It took her a few tries, but she was finally able to say her name. "Alora Northmountain."
Her tiny voice hoarse.

Damien looks up at his father, didn't he just say that the Frost and Northmountains bred pale, blond, and blue eyed? This pop was dark skinned with black hair and her dual colored eyes were violet and siber. They enchanted him, the violet almost glowed inside the ring of silver.

Alpha Andrew ignored the question in his son's eyes for the moment, and instead focused on Alora. "Do you know who I am, Alora?" He asked in a gentle voice, trying not to scare her.

Damien looked back at Alora, her gaze was meeting his father's. "Vy your thith the AL AL Alpha." Shock was starting to set in, her teeth were chattering an hard she had barely been able to get the words out.

Damien didn't like it, so he picked her up, uncaring about the mud and water that was now soaking into his own clothes and cuddled her close to his chest. Offering her warmth. A continuous and content rumble sounded from deep in Zane's chest as Damien held Alora to them, a wolfy version of a pur

The girl flinched at being touched at first, then as she settled weakly against his chest, not having the strength to protest. The rumble inside Zane resonated through his own chest and seemed to calm Alora down. Seconds later she was unconscious again.

"My darling. I need you to meet me at the entrance to the medical clinic in thirty minutes. Your son and I are bringing you an injured pup." Alpha Andrew mind linked his mate Ember.

"What happened?" Ember asked, shocked.

"We don't know yet, we found her by the river, it looks like she took a tumble down it and was washed up onto the banks." Andrew told her.

"I be here, waiting." Ember said, her voice firm.

Damien refused to let go of the pup when they got to the car. Telling his father, he could protect Alora better than the car. Andrew couldn't argue with that, so be allowed it.

During the drive, Andrew looked in the rear view mirror at his son, he was holding Alora to his chest, looking a little possessive of her.

"Damien." Andrew said his name calmly, net letting on to his worry. "What does Alora mean to you and Zane?"

They were just arriving at the hospital when Damien finally answered his father's question.

"Zane said she is the most important thing in the world to us." Damien said in a quiet voice.

Chapter 1: "Because we are everything she fears."

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was koppening at me

The dog, drip, drip of the water as it hit the cement floor was loud in the otherwise tomb (the silence of the hauement. One of the pipes retning along the ceiling had a leak, and a pool of water was gathered underneath it. There was barely any light down in the basement, there was only one tiny window in the upper corner of the large dark tower. Because it was so small, it wasn't especially useful in terms of letting light into the basement, even if it hadn't been dark outside. There was only a small stream of moonlight coming in from it now, the stream of light bounced off the water gathered under the leaking pipe

It made a bright enough glow, that you could see the small form of an incredibly young female slumped to the nearby support post. Her body lay crumpled on the cold stone floor, blood covered her, and was splattered all around her. A small pool of it surrounded her.

The little female's eyes were open, but they were lifeless. If you looked closely, you could see she was still breathing. She was covered in open gashes made from the whip her mother had used on her, bruises from the beating her father had given her, and slashes from the knife her sister had sliced her up with.

The little female didn't know why her punishment was so harsh this time around, she didn't remember misbehaving or breaking any rules. Her family hated her, they beat her endlessly, for every little infraction. She never understood what she had done to bring on so much hate. None of the other pups were treated like her.

She did look different from everyone in both her mother and father's Clan, with her dark skin, black hair and her dual colored eyes, the inner ring was a violet color, the outer ring silver. Her Clan members were all pale skinned with blond hair and blue dual colored eyes. She may look different from her Clan members, but there were other Clans with pups who had dark hair and skin, but they were all loved by their family and Clan members.

However, no one had her eye color. That fact and not having a wolf like the other Werewolves, made the little female, Alora, feel like a freak of nature, an abomination to be erased from existence. Alora wanted to die, she longed for it. She thought it was the only way to escape from all her pain and torment.

Alora was desolate, full of despair and hopelessness. Tears leaked out the corners of her eyes. "Moon Goddess, please let me die and let my soul return to your keeping."

The girl begged silently with all her heart.

She was startled when she got a reply in her head, but it wasn't the Moon Goddess who answered her. It was something else entirely. "I'd rather not die just yet, especially when I have now finally been able to join you." There was a faint growl in the soft feminine voice.

Panicked, Alora exclaimed, "'Who are you!" she was worried she had lost her mind.

"I'm your wolf, my name is Xena" The female voice said, introducing herself to the little female.

"But...but... was born without a wolf" Alora said, her small child-like voice trembled with disbelief.

For Alora, it was easier to believe she had gone insane and was hearing voices, than it

was for her to accept that she was lied to all her young life, and really did have a wolf. “You were born with a wolf, I just haven’t been able to come to you until now. I have been sealed away until tonight.” Xena told Alora. Xena’s voice, like Alora’s, was young, the growl in it sounding cute instead of intimidating.

“You know my name?” Alora asked Xena, feeling surprised.

Xena thought this was a silly question at first, but then she had been sealed away from Alora since their birth. “I may have been sealed away, but I was aware of our life the entire time, I’m a part of you and know your name.” Xena explained to her.

Xena’s soft growling voice and her warm presence was beginning to sooth Alora, her intense longing for death fading to the background for now, “You said you were sealed away? How did you get free?” Alora asked

Her curiosity now peaked as she started to accept that she did indeed have a wolf, she was no longer a wolf less pup. Excitement over that fact began to build in her.

Xena felt her humanoid form’s curiosity, her and Alora were two sides of one being. Two souls, one shared body that transformed from a humanoid form to that of a wolf or their shared Lycan form. Their Lycan form would be their most powerful and deadliest of their three shapes.

“The Moon Goddess broke the chains binding me from you.” Xena paused in her explanation, not really wanting to tell Alora the rest.

Chapter 1. “Because we are everything she fears
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be a moment, hesitant to answer “Vecmar we are everything the fears. *
en af dòng her mother haõ 1

Aloes sat up straight in bed, startled out of the dream. Xena’s cryptic answer to her question all those years ago fading away the slapped at her alarm clock, her was the werent way to wake up, not only did her body shake. The alarm sounded so much like the fryers at work, it made her feet like she needed to mach into a kitchen to dish out fresh fries.

heart shil racing

Nothing was more annoying than dreaming that you were at work when you are not at work. There you are, standing there in your dream, pushing the button to turn off the fryer alarm, only for it to keep going. Then you start to realize, you are not at work, you are at home in bed, and it’s not the fryer’s timer going off, it’s your alarm clock
Alora didn’t usually need the alarm clock, she rarely slept more than two hours at a time at most when she managed to fall asleep at home. If you could call this plaor a home. According to the romance novels she occasionally read, the rare time she read a fiction novel, a home was a place you felt loved, and safe in. That was not this place
Hopping out of her rarely used bed. A tiny twin size that belonged to her older sister when her sister was a small cub. Alora brushed her hair, this took a while, as the thick midnight black strands reached just above her hips Alora took her showers at school, or the research lab she interned at, never at the house. She had interned at the lab last night after she had gotten off work from her fast food job at Wolf’s Bite Burger Palace

Normally she would have slept at the lab for four hours before sneaking back in through the second floor patio door. Unfortunately, Alora had done that one too many nights in a row, and it was noticed. Based on the text message Alora got from her mother Bettina, accusing Alora of being a harlot and staying out at all hours of the night bring a prostitute.

