

Werewolf's Heartsong by Dizzy izzy

Chapter 22

Chapter 22

Darien's POV

After our orders were taken we settle down to wait for our food and drinks. Then Elder Silas had put that brief case on the table. Telling my father about the paper work inside. Then my father turns to Alora. With every word Alora loses color. We're all looking in their direction because of the information given.

Because of the Will left by her grandfather, Alora is now the owner of the most historic property of all the Northern Continental Wolves. As she is signing and initialing in her new name I noticed something was wrong. She's not saying anything. The expression on her face is frozen, and she's too pale.

After she signed it all, the only thing

she said was "I'm free." I heard the shock in that voice, the hesitant belief. Then she looks at me. Her eyes are glassy, she looks like she's about to break. "I'm finally free." is the last sentence to pass her lips before she's falling out of her chair, Serenity lets out a startled scream as I jump out of my own chair to catch Alora, my father on her other side.

My father sits on the floor to cradle her against his chest. My mom kneels down next to him. "Oh the poor girl, how much has she gone through that freedom makes her faint." she asks tears in her voice. "I don't know my dear, but she'll be protected now." responded dad.

"How do we bring her back around?" asks Serenity. "We have the last of our Tournament fights after the break." she reminds me. Crap! The fights! Alora would be so pissed if we

missed them. I think of something, I turn to my mate and I kissed her, forcing myself to keep it light and not drown in a fire of need.

"I'll be right back I need to run across the street real quick." I tell her as I jump up and run out of the restaurant. There is one thing I know will work, and it's so simple. Coffee, organic dark roast with cinnamon and nutmeg, lightened with a vanilla flavored coconut milk creamer and several scoops of sugar. I get to the shop and buy the coffee.

I rush into the restaurant and kneel down next to my dad. I open the lid on the coffee and wave it under her nose, her nose starts twitching, "This

should bring her back." I tell everyone. It's not much longer, then I see a smile form on her face. "See, I told you it would do the trick." I turned to Serenity, gloating a little.

"How did you know that would work?" she asks. "Because she's addicted to coffee, but not just any coffee, the snob has to have organic dark roast." I tell her.

Alora stirs, my parents are relived and glad she's awake and tell her so. Then she makes that comment, that same one she uses to defend her coffee preference. "Well someone has to tell Darien, I'm not a coffee snob. I just have high standards for good coffee." I look down, right into her eye before enunciating one word. "Snob." with a straight face. I hear a snort next to me.

My mate slaps both her hands over her face and brakes into a fit of giggles. It makes me smile. This she wolf is so beautiful, I can't wait till I have her all to myself. I had plans that involved us staying in bed for a month. Damn she makes me so hard,

I felt like my dick was going to shatter any moment, my wolf wasn't doing much better. He's been howling to claim his mate since this morning.

The touches and kisses we've been able to claim so far were not enough. And fighting only made me more eager to claim her, especially when she kicked ass. Goddess her ass, so perfect and round with the right amount of bounce and sway as she walked. I could feel myself dripping out of my tip a bit.

Shit, that was the last thing I need, a wet spot show casing exactly how needy for my mate I am. Not that anyone couldn't smell it, we are werewolves after all, a heightened sense of smell was a given. Doing math equations and reciting the duties of an Alpha had me calming down enough I could sit comfortably

during lunch.

I look up and my dad is staring at me with a smirk on his face. The old bastard knows exactly what I'm going through, then he looks at my mother and I look away. I've heard them plenty of times through their bedroom wall to know they still had a *very* active sex life. Not something I wanted to think about while eating. The thought of mom and dad getting it on helps take care of the rest of my erection. I start thinking about the fight ahead.

We were to be in our half forms this time around. This form was not easy to hold. It took dedication and discipline to fight in this form. The half form was stronger and built for battle. For the fighters who had mastered this form this portion of the tournament would be there last chance to make it up in the ranks.

Alora hasn't trained with the rest of the Alpha Class in her half form. 3

She had trained with our Pack's top warriors in that form, only the Seniors Alpha Class Fighters trained with the Pack Warrior's normally. This year dad had the pack's elite Training Master working with us. Master Brock Stonemaker was a big powerful wolf. He was trained with dad and his Beta by his father. He became Training Master when his father had retired.

