

Werewolf's Heartsong by Dizzy izzy

Chapter 03

Chapter 3

Alora's POV con'd

I was barely conscious as they continued to talk about me, sounding worried.

"She's got marks on her face, look there's a handprint" said the older voice.

"Dad who would abuse a pup." asked the young voice.

"I don't know, look at her arm, there's a dark bruise in the shape of fingers, see the nail marks, she's got another hand shaped bruise on her other cheek." points out the older voice.

"Why dad? She's just a pup, they must have thrown her into the river." said the younger voice

"I'm afraid you're right son, and she could have died, the river is swollen and dangerous, her legs...." the older voice trails off.

"So many bruises...." the younger voice also trails off.

"All these cuts, she must have been tossed over and over, the poor child, how did she get out of the river?" the older voice asked in wonder.

"Where did she come from dad?" the younger voice asked.

"There is a pack picnic today remember, that's where we were heading, looks like she had on her best dress, despite what it looks like now, she must have come from there." the older voice had said.

"Dad....that's five miles up river." points out the younger voice.

"I know, Goddess...she should have died, any other pup would have died, she's incredibly lucky to have survived." said the older voice.

"She's got dark skin, and black hair, think maybe she belong to the Stonemakers or the Mountainmovers?" the younger voice contemplated. "They both have some people among them with tan skin...but most have brown, red or blond hair." he added.

"There's also us, the Moonstars, and then the Blackfires and the Shadowtails, we all have black hair and tan skin among our Clan's as well, but I know she's not one of ours, and she doesn't smell like those Clans." Said the older voice.

"The Frost and Northmountain Families though are exclusively pale and blond for a few generations now, she can't be one of theirs." remarked the younger voice.

"That Clan has been purposely breeding dark coloring out, they only mate with others who have blond hair and blue eyed features son. Any family member born with tan skin or dark hair is made an outsider, or married off, still removing them from the Families. If their fated mate has dark coloring they reject them." said the older voice.

"That's stupid, why do that?" asked the younger voice.

"I don't know son, but that Clan's practice is why I have always been at odds with that Clan. I Allister Northmountain reject his Goddess given mate for that Ice Queen he married, because his fated was dark skinned, that Ice Queen also rejected her fated, because he'd had dark hair." the man said, then continued

"The Heartsong Clan's ancestor was tan, with black hair and violet eyes. It's said that Allister and Bettina had a daughter who looked like the Heartsong's Ancestor, the First Alpha. Probably karma for rejecting their Goddess given mates" said the older voice, grumbling the last sentence.

"Do you think this girl is her, dad?" asked the younger voice.

"The abuse this child has obviously suffered, was not necessary, we will find out if this was her family's doing." said the older voice. I was finally able to open my eyes and look at them, the young man next to me gasps when he sees my eyes.

"Is your name Alora little pup?" the older wolf asked, I had nodded my head yes, my throat hurting to much for me to speak.

"She has bruising on her neck too dad." said the young male. He had black hair and midnight blue eyes, and pale skin, his shoulders were broad. You could tell he was going to be a giant of a werewolf when he was done growing, just as large as the older male next to me. The older male looked like the young one, only his eyes were green and there was a streak of silver in his hair at his temple, it made him look more handsome.

"Do you know who I am child." asked the older wolf.

How could I not? I had only seen him once, but I'd felt the his power and status over me. "Alpha." I'd croaked.

"Yes child, and this is my son Damien, we'll get you to the Pack House, and treat you before taking you back to your family." said the Alpha

"Dad are we really going to let them have her back?" asked Damien.

"We have no choice son, she needs to be with her family, and I can't just take the child away." I'd passed out again while they were arguing.

The pounding on my bedroom door brings me back from that memory. Sadly, that was not the only awful memory I carried. It was not the only scar embedded into my soul by my family, there were many, many others. I knew who had been pounding on the door, even before I heard her voice.

"Get up you wretch!" she screams, she's always screaming at me. Half the time I think she's forgotten my name, because she is always addressing me as "you wretch." The 'her' being my mother. You would think she would call me by name. But it was a waste of time to hope for something different. I've known that for awhile now.

