

## Werewolf's Heartsong by DizzylzzyN Chapter 231

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### Chapter 47 \*'No...they couldn't possibly be...'\*

Serenity's eyes were wide with surprise as she gazed up at the large Dragon Master. Darien wrapped an arm around Serenity, drawing her closer to his side. This had the Dragon Master looking at the two with pleasant surprise.

"Newly fated?" Officer Terrawing asked.

Darien looked up at Officer Terrawing with wide eyes and nodded, while Serenity blushed and squeaked out a small "yes." Alora and Ember both thought the squeak Serenity let out was too cute.

Officer Terrawing's smile widened even more. "You are just an adorable little pup." Then he gave the two a little bow. "Congratulations on your fated pairing, may the Gods and Goddesses see your centuries full of happiness and many offspring."

Alora looked at the Dragon Master in silence, she had felt how genuine his words had been for Darien and Serenity. Andrew and Ember knew very well what those words meant to a Dragon Master and were touched. The Werewolf Council Member, still unable to get up and forced to watch this loving moment, was furious.

A lowly/Mountainmover mating into the Pack Alpha's bloodline, no wonder the Council holds so much power over the Alpha of Alpha's. He can't even step in and prevent his own pup from mating some inferior mongrel.' The Werewolf Council member thought internally.

The Werewolf Council member was Rankin Northmountain, a Werewolf of low fighting rank, but of high status due to his position on the Werewolf's Council. He could not understand why the Alpha had required his presence here. When Rankin's gaze happened upon Alora, his mouth twisted with disgust.

Rankin knew of Alora, she is the dark stain on both Clans otherwise perfect bloodlines. The female was of special interest to the Frost and Northmountain Clan Alphas, because of the inheritance left to her by her grandfather. It was this line of thought that had a feeling of horrified realization run through Rankin.

'No...they couldn't possibly be trying to have him certify the transfer of the titles and position left to her in the Will! My Alpha will kill me! I have to think of a way to avoid this!' Rankin thought in a panic. The rest of the room, unaware of the panicked thoughts of Rankin, ignored him.

"Mr. Terrawing..." Serenity said hesitantly, gaining Brogden's attention. "If you don't mind me asking..., why did you call me an earthmover?"

Brogden Terrawing smiled at the shy question from the adorable little pup, who smelled of warm fertile earth and sunshine. Pointing to his snout he said, "Magic, especially natural born magic, has a distinct scent to it. It is easier for me to recognize another with the same type of magic as me than it is others. I can feel that you are quite powerful already for such a young pup, you will only become even stronger as you age."

Serenity smiled brightly. "Can I smell you, see if I can tell too?"

Looking into the pure eyes of Serenity, Brogden was reminded of when his youngest daughter was just barely old enough to fly on her own. Always willing to accommodate the curiosity of the younglings, Brogden held out his wrist to Serenity so she could smell his scent.

Serenity sniffed the Dragon Master's wrist and could smell rich wet earth and a spicy ozone scent she associated with lightning. She looked up at the Dragon in surprise. "I smelled wet earth and lightning!"

Brogden laughed. "Yes, one of my fathers is an earth Dragon Master, another from a Clan of water Dragon Masters and my mother is from a Clan of thunder and lightning Dragon Masters."

"That must make you very powerful." Serenity said in awe.

Delighted and amused, the Dragon Master laughed. "If these pups are your future Alpha Andrew, your future is bright indeed!"

Alpha Andrew and Luna Ember smiled at each other over Alora, who wore an entertained smile on her own lips. The Dragon Master focused his attention back on Alora, who looked a lot like the Werewolf's first Alpha of Alphas, Luna Bloodmoon Heartsong. It made sense that this pup would look like that first Alpha of Alpha's being she was of the same bloodline.

Brogden mentally tallied up all the paperwork he was handed on Alora again. The folder he was handed contained all her educational accomplishments, her fight class and rank, as well as a photo of her at birth with a birthmark on her left hip. There were also the newer photos of her, one of her in her wolf form, the other of her in a fighting pose. Both pictures showed the mark still on her left flank.

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Included in the file was the certificate of blood oath to the Pack Alpha and the change of her surname from Northmountain to Heartsong. Then there was the DNA test that confirmed Alora as being of the Heartsong Alpha family's bloodline. The DNA test done to confirm her direct connection to the Heartsong Clan's Alpha family, was compared with the DNA her grandfather had left with the Supernatural Council.

Brogden was glad he had read that DNA test first, as well as the one also confirming Bettina as Brodie Bloodmoon Heartsong's daughter. Both of those reports together validated

the test proving Alora was Bettina's daughter. However, the report confirming Allister as Alora's father had to be false. Brogden made the decision to talk to Alpha Andrew about having that test retaken, with fresh samples from both Alora and Allister.