His entire line had passed the position from Father to son since the First Alpha. They would add new techniques as they were discovered. They were always improving, saying "The world halts for no one." meaning we needed to adjust as the world continued to change. He had trained Damien before he had left for the University. I knew he was sad to see one of his favorite students go.

But I watched how ecstatic he became at being told he would be Alora's trainer, having already met Alora by then. I knew his excitement was because of how closely she resembled the First Alpha. Then when she had her blood test done, proving her a Heartsong, he beamed with pride like he knew it all along, declaring "I knew it! She's always been special." in a boastful tone. She was my best friend, I've always know she was special.

I'm glad my mate likes her, it means Alora has one more friend. Then I look at my mates brothers, three more friends, she now has three more friends. Good. She deserves it. For years I've stayed by her side, and for years I have watched her pain. So much pain. All those times I would smell fresh blood, all those times she would walk, stand or sit funny. Yet I have never seen her break....until

today. But then, after all she's been through, and that's with just what she's told me, and what I've found out on my own, she was due for one.

I don't understand how Xena was able to do what she did for Alora, but I was grateful for it. When she woke back up she was put back together, but changed. It was a good change, I could sense that much, and now she was free from her parents and sister. We just had to go with her to collect her things after our last match.

Thinking of the matches has me thinking of my mate. "*I wonder what her half form looks like*" Axel said. Making me think about it too. She'd be covered in all that vibrant red fur. Her wolf was powerful, so I had no doubt that power would make itself visible in her half form as well. Oh and the curves that form would have. I growl softly thinking about it. Oops,

must not think such carnal thoughts in the middle of a restaurant sitting with your parents, I think to myself.

"*She'll be magnificent*" I couldn't help but reply to Axel. I'm glad I needed to focus on my match, otherwise I'll have blue balls the size of my head by the time I get home because of how much I desire my mate. *Maybe I can talk her into staying the night at the pack house* I wonder. I have my own suite of rooms away from my parents, and we're both of age now. *Shiti* needed to get my head out of the bedroom

Lucky for me the food had arrived, and that took my focus away from carnal pleasures to be had with a mate. I look around at everyone, taking in their

expressions, listening to their words and thinking. Then I look back at Alora, I see a smile on

taking in their expressions, listening to their words and thinking. Then I look back at Alora, I see a smile on her face. She's happy now, that's good. But she could be happier, she could be with a mate. I wonder who the Goddess would bless to have Alora as his mate. "Who *ever they are they better treat her as she deserves.*" I say to myself.

Werewolf's Heartsong by Dizzy izzy

Chapter 23

Chapter 23

Unknown POV

We had been walking back to the dorms from our morning training session, when I felt it. It was a deep visceral pain that dropped me to my knees. It radiated out of my chest. It took me a moment to realize I was not feeling my pain. No, this was from the woman who's rejection I refused. I was still bonded to her, and could still feel her pain. (3

Something has happened to her, something bad, it feels as though her soul is being ripped out, taking mine with it. I wanted desperately to go to her. But I knew she wouldn't want to see me. Her friend Sarah had made that clear the last time I tried to talk to her.

I still haven't accepted her rejection.

I still won't. My best friend kneels down next to me. "What's wrong, what has happened." He demands, forever the Alpha. "Something has happened to her, she's in so much pain." I tell him. The pain continues on for only a little while longer before it stops abruptly, like she passed out. My friend looks at me. "I'm going to give dad a call and find out what's going on at home." I nod, and I'll text the only ally there I secretly had in the bid to claim my mate.

Alora's POV

After we ate lunch we all went back to the school's Coliseum together. The Principal and Elder Silas joining the Alpha and Luna. Serenity, Kian, and Galan's parents were now seated with them as well. Strangely, Lauren, Agatha, and Beatrice were being exempted from finishing the exam

due to special circumstances.

During this time, a lot of the lower level wolves used these fights to advance in rank, further than they're last fights did. This tournament was like the ones the Pack holds yearly for the soldiers, if they did really well, this was an opportunity to earn an advancement in rank.

We needed to be able to match a wolves skills, to where they would better support the Pack. So when it came to leadership, your intelligence was just as important a factor. The Training Masters of the pack were comprised of the toughest wolves in the pack, they were also very intelligent and came from generations of training masters, most having received their position from their fathers or mothers, who were given it by their fathers or mothers, and so an and so forth.