So, Alora had to report home by eleven the night before, and spent most of the night studying, before she finally gave in to exhaustion. Alora had tucked her chair under her tiny bedroom's doorknob, set her refurbished alarm clock, and passed out for two hours. Alora looked at herself in her dingy cheap, supposedly full length, mirror hanging on her closet door. Her room was adjacent to the attic, an eight by eight with only a seven foot ceiling. A tight fit for a six foot nine Werewolf. There was no window, the only light was a tiny lamp on the tiny desk in her room. The only other piece of furniture besides her bed and desk chair.

Alora was fit, like most Werewolves. She had lots of evenly toned muscle. She had an hourglass figure with broad shoulders, heavy breasts with wide hips and a bottom that balanced out with her top. Her large luminescent eyes matched her face better now that she was grown, they no longer took up most of her face anymore.

High cheekbones paired with an angled jaw and a gently pointed chin framed a long straight almost lupine nose, and a generous mouth with full plump lips. Her lips a natural dusky rose was accentuated by her milky caramel colored skin complexion. Alora was not delicate looking like her mother and sister, who only came in at five foot nine and five foot ten. Alora's body matched her height. Her father had to look up to her as he was only six foot seven, he was also one of the rare few Werewolves who could be called overweight.

Chapter 2: "...you look beautiful."

Alora put her hair back in a french braid, but when she reached for her usual extra huggy track pants and overly large hoodie, she paused. Alora always wore thin kind of attire to hide, and not for the first time, Alora wondered why she continued to do so. She had her body to avoid the ridicule her mother and sister gave her, and the lecherous looks from her father. However, that has never worked for her. Her mother and sister still call her a whore, and a slut. The baggy clothes just make them think she was also fat, and her father still shot lecherous glares at her voluminous chest and ass.

Alora had started buying clothes with what little money she was allowed to keep out of her paychecks from the Wolf's Bite Burger Palace. They were clothes she was planning to start wearing when she was finally able to mess with the house Alora thought of as a hell hole.

She was also saving up for a car and was glad her best friend Darien pushed her to get her driver's license, even without owning a car. There was a professor at the Packs University of Medical, Science, Technology and The Arts, or MSTTA for short, that let Alora borrow her car when she needed to go to a faraway science event that required personal transportation to get to.

Alora opened her tiny closet and brought out a small dark purple athletic duffel bag Alora had purchased months ago. Every new item of clothing she had slowly collected was folded up neatly and placed inside this duffel bag. There was also a large galaxy

print camping pack, in the closet, it was big enough to carry everything else that was important to her.

Her laptop, an Acer Nitro 5, would definitely be going with her. Her journals of medical formulas and all her notes on her current experiments at the Pack's Medical Lab were already packed. She would pack up her laptop before leaving the house. All of Alora's toiletries were always stored in the bag because she never took showers at home, along with a spare pair of shoes.

Alora pulled out a set of clothes from the bag. A pair of short black denim shorts, with thick silver colored functional zippers from the hem to the waistband went up both sides of the shorts. A quick release snap kept the rippers from sliding down. They also had a normal front fly with zipper and silver colored button, Inside

was a soft cotton liner on the crotch of the shorts to protect a female's lady bits.

The top Alora pulled out was a purple midriff tank top, with a thick enough shelf bra to prevent nipples from showing. There was a thin bead of silicone that lined the chest band of the top shelf bra, to keep it from shifting when moving. There was another small bead of silicon along the bottom hem of the top, to keep the fabric from sliding up.

A thick functional silver colored zipper went from the hem to the neckline down the front of the top. Like the shorts there was a quick release snap to keep the zipper from sliding down on its own. The straps of the top were only an inch wide, and the neck of the top dipped enough to show two inches of cleavage. Alora had a lot of breast, so two inches of cleavage would not make her a slut or a whore. At least that's what her best friend had said.

Alora put on the outfit, then a strappy pair of black slingback toe ring sandals, the back had an elastic band, allowing the sandals to be taken off or put on quickly. Everything was designed and made for beings that shifted, like Werewolves. Her track pants had a quick release buckle at the waistband, and her hoodies all had zippers.

After putting in all her silver colored hoops, Alora had six piercings in each ear, four in each lobe, and two just before the curve of each ear. The two hoops in the upper piercings of her ears were small. The bottom four hoops were bigger. The bottom of the largest two silver colored hoops, touched the middle of her long neck.

The other three pairs, the farther up, got smaller by an inch.

Once dressed, Alora looked at herself in the mirror. "You don't look like a whore or a slut, you look beautiful." Xena told her, looking out Alora's eyes from within.

Alora looked at herself in the mirror more. "You don't think I would stand out too much?" Alora asked Xena,

Xena was able to feel Alora's emotions and knew her humanoid needed encouragement. "You're dressed in the same clothing most werewolf females wear on a daily basis," Xena said, hoping the reminder would help.

Still feeling underdressed and too exposed, Alora grabbed her hoodie, she unzipped it and slung it around her shoulders. It was a large black hoodie. On the back was a skull decorated with blue and violet roses. She was about to zip it up but stopped.

The hem hung an inch below the hem of the shorts, the hoodie sat loosely on her shoulders. Looking in the mirror again, Alora dropped her hands to the side, she decided not to zip the hoodie. This would do, Xena nodded her head inside Alora,

approving of Alora's decision.

She packed her laptop, a gift from Damien, Darien's older brother, forced on her through Darien, into her camping bag. Unplugging her phone charger from the wall she packed that up as well, then grabbed her phone, and looked at the date.

This was the last week of school. They had three days of exams, the final fight training and ranking exam, and the written exams, for the only three courses they had at the High School. At the University, she had already finished all her final exams and would be receiving her doctorates in Genetics, Hematology, Biochemistry and Microbiology.

you look beautiful"

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vary and many bea

chard it was proven that she was a geokat, even among their highly intelligent species.

the rarely slept. Boa homers at post a night, when wat it sleeping, she had been

studying. The wind) rarely spend

de did, the only spent time together with Darlen and his older

was for mears older than both. Ales and Darien, was off at the top University for Alpha

training. Damien was in his fiat year and wond in the next two weeks. Damien, Darien

and their parents, Alpha Andrew, and Luna Ember were the only reason Nora was able

to make

as far as she kal

ag in her parents, she would have been pulled from school at urteen and never allowed

to even finish high school, let alone start college while in

Of course, that had a lot to do with her sister Sarah. The beloved princess of their family

had been held back hoce, once in elementary school, and again in middle school. Sarah

was now graduating this year as a twenty year old senior, barely

popular girl in school had some of the worst grades. Or the did till she learned to pay

others to do her work for her

Alors was hacky the did not have any classes with Sarah, or the would be the one

forced to do her homework. Only if Alora did it, Sarah wouldn't have to pay

Alora had managed to avoid being chained up in the basement and subjected to

Sarah's tender mercies for a while nost, and she would rather keep it that

a gustonigh. Alora threw herself backwards onto her bed, cell phone in hand, looking at

the time. Werewolves did not usually wear watches, unless they were

to a specully spelled band. One that would change to match the size of the wearer.

Those were expensive, and Alora didn't have the money to spare for

Dr that vet.

Aber she received all her graduation certificates and went to work for the Pack Labs as

the Lead Researcher with a team of her own, the would. The Labs had

guaranteed that she would continue to have a job with them. Now that her internship

had ended, they could make her an actual employee with full benefits and the pay to

match her position.

Alora was looking forward to that day, her certificates would be given to her today.

When the sun set, she would officially be a PhD. A PhD who was still in high ool. As a

somor student, one who was studying genetics, Alora had once wondered if her parents

were truly her parents. So, she had a DNA test done and ran through the Pack's DNA

database.