"Now, Alpha Andrew, on to getting this Will finalized." Brogden said, bringing everyone's focus back to the reason he was here.

Rankin thought quickly about how to get out of this without it being obvious he was avoiding doing what he was being told to do. It suddenly occurred to him that he had

a perfectly good excuse. Since he had already meant to make things difficult for the Alpha in a show of his power over him, he had deliberately not brought any of the paperwork he would need to comply with the Alpha's wishes.

Thinking himself very clever for having such foresight, Rankin relaxed. "Apologies Alpha, I'm afraid I cannot certify a title and position transfer. I was told I was only to aid in the processing of a Will. Not knowing what was to be processed I did not know what paperwork to bring."

Alora looked at the Werewolf Council member, listening to his voice brought back the memory of the day she wanted to tell the Alpha everything. That was when she realized this was the same Werewolf Council member that had been in Alpha Andrew's office that day. Here he was again, this time trying to prevent her from gaining her inheritance.

Alpha Andrew pulled out the paperwork the Werewolf Council member would need, to file the official documents that certified the transfer of Brodie's titles and position to Alora. Rankin, seeing the documents paled and tried to find another reason to avoid doing this.

Then he thought of another perfectly reasonable excuse. "How am I supposed to know if those are the official documents unless they were handed to you by a Council Member?"

Alora suppressed the growl that wanted to rise, her hands clenched into fists *under* the table. Ember wrapped one arm around Alora's waist and held her close. Reaching under the table, Ember placed a hand over one of Alora's clenched fists.

Darien glared at Rankin with narrow eyes, angry at how much disrespect this Werewolf has shown to his Alpha since walking in through the dining room's door. Serenity cuddled up into Darien's side, a low growl sounded from her chest. Serenity really did not like Rankin, she wanted to pulverize his face with her fists.

Brogden's eyes narrowed as he looked at the Werewolf Council member trying to get out of certifying the title and position transfer. He could see now why the young Alpha of Al

phas had sought the Supernatural Council's help with this. Something was seriously wrong when the Werewolf Council chose not to listen to its own Alpha of Alphas.

"Werewolf Council member Mikhail Windstorm is the one who gave me these documents, his seal is on the corner of every page." Alpha Andrew said with a threatening looking smile.

Alora looked up at the Alpha and relaxed a little. To Alora, it looked like Alpha Andrew had a bone to pick with this Werewolf, just as she did. Darien saw his father's smile, and knew his father had to have been planning this for some time. Darien felt his father had ordered this Werewolf Council member to aid in processing the Will for a reason.

Darien had seen Alora's furious glare at the wolf just a moment ago. That glare had Darien determining that whatever his father's issues with Rankin were, it had to do with Alora. Darien looked at his mother, who was comforting Alora and was startled. Ember's expression was so cold, but her eyes were blazing.

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### **Chapter 48: \*"...placed on her at birth."\***

If looks could kill, they would be looking at one dead Council Werewolf right now. Darien squeezed Serenity closer to his side so he wouldn't do anything stupid. Like leap across the table and rip the Werewolf's throat out for whatever he had done to his family.

Rankin sat in his chair and internally cursed Mikhail Windstorm viciously for having provided the Alpha with the needed paperwork. That Council Werewolf was unwaveringly loyal to Alpha Andrew and would follow his orders to the letter. That Council Werewolf had become a hindrance in the seniors of the Werewolf's Council's effort to reduce the Alpha of Alphas to nothing more than a figurehead.

The senior Council members wanted to be able to install their own chosen Werewolf as Alpha of Alphas, one obedient and loyal to them. Only by doing this could the Northmountain and Frost Clans rise to the top where they were meant to be. First, they had to finish off the disgraceful Heartsong Clan.

For their plan to destroy what was left of the Heartsong Clan to succeed, they needed Bettina to inherit everything from her father. Alora was never to know about the Will or receive anything that was left for her in it. Rankin cursed Mikhail Windstorm internally again for the generations of planning he had destroyed with his meddling.

There was still hope, as long as the titles were not certified by the Supernatural Council afterwards, then Alora could be stripped of her titles and position on a technicality. They then could have Bettina awarded her titles and position, with the reasoning that it was only until Alora was deemed fit enough to reclaim them.

Only they would never declare her fit enough to reclaim them. With this in mind, Rankin became amiable to Alpha Andrew's demands and began to certify the transfer of title and position from Brodie Bloodmoon Heartsong to Alora Luna Heartsong.