The Alpha positions were kept indefinitely until you either, died, retired, or was challenged for your position. Most Alpha's, like the trainers, are from generations of Alpha's. With a few exceptions, like me now. But you were only able to

challenge an Alpha once every five years. If you lost your match, you had to wait five years before being able to challenge that Alpha again. You were also, only able to challenge the same Alpha three times in your lifetime.

I watched the wolves who have trained hard in the last three months, make leaps and bounds up the ranks. They all we're usually wolves whose power and or growth came to them late. Or are just now finding their determination, having finally decided where at in the Pack they wanted to be. There was also the wolves who have been focused more on their

studies than on fight training. 2

This year had seen the biggest improvement, and the most change, of every werewolf in their Senior year. It has been amazing to watch, even if I wasn't a part of any of it, but I had been watching from the shadows, secretly cheering on my fellow pack members.

This year had seen a lot of change in me too. I was only beginning to realize that it was because I had come into my own as an Alpha. Not just because I was exceedingly good at combat, but because it had always been my destiny to be an Alpha. *Aaaaand I now have a Mansion and more money than I will ever know what to do with.* I literally, have no idea what to do with that kind of wealth. I mean, sure, the income I'll get working at the lab will be very lucrative.

Enough to get me a large plot of land and a really nice house, and to support a family. I paused, saddened *If there will be a family now*, is what goes through my mind. That leaves me to wallow for a moment, but I don't allow myself to fall into despair. I would not ever again allow myself to fall into that dark abyss again, because I was an Alpha, I had a responsibility to my Pack. I've never felt as strong as I do now, It was an incredible feeling. 2

When it came time for Serenity's match I looked at Darien, he was drooling. The desire in his eyes as he looked at Serenity was electric, his attention entirely focused on her as she fought. I bet she could feel his gaze on her, it had to be intense. It makes me long to feel that kind of connection with my own male. I was hoping the Moon Goddess will bless us with a second chance mate.

Someone who can love all of me, someone to appreciate me.?

Right now that dream feels unachievable. So I'll have to focus on other things for now. Like my own fights coming up, I would be battling four opponents this time around. Jamison, Lexus, Jaxon and Darien. I was actually looking forward to it. Darien was to fight, Garrett, Mason, Lexus then me.

For Jaxon, who I was now keeping an eye on, as he's a really close cousin to Serenity, and her brothers. He was the same age as the Twins, being raised together made him like another brother to them. He was to fight Garrett, Jamison, Lexus and me. Lexus's fourth opponent was Jamison. Jamison's fourth opponent was, Mason. Garrett and Mason as the bottom two ranks of the class only had three opponents to fight, and were each others third battle

were each others third battle.

Everyone was waiting around for the Alpha Class's battles. They all knew how epic the battles were between the Senior's of the Alpha Class. We were the strongest to begin with. And we all have only gotten stronger. With my new acceptance of my destiny I felt like my strength has tripled, almost like the chains I felt breaking in Xena's 'space' hadn't just been holding my magic back, but holding me back physically as well. Then a memory comes forth, It was about one of the few times I had come close to beating Brock.

It had been during a fall afternoon in one of the outside training rings. The trees were bursting with color, reds, oranges, yellows and browns. The wind was blowing the leaves already liberally littering the ground and taking more from the trees. The sun

was still out and the sky was a beautiful blue with a few clouds, and the earth was damp. I knew because I had been on my back on the ground looking up at the sky panting heavily.

That's when he said. "Somethings holding you back girly, you nearly had me, once you find out whats holding you back and break it, trust me, you'll be unstoppable, now that's a sight I would love to see." He had knelt down offering me a hand, looking me directly in the eye he said. "You got what it takes to be a great Alpha Alora, one day you'll see it too." I hadn't believed him at the time. But now I know what he meant.

I look over at the area all the Trainers were sitting in, and he was there. I've been his student for the last four years. He felt as much as a father figure as the Alpha did. He was going to be able to see me without the

chains that had been holding me back. I felt happy to know he was here to witness my transformation. I watch as he pulls out his phone, he reads whatever was sent to him, he smirks at it, then types a reply. He's got that smile that says he knows he has annoyed someone, and is gloatingly happy about it. Wonder who the message was to?