Sadly, it only proved she was their daughter, it also revealed a dirty secret her mother would rather not have mentioned. Technically it was not a secret, it was just such a little talked about fact, it was as if everyone forgot about it. Bettina was originally from the Heartsong Clan.

Susan Moledor

Bettina is a fool! Why would she try to hide that she was from a different clan? It's like she thought it was a dirty secret.

Kathy Jones

Bettina needs her self treated like she's treat Alora it's not Alora fought

Chapter 3: "Parked and waiting..."

Bettina's father had been the last Alpha of the Heartsong Clan. When Bettina's mother and sister died in a mudslide, Bettina's aunt took custody of Bettina. It was said that at the time, Brodie Shadistail Heartsong was too distraught over losing his mate to take care of his last living daughter

Bettina was adopted by her aunt, her mother's sister, and renamed. She went from being Bettina Frost Heartsong, to Bettina North Frost. Then when she was married to Alater, her name was changed again to Bettina Frost Northmountain. Effectively burying her relationship with Alpha Brodie Heartsong.

Alora knew why, to the Frost and Northmountains, nothing was worse than a Heartsong. Alora thought it was stupid, because of the importance part of the Heartsong Clan played in Werewolf History, and the History of all Supernaturale. The first Alpha of Alpha's was the Clan Alpha of the Heartsongs. A Female by the name Linna Elsalmon Heartsong.

There was a painted portrait of her hung up in Alpha Andrews office. Alora used to stare at it and would always think she looked a lot like her. Getting the DNA results back and seeing that she was a direct descendant of the First Alpha had been a great day, at first. Because that was not a relation Bettina, or Sarah would quietly allow Alora to claim.

They were too proud of being 'genetically pure' to allow that. It would lower their status within the Frost and Northmountain Clans. So, she could only claim it privately

Alora had been given an idea though, one she carried through with on her birthday three days ago. Darien had taken her from school that day to the Moonstar Mansion.

Where his parents had a cake and presents for her. The new phone she was holding was one of them, a Galaxy 22 Ultra.

The other was the hoodie she was wearing, and an apartment in the Moonstar Mansion that would be ready for her in a few days was another. The Alpha and Luna had been sure for years that she was being abused but had never been able to prove it.

How can you prove years of abuse when your skin didn't scar, and you refused to talk about it as a young pup, because of the threats your family had made against you if you did. Now that she was older, it had become easier to avoid the abuse

Literally by nearly never being home. During the week she went to two schools, then to work, then her internship at the lab, on the weekends it was work, library for study, then internship at the labs. The few times she was home, it was only for a couple of hours at a time.

Alora was fortunate enough that when they did beat her, and lock her in the basement,

it wasn't for days at a time anymore. To keep her locked up for more than a night would invite trouble. There would be questions asked that her parents didn't want to be answered truthfully.

She was eighteen now, so today, when she went to school, she could potentially find her mate today. Thinking of a mate made Alora think of Damien. She knew she shouldn't, it was impossible to think Damien would be her mate. Why would the Moon goddess bless her to be with the next Alpha of Alpha's.

"He would make a wonderful mate, he's always been really kind to us." Xena said.

Xena was right. "I still remember opening my eyes the day we met him and thinking, he had the most handsome eyes." Alora said.

The inner ring of Damien's eyes was a deep ocean blue, the outer ring a dark midnight. Golden skin and black hair that would shine with dark blue highlights in the sun.

The day they met, Sarah and her friends had tossed Alora into the River while they were attending a Pack Picnic. The only reason Alora went was because the neighbor who would babysit her on occasion, had suggested bringing her with her family while dropping her off at home.

Bettina had tried to use the excuse that they didn't have anything for Alora to wear. The older female told Bettina that she had a dress that was too small for her daughter, so it wouldn't be a problem for Alora to have it. It had been a pretty white campesino dress, with bright blue "forget-me-nots" embroidered above and below the lattice work of the ruffled blouse and skirt.

The female had brought the dress the morning of the picnic, she even braided Alora's hair into twin french braids that trailed over her shoulders. Weaved through the braids, were blue ribbons that matched the blue thread on the dress. Alora had looked beautiful according to those who saw her at the Picnic. Those who were not Frost and Northmountains.

The comments had not gone unnoticed by Sarah, who became extremely jealous when she was ignored by others in favor of Alora. When they were with their Clan, Sarah was praised as being the ultimate beauty, while Alora was regarded as a dark stain upon that family. Among the rest of the Pack, Alora was just another beautiful little pup to be cherished.

The jealousy Sarah had felt had caused her to run to her parents in tears, accusing Alora of being mean to her. With that, Alora was pulled to a secluded part of the park away from the others. With a painful slap to the cheek delivered by Bettina, she was ordered home for embarrassing her sister at the Pack Picnic.

Alora hadn't gotten far when her sister and her friends had grabbed her, beaten her up and then dragged her to the edge of the swollen riverbank before tossing

ong current. Her besty smashed pás poli and sticks repeataby de was weled chest mough to a bark further

| pull herself ad

The pad passed out in the mat of the husk at noen an de wat in there, only to wala ka the briefest of menenti akan she was bond by Domen and has fater Alpha Andrew.

They had taken her to Lama Enben, who had insisted on pervmally care of Abra till she nonem!. De spent a whole work inode de

The never keñ me ask during the whole week we were there "Kena peminded Alora

“Her well don’t want to get my hopes up only to have them trucked when reality games knocking with someone else “Alora said to Xena, her tone drier than the BANG) BANG BANG! “YOU BETTER BE AWARE IN THERE YOU WEETCH FLL NOT HAVE YOU EMBARRASSING ME TODAY! YOU BETTER GET TO SCHOOL ON TIME?” Bettina shrieked at Alora through the door, after hanging on it so viciously. Alors had sat up, startled by the sound, then she sighed and rolled her eyes. “I’m up.” Alora raised her voice enough to be heard through the door There was a “Humph?” from the other side, then the sound of Bettina stomping back down the stairs.

Alora’s phone notification ringtone sounded. She had a message from her friend Daten. “Parked and waiting, have a bag with the breakfast of champions. Five Big Sur Breakfast Burritos, a large to go carton of oat milk, and your snooty coffee.”

By the Gods and Goddesses above you had to love a best friend who came to pick you up with food and coffee in hand. Werewolves burned a lot of fuel, so they ate a lot.

Unfortunately for Alora, her family would give her looks that made her lose her appetite every time she ate with them. So, she didn’t eat at home.

“He down in two shakes of a tail.” Alora sent as her reply, then she was grabbing her packed bag and leaving her room. Xena, always observing everything, laughed in amusement at Alota’s reply.

The house had four levels, the basement, that went the entire length of the house. Then on the first floor, in the front of the house, you had the four car garage, large foyer, a living room, and a large den. In the back was the extra large master suite; the large formal dining room.

An industrial kitchen with an attached breakfast nook. A large pantry with a second large fridge, and deep freeze in it. A large laundry room with two washers and dryers, and a large laundry table and hopper sink. Then you came to the staircase that led to the second, and then third floor.

The second floor had a long hallway that led the entire back length of the house. With row after row of windows looking into the back yard. There had onpally been four large rooms on this floor, but Sarah complained she didn’t have enough space. So, the entire second floor was converted into one bedroom for her.

The house had a dual level covered wrap around porch. There was a door on the second floor across from the stairwell that led onto the second level of the back porch. That’s the door Alora went out, completely bypassing the first floor where her family was gathered, eating breakfast.

