

The Song in the Alpha's Heart - Chapter 3 Chapter 2: "...you look beautiful."

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Alora put her hair back in a french braid, but when she reached for her usual extra baggy track pants and overly large hoodie, she paused. Alora always wore this kind of attire to hide, and not for the first time, Alora wondered why she continued to do so.

She hid 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 baggie 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 move out of 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 MSTA 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 duffle bag Alora had purchased months ago. Every new item of clothing she had slowly collected was folded up neatly and placed inside this duffle 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

zippers 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 she 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.

Alora had been studying all these subjects ever since she was nine and received her wolf. That was when Alora found out her genetics were the very reason her family hated her. Alora kept asking herself why she was born the way she was. A trip to the Packs library and many books about genetics later, and Alora was hooked on science.

When she was in middle school it was proven that she was a genius, even among their highly intelligent species. She rarely slept, four hours at most a night, when she was not sleeping, she had been studying. She would rarely spend time with others, and when she did, she only spent time together with Darien and his older brother Damien.

Damien, who was five years older than both Alora and Darien, was off at the top University for Alpha training. Damien was in his final year and would be home sometime in the next two weeks. Damien, Darien and their parents, Alpha Andrew, and Luna Ember were the only reason Alora was able to make it as far as she had with her education.

If it were up to her parents, she would have been pulled from school at fourteen and never allowed to even finish high school, let alone start college while in middle school. Of course, that had a lot to do with her sister Sarah. The beloved princess of their family.

Sarah had been held back twice, once in elementary school, and again in middle school. Sarah was now graduating this year as a twenty year old senior, barely. The most popular girl in school had some of the worst grades. Or she did till she learned to pay others to do her work for her.

Alora was lucky she did not have any classes with Sarah, or she would be the one forced to do her homework. Only if Alora did it, Sarah wouldn't have to pay anyone. Alora had managed to avoid being chained up in the basement and subjected to Sarah's tender mercies for a while now, and she would rather keep it that way.

With a gusty sigh, Alora threw herself backwards onto her bed, cell phone in hand, looking at the time. Werewolves did not usually wear watches, unless they were attached to a specially 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 something like that yet.

After she received all her graduation certificates and went to work for the Pack Labs as the Lead Researcher with a team of her own, she would. The Labs had already 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 school. As a science 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.

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