Unknown POV

I'd sent a message to that old man Brock asking if he could record Alora's fight for me. He would be sitting with the other trainers in the Arena and they had front row seats. His message was deliberately irritating, I growl in annoyance. Old man still new how to get to me.

If I didn't respect him so much I'd teach him a lesson when I got back home. But he did make a point, even

if I was reluctant to admit it. "If you wanted to watch her fight, you could have come to the tournament yourself today." I growl again reading his message.

I should have gone, but I had stayed away. My attraction for her having grown for her over the last two years, it was becoming an obsession. I knew it was inappropriate, so I had stayed away. Convincing myself to be satisfied with the reports and pictures I occasionally got from my family. Soon the excuse of school would be no more. I would graduate soon, our finals started in two weeks, then we would be going home.

She was eighteen now, and had been rejected by her mate. I abruptly cut off that line of thinking before any hope could form. She had another mate out there somewhere. And if I

touched her even once.... I would

touched her even once....I would never let her go.

Werewolf's Heartsong by Dizzy izzy

Chapter 24

Chapter 24

Brock's POV

I knew the boy would be irritated. But I couldn't help it. He should have shown up to watch her himself. I was looking forward to this last part of the tournament. I had a feeling something was going to be different. The Alpha had told me, all that had gone on since I witnessed her rejection and the slaps from her sister this morning. 2

It breaks my heart at all her family has put that pup through. I was grateful I was made her trainer. If I could do anything for this pup I could give her the skill she would need to get free of her family.

Over the last year it became almost a physical image, the chains binding her, holding her back. My father called what I could see a trainers

intuition, we were able to see a fighters potential and bring it out of them.

With Alora all I had been able to do is make her stronger than any other wolf in her school, despite the impairment. But when I looked at her moments ago the chains were gone. Her strength glowing, rising from her like a spiritual fire.

That's when I had sought out my Alpha, to see if he new what happened. Something had happened while on the lunch break, and now, she was freed from her family. That's what must have broken the chains. This means we're going to be blessed with a sight we haven't seen since the last female Heartsong Alpha, a Lunar Princess.

There was a picture of the last one in one of the many journals my family kept. Centuries of training and it's

improvements were in those journals, and my family line had been blessed with training every female Heartsong Alpha since the first one.

That's when, according to my father, and the journals, we were blessed with our second sight. The one that's allowed me to see the binding on Alora's strength. It was what has allowed our family to be the best trainers around the world, that and our dedication. We have all, at some point in our lives, in every generation, spent five to ten years traveling. Learning other Packs techniques. Learning how not to just fight other wolves but the 'Others' of our world. We always brought back more books and information. Books brought back in there countries original languages were paired with their translation.

It was a great honor to be Alora's trainer and hanafill..

trainer, and hopefully she'll allow me to train any pups she may have. I had a feeling the wolf she's matched with next will be powerful. Maybe it'll be that irritating brat of the Alpha's that I watched come into his own as he grew. Now he was at that Alpha's University with his Beta. 4

They'll be home in three weeks, it'll be good to see how much they have grown, I taught those boy's everything I could before they went off. And from what I've been told, they will graduate first Rank. It's only fitting for the Alpha of Alpha's.

I smile to myself. Maybe I should have those two battle Alora, see how they hold up against her. I'm sure I could find a way to set that up. I bet she'll be able to hold her own against them. She had that much strength, that little abused pup I first met has grown, she was now an Alpha Female.

AM

Alora's POV

It was time for my first fight this round, Xena was excited. We would show everyone how strong we are. I know my parents and Sarah would be watching. I was out of their reach now. This would prove it. Jamison was my first opponent.

I walk down to the platform and take my place. I strip down to nothing, before transforming. Werewolves didn't care about nudity normally, why would they, we all had to transform, couldn't do that in clothes.

I hear gasps and murmurs after my transformation. My wolf and I were tall and powerful in this form as well, much bigger than Jamison. The Celtic bands around my wrists, ankles and on my collar bones, visible on our half form. The stars appeared in our fur, the crown across our forehead. 3

No one had seemed to see the markings on my skin at the restaurant. They had all been too focused on me collapsing, and then we had all been too hungry for anything but chowing down once the food had arrived.