A quick run around the porch brought Alora to the stairwell that led down to the purch’s first level, located next to the garage. Alora didn’t bother with the stairs when she reached the front of the house though, she vaulted over the railing, landing easily on the ground, her knees bending a little. Then she was running down the street.

Susan Long

POST COMMENTAlora-AS I love this book. I am having trouble putting it down. Alora is very strong and her resilience to keep going despite the abuse her family tortured her with. Her wolf...

Susan Moledor

er eyes talk...”

Darien had the top down to his dark the Shelby Mustang convertible and the motor running. The car was pointed in a direction away from the house. Alora than her bag into the back seat and hopped over the closed passenger door into the front seat seconds before she heard Bettina screaming from the Driveway.

“YOU WRETCHED MONGREL GET BACK HERE! YOUR NOT SUPPOSED TO LEAVE BEFORE YOUR SISTER! Her shrieked order was ignored.

Darien, laughing, put his foot down and off they went, hitting sixty in just seconds, Darien tossed a brown sack full of hot food to Alora, her oat milk was already in a cup holder with the straw in it. Alora didn’t waste any time tearing into the first foil wrapped breakfast burrito.

Darien laughed again, amused by her antics. Then he noticed how she was dressed, it shocked him at first to see Alora expose so much of her skin, especially when he was so used to her trying to hide as much of it as possible. Her hair was even pulled back into a braid, she was not hiding her face behind it like normal.

Darien frowned, he knew what it meant. His friend was done hiding herself away like some kind of shameful secret. He knew this was something Damien would want to know about. He wanted to confirm what he was thinking so he asked, “Nice get up, you done hiding yourself?” making sure to keep his tone jovial.

Alora knew her friend better than he thought she did. “I know it’s upset you to see me “hide”” she mimed quotation marks, “myself away like some “shameful”” more miming of quotation marks, “secret all these years. So, you’ll be happy to note, niy overly observant and curious best friend, that yes, yes I am done hiding.”

Darien laughed, and Alora wolfed down the rest of her breakfast. She looked at her friend and noticed he looked a little nervous. It took her a moment to realize why. Her friend had turned eighteen three months ago and hadn’t found a mate yet. “A lot of Wolves turned eighteen over this weekend.” Alora said in an off handed manner.

Alora’s statement made Darien swerve for a second, making Alora laugh, as it confirmed her theory. “Yeah..what of it?” Darien asked, he tried to nuke it sound like he didn’t care and failed miserably.

“Come on, who is it? You must have had your eye on one of the females who turned.” Alora said teasingly.

Darien blushed, he knew better than to react to Alora's outrageous antics, it only gave himself away. "I don't want to say. Trying one last time to maintain some dignity.

It didn't work, because she was his best friend, and no one knew him better. Except his brother Damien, but then Damien was wrapped around Alora's finger. The best part about that was, Alora didn't even know it.

"I bet I know who it is." Alora couldn't keep her excitement out of her tone, and practically sang her words.

Alora had a beautiful singing voice, one that enchanted and hypnotized everyone within hearing, everyone but her family, when she bothered to sing. In fact, it was because of her family that Alora rarely sang, so when she did, it was truly a special occasion.

Damien was the only one she would sing for whenever he asked her to. They had a special bond, one he hoped meant they were fated to be each other's mate.

"Really now, and just who do you think it is?" Darien asked in a drawl.

"Serenity Mountainmover." Alora said, her tone bright, almost gloating.

Darien coughed, his face twisted in a wry expression, he should have known. "That obvious, am I?" he asked her.

"You've been staring longingly at her for weeks." Alora said, her look gentled, and a genuinely happy smile was on her face.

Alora truly hoped it was Serenity because she liked the female. Serenity was one of those beings who was genuinely good, all the way to their soul, but she was also mischievous, like her best friend here. They would make the cutest of mated couples in Alora's opinion.

Axel, laughed at Darien, his humanoid had indeed been too obvious with his staring "You have practically drooled while staring at that tasty looking redhead." He said to Darien.

Darien growled at his wolf. "Like you don't roll around every time her scent blows our way."

This shut Axel up. "Yes well, it's all that hair. There is so much of the fiery mass, I just want to stick my face in it and see if it's as warm as it smells...I mean

kseks." Darien added the last part quickly, but there was no saving him||

Alora sighed, she couldn't help it, and when Darien Mashed, she laughed in me. "Yeah, yeah, keep logging. What are you going to do if you find a mate today?"

He asked her

The words were out of her mouth before she even realized she said them. "Hope he doesn't reject me on the spot. Her eyes widened and she covered her mouth with both hands

Dansen gave her a look from the corner of his eye. "Tell me you're not expecting to be rejected" He asked.

"Let's just say it's best to prepare for the worst and hope for the best" Alora said after a moment, sighing after she gave her answer.

Darien didn't sit there and try to talk his friend into believing she had no reason to fear being rejected, knew it would be a waste of breath and would just annoy Alora. Darien honestly didn't believe anyone, but his brother Damien deserved to be Alora's mate.

Darien didn't say it though. "If anyone deserved to have a mate that would worship the ground, she walked upon...it's Alora." Darien said to his wolf.

"On this we are agreed. Damien and Zane absolutely would" Axel said, having been thinking the same way. Darien was "And you are right to think they would deny ever bringing worthy much to have them as her mate."

"How come you sound like some Ancient Council lawyer whenever you get serious?" Darien asked his wolf.

"I'm an old soul, sue me." Axel snapped at Darien with a growl, making Darien laugh.

They pulled into the school parking lot, Alora had taken over his radio and was playing her extremely eclectic music list. His radio was currently blasting Notorious by Neoni.

The base was turned up loud enough to shake the doors if they were not properly insulated. An upgrade he got after the first car ride with Alora

She liked her music loud enough to drown out her own thoughts sometimes. Using it as a type of therapy when she couldn't take it anymore. He knew she had more than a few songs that helped talk her away from suicide.

They say music can save people, seeing it do just that for his friend, more of a sister really, had him making a lot of sound specific changes to his vehicles, and having more than a few requirements when it came to their motorcycle gear. Like linking Bluetooth motorcycle helmets with surround sound and ambient sound capability

He always carried some kind of headphones or earbuds with him, as well as a portable speaker, with bass boost of course, in his pack. Alora did too, she'd been gifted a lot of her tech. It wasn't just his brother who loved and adored Alora, his parents did too.

Alora may not think it possible, but to them, she wasn't just another Pack Wolf, she was family.

I parked the car, but didn't turn off the car completely yet, just the motor. Darien could see Alora was lost in thought, her face didn't show any expression, but he knew not to look at Alora's expression when it came to judging her mood. His brother said it all those years ago.

"Her eyes talk even when her face doesn't." Damien had looked so sad when he said that, but then, he had caught her trying to slit her wrists by the river earlier that day Damien had said he knew something was wrong the moment he met her eyes that morning, when she disappeared from school, he immediately went looking for her. When things got to be too much, the spot where Damien and his father had found Alora the day they met, was her go-to place.

Damien had gone there first, and said he took the knife from her just in time. Alora never actually told them what was happening at home, they could only guess. With her haunted eyes, and the willingness to end her and even her wolf's life, they could only assume the worst.

Alora didn't have any scars though, he had seen her with an injury so deep, it should have left a scar, but it did not. The moment Alora healed, it was like nothing happened. Making it quite easy for her family to hide the severity of their abuse. He had never heard of that happening to any species except Vampires. With Vampires, every scar they did have was worn on their Sprites skin, not their humanoid skin.