The documents were signed, initialed, and fingerprinted with blood. However, before the Werewolf Council member could make his escape, with the document he never intended to file properly, the Alpha ordered him to be witness to a blood oath.

'No! Rankin yelled internally. A blood oath would make it harder if not impossible to strip Alora of her titles. Rankin wanted to get up and leave, but the Alpha had used a command to keep him in his seat.

Rankin went to speak, but Luna Ember gave her own command, "You will remain silent until after Alora has made her blood oath to the Alpha of Alphas." effectively muting him.

Alora was starting to feel a little floaty, like she was having an out of body experience. The ringing in her ears was getting louder, and a blackness was starting to edge her vision. Alora did what was asked of her and said the words she was told to say.

Her palm was cut, and pressed to the bloody palm of the Alpha's, the oath spoken was, "I Alora Luna Heartsong swear my loyalty to the Alpha of Alphas as the Clan Alpha Alora Luna Heartsong of the Moon Mountain Pack." Once she made her blood oath using her new title and position in the Pack, Alora felt a bond snap in place.

This bond was different from that bond that had bound her to the Pack with her first oath to the Alpha. This bond came with a rush of power and the weight of responsibility.

Rankin was very upset, everything was out of control. Not only was the title and position transfer successfully documented, but Alora had also made a blood oath to the Alpha with that title. Alora was now a Clan Alpha of the Moon Mountain Pack. Rankin thought this could not possibly get worse, until the Dragon Master spoke up again.

"As a member of the Supernatural Council, I can sign that blood oath certificate as the outside witness. Also, I have the paperwork that will certify her new position in the Moon Mountain Pack as Clan Alpha of the Heartsongs with the Supernatural council, with me." Brogden said, obliterating any hope Rankin had left of remedying this situation.

"Ah, good. Let's get that taken care of while we're at it, seeing as you already have the needed forms on you." Alpha Andrew said with a smile.

Alora watched all this in silence, the ringing in her ears was a loud and consistent noise that was making it increasingly difficult to think. Alora's vision was becoming darker, and she had the feeling like something inside her was about to swallow her whole.

Darien was looking at Alora with a concerned frown while Serenity was smiling on her behalf. Serenity felt Alora deserved this good fortune after all she had gone through. Serenity looked up at Darien, about to comment on this, but stopped when she noticed the frown on his face.

Looking at Alora, Serenity noticed how pale she had gotten and was now frowning herself. Alora was almost as pale as Serenity was, which was an unnatural color

for Alora as she was usually a lovely shade of caramel.

While Darien and Serenity were focused on Alora, Alpha Andrew and Luna Ember commanded the Werewolf Council member. They ordered the wolf to

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immediately go back and properly file all the documents and paperwork he had received

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Under the dual commands, Rankin would not be able to do anything but obey these orders and do nothing else till he did. The Alpha and Luna rarely used this kind of power, they felt it was wrong to impose this much of their will upon someone. However, the pair felt that in this situation it was necessary.

The Dragon Master stood up and started around the table, he didn't like how pale the little violet and silver eyed pup was. When Brogden first walked in, her skin complexion had been much darker. The scent that told him she was more than just a Werewolf was getting stronger, and there was the scent of something else. When the Dragon Master was standing next to Alora, he knew what that faint scent was.

Alora was just barely aware of Brogden walking round the table to stand next to her. With a tug from the inside, Alora's vision went completely black, and all sound fell away. All Alora could think at the last moment was,  
"Thank the Goddess the ringing has stopped."

The Dragon Master had to suppress a roar of outrage when he recognized the scent on Alora, someone had used black magic on this pup. Before Brogden could say anything about it, the pup suddenly fell to the side out of her chair, and he had to catch her.

Serenity cried out when she saw Alora falling. Then Serenity and Darien stood up, surrounding Brogden as he gently laid Alora down on the floor. Ember let out a sound of protest and knelt on the ground next to Alora, opposite Brogden. Ember started to take Alora's pulse and respiratory rate.

Alpha Andrew knelt next to Ember and looked down at the unconscious Alora in worry. "What happened?" he growled the question.



“I don’t know, one minute she was sitting there getting paler and paler, then the next minute Officer Terrawing was having to catch her as she fell out of her chair.” Darien said, his tone stressed.

“She’s so pale, she wasn’t this pale when we first got here.” Serenity said quietly, her soft voice full of emotion.

“Alpha Andrew, Luna Ember.” Brogden growled out their names, getting their attention. “Someone has used black magic on this pup.”

Ember jerked back a little, a snarl leaving her lips. “Black magic?! Are you positive?!”

“Can you tell what kind of spell?” Andrew growled.