It had been fifty years since another Lunar Princess walked among us, and now here I was, with the chains binding my true self broken. The magic rushing through my veins is amazing. I feel like I could do anything at this moment. All around me, the Adults are in a tizzy about my transformation. 2

Off to the side I see Master Brock smiling like he knew all along, and maybe he did. The words he said to me that day making a return, playing through my mind again. The memory making me smile. I could only imagine that this smile, looked like a threatening grin. With my lips drawn

45 AM 0

back, exposing my fangs.

I look across from me at the platform at Jamison and Seth in their half form. Seth was a black and silver wolf so that's the color of their fur now in wolf form. Jamison is a good looking male. Tall, broad shoulders, a muscular chest and an eight pack, the muscles in his arms and legs were large, but not overly so. They were tightly packed and lean, not bulging, just large. That continued over into his wolf form as he grew to eight feet and seven inches tall. 2

His eyes were a glowing gold, rimmed in a cinnamon colored amber, his tail long and bushy. The fur that started on his forehead over the back of his neck, spreading half way across his shoulders, tapering to a V on his spine half way

down his back, was black. His body fur brown, and was four inches longer than all his other fur, except that the bushy strand of

his tail were even longer, they were about six inches. It was kind of like the hair of his human form, appearing on his wolf in this half form.

Xena and I grew to be nine feet and four inches, the black of my hair transferring to this form. Like Jamison and Seth half for the fur that was our 'hair' was in the same place on Xena and mine's half form, only our 'hair' was two feet in length. Draping back in a waterfall of fur, my ears, are all white, parting some of the fur. Our 'hair' was the only black fur in this form.

Our tail fur, had about eight inches of length in its bushiest part. My fur covered breasts where just as proportionately large on this form, as they are on my human form. The rest of my form is just as proportionate. A long, lean torso, with a tightly muscled belly, just shy of being a six

pack, tucked in at the middle, small but not overly tiny. Wide hips. Well defined muscular arms and legs, large without being bulky or overly large.

11

My claws were long, black and sharp. We had thumbs in this form, our legs were a straighter, longer, slightly human, version of wolf legs. Our feet also having claws, adding to an already deadly form. Our eyes large glowing violet, rimmed with silver. The stars in my fur sparkling like diamonds in the black of our hair. I know we're beautiful. D

I can also hear some of the whispers and comments coming from the crowd. I hear it when Sarah snarls. "That whore! How fucking dare she do this!". I knew what she meant. "How dare I show her up like this. Well I dare, because this is who I am, and I'm done suppressing myself for their vanity.

Jamison didn't have a chance. The moment the signal to start sounded we attacked. We were fast, a blur of speed, just a streak of color. We connected with a spinning kick to the chest that had him flying up and out of the ring, rolling across the floor to slam into the stadium wall. He was out cold. The officials went through their motions, then declared us the winner of this match.

The roar of the crowd was loud as I changed back, and got into my clothes. The crown and stars were gone, but the necklace and braces on my wrists and ankles stayed. I didn't bother with the skirt cardigan or shoes, just carried them with me up to my seat. Every wolf I passed on my way to my seat showed me signs of respect.

They knew what and who I was, both before and now. That they were now showing me this should have been

gratifying. But too many of these wolves stood by while I was tormented by my sister and her friends. It would take awhile before I could let that go. I was an

Alpha, I had to let this go in order to be the best Alpha I could be, and I would. It would just take some time, I needed to heal.

Setting my stuff under my seat I turn around and sit down. I look at Darien who is staring at me in mute, shocked silence. I wait for a moment before asking "Cat got your tongue?" in a drawl, smirking as I did. He starts to say something a few time before finally bursting out with "What the fuck happened while you were passed out?!" causing me to burst out with laughter. 2

"Like I told your parents, Xena pulled me into her 'space and helped me process the fact that I was finally free." I start the explanation. "When I

accepted that fact, accepted my destiny as an Alpha she-wolf of the Heartsong's. These chains that had been binding my magic, and my physical power, were broken."

He looks shocked and amazed for a moment, then his smile turns to a frown and a look of concern forms. "Where did the chains come from?" he asks in a serious tone. My look turns to one of confusion as I tell him "I don't know, I didn't even know they were there." Where had they come from?