"Are you absolutely positive Allister is your father?" Darien asked Alora.

The song had ended, and he had turned the car off. Darien's abrupt questioning of her parentage had Alora snapping out of her thoughts and looking at Darien with a wry grin on her face.

"Unfortunately." Alora answered.

"What about Bettina, surely she's not your real mother?" Darien asked in a hopeful tone.

Looking at her, goofball of a friend, Alora's smile got bigger. "I wish, but your mother is the one who delivered me, so even she can verify that truth." Alora said with amusement, laughing at the overly exaggerated expression of lost hope on Darien's face.

Chapter Comments

Susan Moledor

POST COMMENT

What kind of father would look lustfully at his daughter? But Allister looked that way at Alora, looking at her breasts and as s. ere.

: “Waiting for a certain someone...?”

“What are you doing when you’re not at work?”

“What are you doing when you’re not at work?” Durien asked Alora

“They probably lose their shit” Alora said, her tone sounding grim. “But you know, I am honestly done caring about what they think anymore. I’ll be free of them after the ruata”

Durien thought it was about time, Alora and Durien got out of the car, and stood leaning against the passenger side. They were at the school early, so there were only a few other cars in the lot belonging to students like themselves, the rest were teachers or staff of the school.

Alora was finishing the coffee she had grabbed with her order. A Thai latte made with dark organic beans, sweetened with stevia, and topped with a frothy layer that was half coconut milk, half oat milk. Durien called Alora a coffee snob more than once, but she would laugh and deny that she was

“So now that you’re not caring about how they will react to your name change, are you also no longer caring about what Sarah thinks or says anymore?” Durien asked her.

Alora offered him a smirk. “I only care about Sarah enough to avoid her and her pussy.” Alora said in a dry tone. “Other than that, the answer is yes, I’ve stopped caring about the filth that spews from that bastard’s mouth.”

Durien threw his head back and laughed. Alora had a half smirk on her face. She eyed making her friend laugh, he always looked so carefree when he did. Today he had worn loose black cargo shorts with a quick release buckle, a black tank top and black canvas slip on shoes.

His slightly shaggy hair with enough curl to make him look devilish was as black as his brothers with the same dark blue highlights in the sun. Durien was a tall wold at seven foot six, and his broad body was tightly packed with lean muscle.

His skin complexion was a toasty tan color. He had a long straight lupine nose and a broad mouth, his dual colored eyes, copies of his brother’s, were lined with thick black lashes more than a few females were jealous of

The air was slightly humid, just enough to tell of a coming storm. The weather was warm enough to go without the sweater, but she was only wearing it so she didn’t feel so exposed. The smell of flowers was everywhere. Everywhere you looked there was a burst of colors. The trees, and bushes were lush with leaves and flowers.

Plant life in Pack Territory was thick, what grass was visible was deep green and thick. When you could see the bark of trees through the foliage, it was deep brown and moss covered. The earth here was dark, sometimes black, and extremely fertile.

Alora leaned her head back and looked up at the cloudy sky, their colors ranging from white to dark gray. “There’s definitely going to be a storm soon.” Alora said, her voice

soft

It sounded like she was just making an observation about the weather, but Danen knew better. It made him a little sad to know his friend was about to go through some rough times soon because of her family.

“Don’t forget, you will always have me, Damien, my mom, and my dad to back you up. All you have to do is say the word.” Darien told her.

Alora looked up at Darien and smiled gently. “Thanks.” She looked around the school parking lot. “You wanna go inside?” Alora asked him, using her thumb to gesture in the direction of their High School.

The school was enormous, as was the covered stadium arena to its left, to the left of the Stadium was a massive six story parking garage. To the right of the school’s main building, was a giant clearing that stretched out and around to the back of the school stadium and parking garage.

Past that were six large training gyms. Each one for the different fight ranks. The school’s main building was seven stories tall. It was a behemoth of a building that was able to teach right thousand students, with enough teachers to occupy every classroom. Because there were so many students in the school, with many subjects, the teachers came to your home room. Your home room was decided by the classes you were taking, and the level of those classes.

Darien was in the same home room with Alora, their classroom was full of highly intelligent students. All their fellow home room classmates attended the Pack University of MSTÁ for the second half of their day

They were taking AP English and AP History, and fight training at the high school, So like Darien, they only had three exams left before school life was basically done for them.

Alora and Darien look up when they hear the sounds of another vehicle arrive. It was a couple of freshman students. “Not just yet.” Darien responded.

Darien Misheit, but he didict admin 1-

instead he decided to distract her hi akis. “Trentes when you fest stated i YA MITAM

“Weah that aiment didn’t happen” Aken azad, frowning when the thought of it. “The bathode intelligence assessment they hat in do when we first got there.*

“Didn’t he call a parent teacher preference” Donen anded

Principal conlibi’t believe my arners during the

dil · Ates sholdered m entally at what happened after that conference. The fats, whips, and knives all casting their own special pain was embedded derg

“The Principal wanted me to text out of school early and attend MSTÁ full time. When my parents refined to allow that, the excuse they prie was that they were alraid attending college full time would be too much for tie, because I was too young.”

Alors looked at Darien, and his expression showed exactly how much he didn’t believe that excuse.

Then the Principle nippested that they let me test into the high school, supersting I go to high school and the University at the same time.” Alora continued. “That didn’t go over well with them either.”

“What excuse did they offer to fried that one?” Darien asked.

“They didn’t feel it would be good for me to go to school with kids so much older than

me. Said they feared me being taken advantage of Alora's sarcasm spoke volumes.

Darien didn't believe the excuse either. "What was the real reason?" he asked her. As Alora debated, more cars arrived, some heading to the parking garage, some finding a place in the four acre parking lot. The school was located on four hundred acres of land

"Just tell him, he already hates Sarah, he's not going to think you're lying" Xena told Alora.

Alora looked at the ground for a second before nodding, turning her head she looked at Darien. "Sarah had just been held back again. This time in the middle school that wanted me to graduate from middle and high school entirely, to start college at age eleven. Where Sarah, at age thirteen, was still in the sixth grade."

Darien's eyebrows rose in surprise, not because he was surprised with the content of what she was saying, but that she was actually telling him this, instead of changing the subject to avoid answering. This was the first time.

Alora saw Darien's look of surprise and almost stopped telling him what happened that day when he motioned for her to continue. "See, my parents couldn't stand to see the daughter they hate succeed beyond that of the daughter they love and cherish like a princess."

"A stupid skank of a princess." Darien muttered darkly, making Alora laugh.

"So, the Principal, not wanting to see my "genius" Alora mimed quotations, "go to waste, was determined to see my education advance, so he suggested I take high school and middle school courses, then advance to college right out of middle school, saying I would be older by then

"That one didn't go over either, did it Darien asked, his tone dry, a half smirk on his face. Alora shook her head "No, it did not

"So, what happened next?" Darien asked, wanting her to continue. He had never gotten the full details, and now that he was, he didn't want her to stop talking

"By that point my parents were hiding behind their mask of caring parents and told the Principal it didn't matter what the tests showed, they would not allow me to receive anything other than the basic education required by the law." Alora told him.

Alora could tell she had his interest, it was in his eyes. He almost looked like an excited puppy complete with a wagging tail and a lolling tongue.

"So the Principal went to the Superintendent, who went to the School Board. After the Principal and the Superintendent got the approval, they wanted from the school board to approach your father about my education

"Dumbass."