“It’s a binding spell, I suspect it was placed on her at birth.” Brogden said, then he waved his hand over Alora as he said an ancient spell for revealing just such magics.

They appeared around Alora like dark smoke, intangible black links of chain crisscrossing back and forth all up and down her body. There were cracks in the chains, and more were appearing every moment.

“Chains!” Ember snarled. “They bound her?!”

Alpha Andrew growled, “Can you trace the spell back to its origins?”

“I will try.” Brogden said, then he closed his eyes and concentrated.

“Will Alora be alright.” Darien asked, hugging Serenity to him.

Darien was really upset, seeing those chains around Alora with her unconscious and so pale while lying on the ground, did something to him. Alora was a big presence in his life, like his brother Damien. It was why Darien always hoped Alora and Damien would be fated mates.

Serenity knew Darien was upset, she would be too if it was one of her siblings laying there like this, with those horrible chains binding them. Serenity couldn’t think of anything to

say to make him feel better, so she could only snuggle closer into his side and hope her touch and warmth helped him in some way.

Hearing the young pup's question, Brogden felt a tug in his heart. The fear for their friend was plain to read in their expressions. Brogden looked down at Alora and saw that several links of the chains binding Alora were broken completely.

With his brows raised, Brogden said "She won't be unconscious for much longer. I cannot trace the caster of the spell but, once the chains have all been broken, she will wake up."

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### Chapter 49: \*"

...greeted with something unexpected."

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The scent of flowers and the gentle breeze rustling leaves, accompanied by the sound of water lapping at a shore, had Alora opening her eyes. When she opened them, she was looking up at the long drooping viney branches of an enormous willow tree blooming with bright blue flowers. The sky above the tree was a light blue, with fluffy light gray clouds floating across it.

Sitting up, Alora looked around her and saw that the tree seemed to be on a slight hill. Surrounding the tree, protected under its draping vines, were twenty rows of waist high bookshelves. The shelves were ten deep, with wide aisles carpeted in vibrantly colored creeping thyme in between. The colors of the blooms on the thyme came in varied shades of blues, pinks, purples, and reds.

Ten rows of the bookshelves were made of black marble with veins of white crystal. While the other ten rows of bookshelves were made of white marble with veins of black crys

tal. Covering all the bookshelves, were dark green leafy vines blooming with different colored flowers.

Looking further out, Alora could see an oval-shaped pond. Lining the pond's shore was different shades of gray river rock and stone. Stretching directly over the center of the pond, was a covered Japanese style walking bridge made of red wood. Circling the rock lined shore of the pond was a wide even path of black sand.

All of this seemed to be in a clearing surrounded by a dark forest made up of all kinds of trees. The grass in the clearing was dark green carpeted with patches of colorful wildflowers. Alora was just taking all this in and wondering how she got here when she heard the rattle of chains. Looking in the direction of the sound, Alora let out a shocked gasp when she saw Xena.

Around Xena's neck was a thick black metal collar that had dark gray vapors rising out of it. Attached to the collar were several thick black chains of the same material. Following the chains, she found that they led back to the giant willow tree, attached to a wide thick band of black metal that circled the trunk of the tree.

The metal band looked as if it was strangling the tree. Above and below the band on the tree were marks that made it look like it had been charred. Alora put one hand over her chest, she felt like something was tightening around her heart looking at the band on the tree. Turning back to look at Xena, Alora found that not all the chains attached to Xena's collar led to the band on the tree.

Three broken chains hung from one side of the collar on Xena. It only took her another second to spot a large black metal loop coming from the ground near Xena. Hanging off the loop were three short chains with broken ends. Alora assumed this was where the three chains hanging off Xena's collar had originally been attached.

Alora got up off the ground and walked over to Xena. Even sitting, Xena had to tilt her muzzle down just a

little to look Alora in her eyes. Werewolves were exceptionally large beasts, coming from a time when the things that walked the earth were ten stories tall.

“What is all of this?” Alora asked Xena, gesturing to the chains and the collar.

“It is part of the binding spell placed on us at birth.” Xena told her, “The broken chains are the part of the spell that was supposed to keep us from transforming.”

Alora reached up and touched the collar and noticed there were cracks on it. Alora hated the sight of the thing on her wolf and just wanted to rip it off. Reaching up with her other hand she gripped the metal and something inside the metal tried to rise and attempted to attack Alora.

Instinctively, Alora used her internal power to grab it and turn it around, forcing it back in to the collar. The collar snapped under the returned attack and Alora pulled it off Xena. There was an indent left on Xena’s fur from where the collar had been for so long. Xena stood up and did a whole body shake that fluffed out her fur and the indent from the collar in her fur disappeared.

