

The Song in the Alpha's Heart - Chapter 1 Prologue: "...most important..."

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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.

Damien 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 Suburban 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.

Alpha Andrew didn't panic when he received his son's message. He had been trailing behind his son when Damien had started to wander off. He had known something had caught Damien's interest. He too had smelled the faint trace of blood in the air. A wounded Pack member was one thing, what they found was another.

Damien followed the scent close to the river, a bit of a ways away from where he and his father had originally started out. He looked, and at first, he couldn't see anything, so he sniffed the air again. Catching the scent, stronger now that he was closer, he followed it to a pile of mud covered rags.

Damien went still, looking at the rags, then he realized that he wasn't looking at a pile of rags when it moved. The tiny pain filled moan would have been missed if he hadn't been standing right next to the small muddy form. Damien rushed over and knelt next to the form.

It was a female pup, 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 blue flowers printed 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 hurt pup!”

Andrew, hearing 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.

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 neck.

“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 females 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.”

Daimen’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.

“This pup has been abused.” Alpha Andrew's wolf, Belfrost, said in a deep growling voice.

Andrew's wolf was understandably enraged by the abuse that was obvious to them. *“This pup belongs to Alister and Betina”* Andrew said to Belfrost.

Damien was looking into the eyes of the little female pup and was lost. Those eyes spoke to him, they told him of the pain the little pup was going through. Goddess, he wanted to wrap her up in his arms and tell her he would never let anyone harm her again. That she was his.

‘No...that can't be right.’ Damien thought to himself. ‘She's not mine.’ Although he wished she were.

The girl suddenly started to cough, and then she heaved, turning her over to her side, she coughed as her body rejected all the water that had entered her body while she was being tossed around inside the river. Once she stopped coughing upriver water, she was rolled back to face him.

“What's 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 pup was dark skinned with black hair and her dual colored eyes were violet and silver. 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. "Y.y.your...th.th.the...Al.Al.Alpha." Shock was starting to set in, her teeth were chattering so 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 purr.

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'll 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 he 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, not 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.

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