Alora would forever be grateful to Alpha Andrew for becoming the authority over her education. "Of course, the only reason the Principle even thought of this approach, is because of how close the Principle knew your family was to me." Alora added.

She looked up at Darien as he looked down at her, a gentle smile on his face. "You're the daughter my parents always wanted but were never able to produce." He told Alora.

"You know they love you."

Alora smiled. "I do, I do know that." Alora nodded as if to show her acknowledgment of that fact.

They were distracted by the arrival of a dark purple off road jeep with the top off and the windows down. The jeep was loaded with meaty off road tires, a brush grill, flood lights on both the front grill and on the roof rack.

The music from the jeep's speakers muffled the voices of the three Werewolves in the Jeep. Driving was Serenity, her two brothers Galen in front, and Kian in the back middle seat, were passengers.

"We'll need to put him through the gauntlet Galen said to Kian, looking back at him and not Serenity.

Serenity, taking one hand off the steering wheel thrust her elbow sharply in his ribs. The resulting grunt of pain made her smirk, satisfied she'd gotten his attention. "You and Kian absolutely will not go anywhere near whoever is my fated mate."

Galen leans against the passenger door, away from his sister and her deadly elbow thrust. Rubbing vigorously at the wound hoping to make the pain dissipate faster. "Fu c k that hurt." He complained.

Kain laughed at him from the back, he chose to sit in the back today for a reason. The glare from his sister through the rearview mirror told him he wouldn't be safe for long. He thought he might as well fully deserve the beating she'd give him later.

"Come on baby sister, we just want what's best for you." Kain said, trying to sound like he was pleading, and failing.

Serenity growled. "You two will be eating through straws for a week if you f uck with my fated mate."

Kain and Galen, fully believing her words, threw their heads back and were laughing until they were tossed around when Serenity made a sharp turn into the school lot

"Well, well, what do we have here?" Galen asked, his tone saying he found something amusing

Kain looked in the direction Galen was looking. "Ah, the wolf who's been practically drooling over Serenity lately." Keeping his tone light, not wanting to let his sister know what he was truly thinking

"He's with that female Alora again, you think they're mates?" Galen asked Kian through a mind link only they had as twins.

"No, actually, I think they're just friends. Besides, all those rumors about Alora have

always started with Sarah.” Kain said.

“He just turned eighteen a few months ago, right?” Galen asked Kain, making sure he was remembering that correctly.

“Yeah, about the time he started to drool over our baby sis, staring at her like a lovesick puppy.” Kain responded, chuckling a little over the image in his head.

“I think he’s Serenity’s mate, something about what dad said makes me think so.” Galen said.

Their father had once told him that if you come of age before your mate does, you can still feel a pull towards them. Their father had felt it for their mother.

Kain, thinking about the same thing Galen had said. “Yeah, I think so too.”

Serenity knew her brothers were talking about her privately, but she didn’t care, she was nervous. More so now that she spotted the wolf she had been crushing

beginning against her

and son 1: Kain, but unan, making her, a whiptorera mibeat, feeling the Act her breasts were two for one, and no matter how much

on that her worst was small, and her muscles were toned and tightly picked

to tame, meaning Serenity spent a lot of

time of them. She had

(poking up in moments that void the colon med on it, that’s how met her hair was. It was also curly, and nearly impossible

to manage. She had always managed to escape as braid she put it in.

web, making woe to put a nourishing curl cream to give them more definition. If you couldn’t fight them, might as

complexion with lots of freckles.

A line of Freckles went across her long straight nose. Serenity would even them with make up if she could stand the feel of foundation on her face. Foundation

using breakouts, as she didn’t use it. She’d rather take care of her skin than ruin it because of vanity. How make up ventated Serenity’s skin, i

Shwe were a light leyst al olive green eyeshadow that lighth spackled with tiny flecks of gold. A brown eyeliner and black mascara, the only needed a little CarMax (bet naturally pink lips, and was done. Five minutes and she had her make-up on.

She already had to spend thirty minutes on her hair every morning, so she didn’t want to take forever with her make up everyday too. So always wore the

un, not enough to accentuate what was already there, not enough to make a new face entirely.

Serenity had picked out her clothes carefully today. She wore a dark forest green tank top with lacy edges, it had a slightly thick built in non-slip shelf bra and a delicate looking golden zipper down the front, the fabric of the shirt loose enough to lay gently against her skin.

Her shorts were dark blue denim hip huggers that hit her mid thigh, with thick gold rippers up both sides for easy shedding. They still have a front fly with a snap. The thread for the hems was a dark gold color.

On her feet were a pair of gold colored sling back sandals that slipped on and off easily. She had three piercings in each ear, she had golden stud earrings in each one.

Dangling earrings and hoops were only worn with specific hairstyles, otherwise her curls got snagged in them.

When you shifted, the earring would still be in the ears, only on your shifted forms ears. As today was the Seniors fight training exam, Serenity went for earrings that wouldn't be annoying while shifted.

Serenity discreetly gave herself a sniff, to make sure she still smelled freshly showered, as she parked her jeep. Galen and Kain knew why their sister had put so much effort into the way she looked this morning, it was because she hoped to look good for her fated mate.

They felt that if the mate in question didn't appreciate her the way they felt he should, they would definitely be giving him a beating. Kain glanced over at Darien and Alora. He was surprised when he looked at her again. He'd know it was her because of the black hair, those violet eyes and caramel skin color.

Gun thought she looked like a delicious caramel candy, one he'd probably enjoy savoring. He never pursued her, because while he was attracted to her, he was still waiting for his fated mate

"I think we should talk to Alora and find out exactly what Darien means to her" Galen said to Kain.

Darien looked at Serenity and couldn't help but compare her to a beautiful sunset. He was so nervous. "What if she doesn't like me?"

Alora looked at Darien in surprise, her eyebrows were raised, as if to ask "really?"

"You're an amazing fighter, a highly intelligent being, kind, caring and supportive.

What's not to like?"

"Yeah, but what if she doesn't find me attractive?" He asked her, looking at her worried. Alora looked at him with a deadpan expression for a moment, then she slapped him on the back of the head, growling "Dumbass."

"Ow what was that for?!" Derian asked in surprise, rubbing the spot Alora just smacked, a wounded expression on his face.

Kain and Galen witnessed the slip to the back of the head and they both laughed.

Serenity turned off the jeep and took in a deep steady breath before letting it out in a sigh. The music that had been loudly playing moments ago now abruptly silent.

Without opening the doors, Serenity, Kian, and Galen hopped out of the jeep. Serenity stood next to the jeep, hooking her thumbs in her back pockets. Galen went around the front of the jeep to the driver's side.

"Any specific reason you parked so close to that big bad wolf over there?" Galen teased Serenity.

Serenity held it in and didn't say anything, she just gave her brother a narrowed eye glare that promised future retribution. It clearly said, 'shut up or I'll maim you.'" Did her brother listen, no, he just laughed.

Chapter Comments

Susan Moledor

POST COMMENT

After I ran across a bunch of conflicting names between WHS and Song in the alphas. Heart I noticed that the names have been changed in the first book. Now it's Kain not....

Jamy Roberts

she said in the message before that she changed their writing style and some character names as well.

Oh she is definitely his mate."

Kain, reached into the back end of the jeep and grabbed out his pack, he threw it hard enough at Galen's chest to get an 'oomph' out of him. Serenity smiled, thinking it had been the perfect way to shut him up.