Dropping the pieces of the collar in her hands onto the ground, Alora looked up at the band on the tree. A wind that felt rife with power started to swirl around

her. When the wind lifted her hair to float around her, Alora wondered absentmindedly when her hair had become unbound from its braid.

The vines of the willow moved in the wind. The sound of its leaves being rustled reached Alora as she walked up to the trunk of the tree. There were deep cracks in the band around the tree. Lifting her hands up, Alora gathered the power that was in the air. After gathering a large amount of power, Alora then forced that power into the deepest crack in the band.

Alora forced enough power into the band that it exploded outward, forcing Alora and Xena to duck to avoid the flying pieces. Power rushed out of the tree at her with enough force to knock Alora to the ground. As the power forced her to the ground, much of it filled

Alora. When the wind calmed down again, and Alora was able to sit back up, she was greeted with something unexpected.

Sitting chained to the ground in front of the tree was another being. Alora looked at her and felt like she was looking into a mirror. Well....almost, there were several things different. The female's upper fangs were longer than hers, and her skin was black instead of caramel.

The female was covered in shiny silver marks that looked like painted scars, and while her floor length hair was midnight black as Alora's was, it looked intangible. It was like the female's hair was made up of thick smoke and embedded with millions of tiny twinkling stars.

The female's clothing did not leave much to the imagination either. Covering her breasts was a black gauzy material that twinkled with silver specks, the material shaped around her breasts like a strapless bralette. The ankle length skirt she wore, made of the same black gauzy material with twinkling silver specks, was like two upside down triangles tied together at her hips.

The female's exposed left flank looked like it was painted thickly in silver, with wide and harsh strokes. Over that silver paint, was a white crescent moon and star mark that seemed to glow with an internal light. It was this mark that made Alora realize this female was very much a part of her and Xena.

Around the female's neck was a thick metal collar, with several chains binding her to the ground. The chains and collar had deep cracks in them. Cautiously, so she did not startle the female, Alora reached out with both hands, and grabbed the collar. Xena clawed at the chains where they were attached to the ground as Alora forced a small bit of power into the deepest crack in the collar.

Xena's claws broke through the chains at the same time the collar broke, freeing the female. Then a burst of power slammed into all three of them, forcing them to the ground.

The sound of a gong rang loudly, the vibration of it so powerful Alora felt the sound resonate throughout her body. Then Alora felt it as her bonds to her wolf Xena and this new part of her slam into place.

It hurt, having all this power forced back into them after it had been bound for so long. Xena was whimpering with it, she felt like electricity was striking every nerve in her body. Alora cried out as she felt like her very blood had been set ablaze. The other female screamed her pain as it felt like the power entering her was shattering her bones only to remake them.

The three felt like this went on forever before it finally stopped, leaving them panting and trembling weakly on the ground. After a while, and with moans, groans, and whines of pain, the trio sat up and looked at each other.

Xena and Alora both looked at the new female in their space while the female looked back at them. The female's eyes were wide, and she kept blinking. At one point she pinched her hand and hissed at the pain, then tears started to pour down her face.

"Mm.my n.n.name i.i.is Ss.sse.sselena, I.I.i'm ss.sso ha.ha.happy to fff.ffinally m.m.mmeet you both." The female Selena struggled to get out amidst shoulder shaking sobs. "I.I.I'm yyy.yyour Sss.ss. sssprite.

Alora, ignoring how painful it was to move, crawled over to the sobbing Selena and dragged *her* into her arms. Xena whimpered as she crawled over and wound her large body around them, placing her head in Selena's lap. Alora held the female as she sobbed and muttered about how grateful and how happy she was to be seen and heard by her and Xena.

Alora thought about the fact that a Sprite shared their space. She could only have a Sprite as well as a Wolf if she was a Vampire Werewolf hybrid. This meant that Alora was never just an ordinary Werewolf and was in fact a hybrid just like her ancestor Luna Bloodmoon Heartsong.

This also meant that Bettina had a lot of answering to do. There was no way for Alora to be a hybrid, unless Allister was not her father as she had always suspected.

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### Chapter 50: \*...fluffy clouds...\*

It puts you in an interesting mind set to essentially be comforting yourself. In all technicality, the three were one being. However, the full reality of it was that they were three souls, occupying the same space. With the addition of Selena, Xena and Alora's space changed.

Twenty more, ten deep rows of waist high bookshelves appeared. They were dark gray marble shelves with bright silver veins. They separated the white shelves from the black. The new shelves were also covered in dark green vines with a variety of colorful flowers blooming on them.