Alora, seeing their antics was amused. Serenity was actually six months younger than Kain and Galen, who were twins. Kain and Galen were born in the winter, and Serenity just six months after.

Werewolf pregnancies were a lot shorter than human pregnancies, they were only five

to six months long. Depending on how many pups you were pregnant with. Not only were they short, but it also took a lot to cause a miscarriage. Most females were able to train and fight well into their fourth month. With light exercise being acceptable all the way up to delivery.

Darien was staring transfixed in Serenity's direction, as if hypnotized. They were downwind of where Serenity and her brothers were standing. A slightly warm breeze was blowing Serenity's scent straight to Darien

Alora could not help thinking. 'Oh, she is definitely his mate.'

Axel was rolling around inside Darien, reveling in Serenity's scent. "She smells so good" He crooned, nearly purring, as much as a wolf could purr. "I want to find out if the tastes as good as she smells."

Darien was immediately turned on by the image of tasting Serenity. He couldn't tear his gaze away from her. Serenity wasn't moving towards them, she wasn't even looking in their direction.

"She hasn't looked our way at all yet." Danen told his wolf, starting to feel nervous again, the fear of possibly being rejected made it difficult for him to breathe.

"She hasn't scented us yet." Axel said, trying to reassure his humanoid. Axel knew she was interested in them, he'd felt her staring at them when Darien wasn't looking for weeks now.

Alora watched Darien freak out internally and start to speak to his wolf. "He's actually terrified of being rejected." Alora said to Xena.

"He shouldn't, that female has had a crush on Brother for a while now." Xena said, amusement in her tone.

"You're always calling him brother, what's up with that?" Alora asked Xena.

Xena had been calling Darien Brother for years, but not Damien, never Damien.

"Because he feels like a brother, and Axel asked me to call him Brother." Xena replied.

"He whined something awful till I did."

Alora chuckled but did not say anything, almost wishing she had not asked, Alora was afraid she would voice the question, buried in the depths of her heart, aloud to her wolf if she continued talking about this.

Galen looked over and caught the look on Darien's face, it was equal parts hopeful and fearful, and his eyes were glued to Serenity. "Well, looks like we'll be related to the Alpha of the Pack soon." He mind linked Kain.

"You just now figured that out?" Kain asked, his tone rife with sarcasm.

Kain had grabbed his pack out of the jeep and slung it over one shoulder. Grabbing Serenity's, he makes eye contact with her and tosses it in her direction. He was fully expecting her to catch it, but that's not what happened, because the wind chose that moment to change directions.

Serenity's eyes were wide, she was frozen in place. Her tossed pack landed at her feet on the ground. The bag was ignored, and Serenity started to slowly turn in the direction of the delicious scent that had her wolf rolling around inside her.

Serenity started to freak out, even before looking to confirm, she knew who her mate was. "It's him, it's really him, he's our mate!"

"He smells delicious, I want to find out if he's as worm as his scent smells." Rose said, no help at all.

Serenity finished turning around, staring at Darien, "What do I do?!" She asked, her

voice filled with her panic. "Do I just walk over there, do I stay here and wait?!"* Darien saw her react to their scent, watched her recognize him as her mate, but she didn't say anything, she stood there completely still. "Goddess, why isn't she

Aires was looking back and forth between the two, seeing the fear and concern in their eyes. "Taska the Archer it print to send a push in the right direction. * With a half smirk on her face Alora did not that. She got behind Darien and pushed him. "Don't you idiot, go claim your mate." Alora told him at the same time. Kan and Galen had shared a meaningful look before pushing their sister toward her mate. It was all she needed, then the warning towers Deciem in her ran to her. They met in the middle. Darien serping up Serenity and crumpling her mouth to his.

While Dram and Serenity were downing each other, Kain and Galen made their way over to a smiling Alora's side. Alora couldn't help but smile at the joy she could practically see radiating from her friend and his fated mate. Alora was aware of the brothers every move, but Kain and Galen didn't know that. Each thought her fight Rank to be either Scout or Enforcer. There were six fighting Ranks. They were Reserve, Scout, Enforcer, Delta, Beta, and Alpha Serenity. Kain and Galen were in the Delta fight Rank. Closely Birch Kain and Galen knew Alora wasn't in that Class, and she wasn't in the same Class as her sister.

They believed Alora to be a somewhat weak wolf, with the way she was bullied by the Frost and Northmountains in the school, Unfortunately for them, the only mason. Alora allowed it, was because the consequences she would face at home would be worse than just being bullied by a few bigoted Werewolves.

Because of what Kain and Galen assumed of Alora. They thought they were sneaking up on her from behind, until she startled both of them by asking the question, "Something I can help you boys with?" said in a drawl.

It was the hidden message in the drawled words that nearly had them jumping out of their skin and into their fur. It was the feeling of their wolves' raised fur inside that made them realize they had been wrong to think Alora weak...

Alora was amused that she managed to startle Kain and Galen as badly as she had. Alora had slowly let her aura start to drift out from her the second both of them had moved. Alora knew they had assumed her fight Rank to be under theirs.

Alora knew this for two reasons, one, no one in her training class was allowed to reveal she was in that class with them, or what her fight Rank was. An order they were not able to go against, because it had come directly from Alpha Andrew.

Reason two, if they had known, they never would have approached her from behind.

They would have come at her head on their necks bared. Kain and Galen waited, making sure they could move without being attacked. Their wolves could tell what Alora was, they whimpered and bared their necks inside them.

"Alpha, she's on Alpha" Horus said to Kain

"She's not to be underestimated." Amun told Galen.

"Come stand next to me, as long as you don't give me a reason to, I won't bite." Alora said, in a light tone.

Alora may have sounded like she was just teasing Kain and Galen, but she meant every word. Her warning was very clear, one Kain and Galen decided they should

Now standing next to Alora, they felt her retract her aura, till it hummed just beneath her skin. It was barely detectable, the only reason Kain and Galen knew it was there, was because now that they had felt it as they had, they wouldn't be able to ever mistake it for anything but what it was again.

Alora leaned against the passenger door of Darien's car, one arm crossed over her ribs, the elbow of her other arm propped against it, her curled knuckles against her chain. Alora's smile looked a little sad, she was genuinely happy for Darien and Serenity, but she was sad for herself and for her wolf.

"Are we even really sure it's him?" Xena asked her, wanting them to be wrong

The smile on Alora's face became less real, and more of a musk when Xena voiced her question. "We've felt the pull in his direction since he turned eighteen." _ Xena's response to Alora's answer was to whimper sadly.

Darien and Serenity had stopped devouring each other. Serenity was on her feet, Darien held her tightly against him with an arm around her waist. His upper back curved as he bent to touch his forehead to Serenity's. They had wide smiles on their faces and were panting slightly.

Serenity blushed and gizzled, making Darien's smile impossibly bigger. "Goddess you're adorable, and beautiful, you smell divine, and you're soft and feel so warm. You taste better than I imagined." Darien let out in a long stream

Serenity giggled more, her face getting redder Serenity felt silly, she had been in worried about being rejected, when she shouldn't have worried at all. "I like the way you smell too." Serenity said shob, then she brand het noer in his neck.

This won both to hide her burning Love, and to smell Darien move. Darien let out a groan so deep it rumbled in his chest, it was like a port. Darien's scent got sposer with his arousal, his arm around Serenity's waist got tighter, pulling her closer to him.

Serenity felt his hardness as he ground his pelvis against her abdomen.