The sky had changed as well. On one side was a bright sun, on the other a full moon. Around the sun the sky was bright blue and the fluffy clouds white. Around the moon the sky was a deep midnight blue bursting with stars and the fluffy clouds a dark gray. As the skies met in the middle, the sunny side of the sky gradually transitioned into a sunset as it met the moon side. The moon side of the sky gradually transitioned into dawn.

The fluffy clouds in the middle reflected the vibrant colors of the changing sky, from bright oranges and pinks to various colored purples and blues. Around the pond there was another change. In between the black sand and the dark gray river rock and stones lining the pond, a wide band of white river rock appeared.

With the bonds snapped in place, and the spell binding them broken, they felt almost whole. The only thing they felt was missing for them now was a mate. Appearing from the center of each of their chests were faint silver chains. The three slim chains came together and formed into a larger thicker chain that led off into the distance before fading from sight. Engraved onto the links of the chains, were platinum colored intricate interlacing knots.

The chains looked almost see through, they were so faint, but when Alora reached out and touched it, she could feel it. The chain was warm, and it felt like a heartbeat was in it. Selena had cried herself out and was just lying in Alora's arms when the chains appeared. Xena and Selena both watched as Alora tugged a little on the chain. When it didn't seem like it did anything, Alora let it go.

Alora looked down at Selena, who was looking up at her with wet eyes. "Hello Selena, my name is Alora, it's nice to meet you."

Selena's eyes watered and her lips trembled. "H.h.hello A.alora." she said, then sat up and wiped her eyes before giving Alora a watery smile. "I'm so glad, I'm so glad." A few tears trailed down her cheeks again and Selena wiped them away with trembling hands.

Xena lifted her head from Selena's lap "Hello Selena, my name is Xena, I'm glad I can finally meet our Sprite."

A sob shook Selena, then she threw herself forward and hugged Xena's neck. Xena laid her head over Selena's shoulder, and Alora could see the same heartbreak she was feeling reflected in Xena's eyes. With tears of her own pouring down her cheeks, Alora leaned against Selena's back. Laying her head on Selena's other shoulder, Alora hugged her from behind.

Xena was truly glad to finally meet their Sprite. "I always knew there was a part of us missing. I could smell your scent, but I was never able to find you." Xena said in an emotion filled voice.

Xena had always been able to smell Selena's presence in their space, but never saw, heard, or felt her. Selena sobbed as she told them how she was so happy now that the spell no longer bound them away from each other. In broken and stuttered words, Selena



told Xena and Alora about how she could always see and hear them, but never speak to or touch them.

Alora hugged Selena tighter, her heart hurting for her and Xena's Sprite. "We're together now, we will never be separated like this ever again." she vowed. Being separated the way they were, it spoke volumes about just how cruel that spell that had been placed on them was,

The three were so distracted with their highly emotional first meeting, that they failed to see that their space had undergone another change. Then it was so dark they had no choice but to notice. The flowers began to glow brightly as if they had neon lights inside them.

The green grass and all the green tree leaves, except for those on the willow, became such a dark green they were almost black. The tree leaves that were of other colors and the ones on the willow, like the flowers, began to glow with their own internal neon light..

The white marble shelves began to glow brightly, as did the white crystal veins of the black marble shelf and the silver veins of the gray marble shelves. Above, the sky became a deep blue that was nearly black carpeted in millions of twinkling stars. The full moon took up center stage in the sky, shining brightly.

The water was glowing like it swallowed the moon. On the shoreline the white river rock was also glowing. Round Japanese paper lanterns, placed at regular intervals on the walking bridge, glowed like they had small round balls of flame inside. Painted on the lanterns, were cherry blossom branches.

Inside the glowing pond, colorful glowing koi were swimming about. Some jumped up out of the water in a dazzling display as the moonlight sparkled off the water droplets splashed into the air by the koi.

Behind them, the trunk and vines of the willow tree glowed along with its leaves and flowers. It was the only tree that was glowing entirely, even the willows roots were glowing.

The glowing roots made it apparent just how large and deep the roots of the giant willow were.

The hill

was actually made up of the willow's buried root system. The glow of them peaking up here and there under the ground all the way to the black sand surrounding the pond. The willow was noticeably bigger now, than it had been before the metal band broke off its trunk.

Alora and Selena wiped the tears off their faces and the three looked around curiously at all the changes that had happened to their space, wonder.

"It looks beautiful...but why does it look this way now?" Alora asked.

their eyes wide in

Selena gazed up at the willow tree. "Our tree...it is bigger." Now that Selena was no longer sobbing and overflowing with emotion, she was able to talk normally.

Xena and Alora looked at Selena as she spoke clearly. "Your voice...when you speak, there is the sound of tinkling bells and chimes accompanying it."

Selena turned to look at them both mutely, not knowing how to respond to that.

"The sound is beautiful." Alora said, smiling. "It's like a song is playing while you speak."

Selena felt her cheeks heat, and she couldn't help the small smile that curled the corners of her plump pale gray lips. "Thank you."

Before Alora could respond, a wind full of power swirled around them. Hand and paw width wide silver metal bracers appeared on their wrists and ankles. Engraved in the middle of the wide bracers, was a flowing scroll of beautiful intricate knots.

On Selena and Alora's foreheads appeared matching downward V-shaped crowns, the bands an inch wide. In the center of the crown, inside the band, wa

s a luminescent white circular disk. Traveling up the band on either side of the white disk that represented a full moon, were the other phases of the moon.

The white of the moons were represented by white luminescent pearls, while the dark of the moon was represented by obsidian crystal. Around Xena's neck, appeared a collar version of Alora and Selena's crown, the band four inches wide. After the jewelry appeared, the wind stopped.

Looking down at one of the bracers, Alora touched the engravings. In the center at the top of the bracers, surrounded by the intricate knots engraved into the metal, were crescent moons. The white of the crescent moons and the dark of the moons were made of the same luminescent pearl and obsidian crystal on the crowns and collar.

Putting her wrists together, she saw the mouth of the crescent moons on each wrist were facing each other. Selena was looking down at her ankles and discovered the same thing there as Alora did for the ones on their wrists. Xena was lifting first one front leg then the other, looking at the bracers with her ears perked in curiosity.

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"What is this?" Xena asked.

"I see you have discovered your regalia, I hope it is to your liking." A feminine and musical voice echoed in their space, startling them.

"I am sure our granddaughter is happy with the gifts you have given them mate." The deep growling male voice vibrating across their space.

The three turned towards the pond where the voices originated from and looked in shock at the two beings standing there. A female who stood three feet taller than Alora. Sitting beside the female was a male wolf four times the size of Xena

## **Werewolf's Heartsong by DizzylzzyN Chapter 235**

Werewolf's Heartsong by DizzylzzyN Chapter 235

Chapter 51: “... second he met you five million years

ago...”

The tall female had dark colored skin, and dual-colored eyes, the inner rings were violet and the outer rings molten silver. What should have been the whites of her eyes, were black. There were shiny miniscule flecks shining from the black, like her eyes held the stars.

Her hair trailed onto the ground and was white with sparkling silver strands here and there. The white of her hair seemed to glow with light and it floated around her like it was a cloud. Her clothing looked like a copy of Selena’s, only the color was white and not black.

The female had the same bracers and a crown, but there were details that were different. The center of the crown was a diamond shape to accommodate the crescent moon with an eight point star in its mouth. Around her neck was a thick necklace that mirrored Xena’s collar, it sat over her collarbone with the crescent moon and star in the middle.

[E30002]-Duplicate purchase

ers was the crescent moon and

the dark of the moons looked

Like the necklace and the crow

star. The moons looked to be made of black obsidian crystals. While the eight-point stars seemed to be made of ice.

blue diamonds.

The large wolf's fur was the darkest of blacks, no other color shone through his fur. His eyes were dual colored, the inner ring a crystal blue, the outer ring a molten silver. Like the female, what was supposed to be the white of his eyes was black, and looked like it held the

stars.

Around his neck was a thick silver chain, a silver disk hanging from it. On the disk was the

same crescent moon and star that was on the female's jewelry, surrounded by a circle of

intricate knots. Around the wolf's wrists and ankles, he wore the same bracers as the female.

"Let me introduce myself." The female's beautiful voice echoed across her space with every word she spoke. "I am the Moon Goddess Arianrhod, and this is my mate and consort Beast God Cernunnos."

Xena bowed her head, Selena knelt on the ground and bowed her head. Alora was too stunned to do anything but stand there frozen, mentally unable to process what was going,

: \*\*... second he met you five million years ago...\*\*

on right now. Alora felt so very small compared to these two beings and wondered why they

were here,

"Rise Xena and Selena, you do not need to bow to us." Cernunnos's deep baritone vibrating around them. "You have suffered much granddaughter and we failed to protect you from having to go through such tribulations."

Xena lifted her head, and Selena looked up in surprise while still kneeling on the ground. Alora bent down and helped Selena rise to her feet. It was after the repeated

word granddaughter that Alora realized the bone structure and features of the female was nearly the same as her and Selena's. The female's features were only a little sharper and more refined.

"I see you are now noticing the similarities between us." Arianrhod's voice echoed musically across their space. "You have been reincarnated many times, you and your mate, but you are still our granddaughter."