Chapter Comments

Leona Smith

POST COMMENT

I read this book once already and I really enjoyed it the first time but I really like the changes too. great job

Susan Moledor

Some changes I like some I don't. Like the change in Klans name to Kain.

: "...you are an Alpha."

Darien wished he could just swoop up Serenity, toss her into his car and then find a quiet, private, and romantic place to claim her fully. In baby, heart, and anal While Darien was torturing himself with thoughts about claiming Serenity Kain and Galen were having a silent conversation.

"Het gede was an happy a moment ago, then it got sod, now it's just a mark. "Galeri commented to Kain

Galen had thought Alora enchantingly beautiful with a genuine smile on her face. Then

he felt like offering to slay her demons when that smile became sad.

**The rumors have her sleeping with Darien, but I seriously doubt it, they've never acted like lovers." Kain told Galen.

Kain thought about all the Claim's Sarah and some of her Clan members spewed about Alora. He doubted most if any were true. "They act like we do with Serenity, ke they're brother and sister."

Galen thought about what Kain said for a second, before mentally nodding. "You're right, they also said she was a weak wolf"

"Something we now know personally is complete and utter bull s hit." Ka n growled, he was still pis sed at himself for making such a stu pid assumption.

"Such bu llsh it, I wonder how much of the other rumors are more bull s hit." Galen wasn't any happier than Kain about underestimating a potential opponent to this degree. Alora knew Kain and Galen were talking to each other about her. They were most likely wondering about all the rumors Sarah and her possy started about Darien

Usually, whenever someone was brave enough to approach her to ask. They sounded like they were really making accusations, not asking questions. Alora would ignore them and just walk away without answering

Alora decided that this time around, because they were the brothers of her best friend's mate, she would explain. Whether they chose to believe her or not, that was up to them.

Using just her eyes, she glanced sideways at Kain, catching his gaze. Kain and Galen were both a little taller than Darien at seven foot seven. They were a touch broader, their muscle tone bulkier. Their skin was sun kissed gold, sprinkled lightly with freckles. Their hair was fire engine red with blond highlights. They wore it slightly shaggy, curling over their eyebrows, ears and neck. Their eye color was the same as Serenity's, and their eyes were striking, Inner rings of emerald green surrounded by an outer ring of glowing amber.

Galen was wearing a loose tan pair of cargo shorts and a slightly loose, deep blue V neck sleeveless shirt. On his feet a pair of black slingback trail sandals. Kain was wearing the same kind of shorts only his were black, and his shirt was a dark green knit tank top. His trail sandals a dark brown.

Kain read the demand in Alora's nearly glowing violet silver ringed eyes. It clearly said, "Ask your questions now".

“Be respectful of how you talk to this Alpha, something in her aura just now...”Horus’s words trailed off, but Kain understood what he was trying to say.

“There are several rumors about you and Darien, after observing you two ourselves however, my brother and I don’t believe they are true.” Kain said, his words spoken in a soft but deep baritone.

“That’s not really a question, that’s more of a statement.” Alora responded, lifting one gracefully arched black eyebrow, a rueful grin stretching one side of her full mouth

Galen laughed, Alora turned her head in his direction, amusement starting to light her eyes. “What my brother is trying to delicately ask, is if all those rumors are the total bullshit, we think they are.” Galen said with a grin on his face, showing a bit of fang.

“My wolf Xena calls his wolf Axel, Brother. I call Darien my best friend.” Alora said simply, her tone said they could choose to believe her answer or not.

*Thank you for explaining Alpha.” Galen said, tilting his head to the side offering his neck.

“I would prefer not to be too oblivious about my fight Rank.” Alora told him.

“It’s not post your fight Rank, our debes tell us you are an Alpha * Kam said, then tilted his head to the side when her eyes mapped in his direction.

A blush burned across Alora’s cheeks, she wasn’t used to being addressed so respectfully, but then again, this was the first time Alora and Xena had let their Alpha’s aura loose. Now that it was out, it refused to be fully tucked away again. Instead, the power of it would only retreat to just under her skin.

This meant any wolf that get within reach of Alora would feel it. It was not something Alora had wanted announced to everyone just yet. Not before she had completely broken back of her family, and their Class.

Groping the back of her neck, Alora tilted her face to the sky, her eyes closed, and her brows furrowed. Alora had thought about the problem for a moment.

“Does it really matter if our cards are revealed now or later?” Xersa asked, before adding in a tired whisper that sounded suspiciously like whining. “I’m so tired of biting what we are.

Opening her eyes, Alora studied the fluffy gray and white clouds drifting above. Her expression was serious as she continued to think. Galen and Kain stood there silently, observing her actions and having a conversation of their own.

“don't be “Galen said to Kain through their mind link

“Don't like what?” Kain asked him, although he already had a suspicion.

“Her worry over being addressed as what she is.” Galen responded, his voice holding a growl.

“Ah, then we are on the same page, but you know, I've come to realize something “Kain said.

“sit the same realization I've had?” Galen asked him.

“That all those rumors about Alora always started with Sarah, and then were spread by the Frost and Northmountain's that are closest to her.” Kain said, his tone gr

“Yup, that's the one” Galen said ruefully.

Darien and Serenity were staring into each other's eyes smiling. They were oblivious to what was going on next to them at the moment. Lost in their own world together. Darien looked at her bare neck, and the spot where she would wear his mark.

His gums ached with the need to bite and mark her now, but he wouldn't be so disrespectful to her. First, he needed to gain her permission to mark her. Then Darien would have Serenity decide when that would happen and where they were going to be for it.

Some wolves liked to do a ceremony, where the mating bite of the mate would be the equivalent of exchanging rings in a human wedding. Because they were Werewolves, the mating mark was your marriage certificate.

It was the same with all supernaturals, even Witches and Warlocks had a way to mark their mate or mates. A supernatural being, fated to more than one mate was not uncommon. In fact, Dragon Masters are always fated to have two mates, forming mated triads.

Your mate was not always the opposite se x either, your Gods and Goddesses would not force you to mate with a being you were not physically attracted to. Werewolves were the only Supernaturals more commonly fated in pairs than triads.

Especially the Alpha's, Alpha's being of a triad was exceedingly rare. There had been one, but neither of the Alpha Werewolf's two mates were werewolves themselves. One was a Vampire, and the other a Witch.

One reason Darien wanted Serenity to decide when she would accept his mark. Is that once a Supernatural being marked their mate, their heat would come any time within four to seven weeks after. Heats were to do two things, one, was to solidify

the bonds between mated pairs and mated triads.

The other reason for heats was that female partners would be at their most fertile then. Without proper preparation, the females were almost guaranteed to get pregnant. The mating fever though, that was a whole other matter.

The mating fever is an increasing, and sometimes unbearable need to claim your fated mate. It starts within moments of meeting your fated mate. You can deny it for two days at most, but there are consequences, when the need has made all parties involved mindless. Like the tearing off of each other's clothes and putting on a public show kind of consequences.

While Darien and Serenity were lost to each other, Alora came to a decision. One she voiced out. "Fu c k it, hiding is too exhausting but seeing as we're all about to become rather close thanks to those two," Alora said wryly with a thumb pointed Darien and Serenity's direction, "you should call me Alora."

Kain and Galen Both grinned, this side of Alora was amusing to them with Darien and her teachers.

bustly, Alora was doing her best to melt into the background, when she wasn't interacting

Alora turned her head back around to face Dupen and Serenity, a sad smile on her face again. It tugged at Kain's heartstrings, prompting him to ask his question before he could stop himself

"Who do you look so sad" He asked, his deep baritone voice.