Being reincarnated was not that big a deal for Alora, after all that was a part of their lore. The two gods telling them they were their granddaughter, did not affect Alora as much as it should have. What affected Alora was Arianrhod's mention of their mate, as they no longer had one.

"We were rejected by our mate this morning...and returned his rejection." Alora told them, her voice sad.

Cernunnos scoffed. "That pup was not the mate we talk of, that boy was in need of some help. You each became the tool the other needed to break the spells the both of you were under."

Alora looked at them, reluctant to let herself hope just yet. "So...we still have a mate?"

Arianrhod nodded her head, a warm and gentle smile on her lips. "Yes, you have a mate, and your true mate will be coming back home to you soon."

... second he met you five million years ago..."\*

Alora felt hope rush through her, they had a mate, and their true mate would return home soon. That thought made Alora pause, 'return home soon.' It sparked inside her heart again, the wish Alora had suppressed over and over again for years.

"Our true mate...will you tell me who they are?" Alora asked, her heart felt like it was being squeezed making it hard to breathe.

"In your heart you already know who your mate is. The male has been by your side for most of your current reincarnation. Only leaving your side to receive more training

elsewhere. The male still watches over you even while miles from you. His two-legged form currently goes by the name Damien, while his wolf still goes by the name Zane.”

Alora staggered under the weight of her relief, she would no longer have to suppress her true feelings for Damien any longer. ‘Does he know?’ Alora did not realize she voiced this. question aloud till she received a response.

“He knows.” Cernunnos said, his tone dry. “Just as he knew you were his the second he met you five million years ago. The two of you have had an unbreakable bond since and have reincarnated together every two hundred and fifty thousand years.”

“We reincarnate every two hundred and fifty thousand years?” Alora couldn’t believe it.

“This is your twentieth successful reincarnation, you have had a few false starts to it over the last two hundred years. The Black Magic Coven kept doing away with you, before you could reach your majority.” Arianrhod told them.

“Now you have reached your majority and the spell binding your power has been broken. This means, things in this space need to expand.” Cernunnos said.

The ground vibrated under their feet, and Alora, Selena and Xena started to look at each other with wide eyes. A rustle of leaves had them looking back at the willow. The willow is bigger, not just taller, but also wider, the branches and vines getting longer keeping in proportion with the tree.

11:30 Tue, 27

Chapter 51: “... second he met you five million years ago...”

The ground next to the white and black bookshelves expanded, and more black and white. bookshelves appeared. There were now double rows of black and white bookshelves separated by the single rows of silver shelves. Then even more shelves appeared, making each row of shelves twenty deep.

The pond expanded and the bridge widened and lengthened, it was like the space was changing to reflect all of their reincarnations. A large amount of power Alora had never

felt before filled their space and then her. Alora felt as if the power was singing through her

veins.

For Selena, it was like being a withered plant who was suddenly brought back to life. The rest of the weakness that had remained in her after years of being bound, washed away with the rush of power. For Xena it was like a missing piece of her snapped into place and everything felt right where it had not before.

Xena stood and shook her fur out, then it was like it was glowing with tiny sparkling stars. embedded in the white and black strands. Selena stretched gracefully, almost like she was a blooming flower. Then she took a seat...in the air near Alora's shoulder.

Alora was glad to note there was more on her bottom half than just the skirt. All of Selena's intimate areas were covered as she sat lotus style in the air. A crystal ball appeared in front of Selena, hovering above her lap. The crystal ball confused Alora because she associated crystal balls with Witches.

"Why do you have a crystal ball, don't only witches use those?" Alora asked.

Selena shook her head. "Crystal balls are not only used by Witches, but they were originally used by the Sidhe. They are a tool for storing magic and scrying. As a Sprite is at magic user like many supernatural species, I am able to use the crystal ball for both." she explained in a soft musical voice accompanied by the sound of thousands of tiny bells. tinkling.

"Ah," Alora said, then felt like this was something she had already known, but for some reason had forgotten.

... second he met you five million years ago..."

"You are confused, feeling like this was something you already knew." Arianrhod said "That is because you did. The repeated interruption of your reincarnation over the last two hundred years, combined with that binding spell, has caused you to lose the



memories of your past selves. They are not permanently gone and eventually they all will return.”

Alora was stunned, and there were suddenly a lot of questions she wanted to ask. Unfortunately, before she could ask one of her rapidly forming questions, Cernunnos spoke.

“Our time here is up, it is time for you to wake up.” Cernunnos told them.

“We will visit you again. There is more you need to know, but now is not the time.” Arianrhod said “We love you granddaughter, goodbye.”

Then with a gush of wind they were gone. The sky returned to being one half sun and the other half moon. The trees and grass and flowers returned to their previous coloring and no longer glowed.