Time to get dressed and go to school, I do my best not to give in to the urge to sing in the shower. Every time I sing, my family goes into a rage. They tell me to stop screeching like a dying cat, telling me my voice makes their ears bleed. It was one more thing they used to hurt me.

I've become less and less tolerant of the oppressive and abusive way they treat me. I've been struggling to hold back, to maintain the image of a submissive and obedient she-wolf. There are only two more weeks left of school. That's what I have to remind myself, and Xena.

"Just two more weeks Xena, and we'll be free." I say to her.

What exams do we have today? Xena asks.

"You know what, I believe we have our training exams today, both in human and wolf combat." I feel her immense delight, we both like the exercise of training, of feeling how powerful we really are.

Are you going to ask me to hold back she asks, I feel her delight dim at the thought.

sigh "Yeah, we're going to have to, we are going up against the elites today, but we're going up against them in front of the rest of the seniors." I tell her.

That takes all the fun out of it she whines, I feel her tail droop.

I sigh, "Yeah, yeah it does" my reply filled with my own disappointment.

Then I pause to think a moment. There was no real reason for me to hold back on my exam. "Seeing as we're not going up against the Ice Princess, and this is the last exam, there is no real reason to hold back anymore" I felt Xena's excitement pick back up, visualizing her tail wagging with her tongue hanging out, and her ears perked up in interest. My wolf's antics made me laugh.

I decided that if the exam is going to be physical, I would need to dress for that, instead of the baggy track pants and hoodie I have been using to hide myself all

these years. I go for the new clothes I've been buying with some of my earnings from the burger place.

I'm tired of hiding in this way as well. I put on a dark purple wireless sport push up bra that supports while putting my girls where they're supposed to be. I put on a black razorback midriff tank with purple skulls and a pair of black capris leggings with side pockets down my thighs for my phone.

I french braid my hair to my neck, bind it with a dark purple hair tie then split the rest of the length in three different braids tying them up with thinner dark purple hair ties. I grab a purple wrap around skirt over the leggings and a shoulder length black short sleeved cardigan on over the tank. I decide to wear silver studs in my ears so my earrings don't get caught while fighting.

I'm probably going to catch hell for my clothes. But I really don't care anymore, I feel the impatience of my wolf. We're tired of hiding. It used to be a way to protect ourselves, when we were weak, when we knew they could take it away from us. Now I have already finished my finals for the college.

I'll be given my Doctorates and licensing as soon as I pass the exams and have graduated. There are still the official ceremonies to go to, that's just a show. Fact is, the Alpha, and both schools are making everything official immediately after, they don't want to take a chance that my family or Clan will find a way to prevent it all from happening.

I would get free of them, no matter what.

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Chapter 04

Chapter 4

Alora's POV

I was set to become the third leading Research Doctor in the Pack's Lab's. I would be the lead biochemist with my majors in biochemistry, microbiology and hematology. I would be in charge of my own team of researchers, and luckily for me it was a team that couldn't wait for me to be serving over them in an official capacity, they respected my intelligence despite my age.

The best thing about being a Doctor, is it gives me a respect and nobility that my parents won't be happy about. Because I was not their Ice Princess. I'm their dark mark, a mistake, a dark blight forced upon them. I start to grin at the thought of their faces contorted in fury over how untouchable I will become after this. I'll no longer have to associate with them in any capacity.

Another great thing is, they still don't know that I've changed my last name already. The moment I turned eighteen, I'd changed it. I had even changed my middle name. I was no longer named Alora Frost Northmountain. I was now Alora Luna Heartsong. I changed my name to with the approval of our Alpha, as it was proven I was of the Heartsong bloodline. And soon to be Doctor Heartsong.

My new name will be announced aloud at the Graduation Ceremony, it was what would be listed on my diploma anyway. That's one way they were going to find out. A public separation of myself and them. I was tired of the constant beatings. The emotional and verbal abuse added to the physical. Then having to hold back once I knew I could defend myself, that has become the hardest thing to do. I have been trying to remind myself two weeks, but I don't think I can anymore.

I don't eat breakfast with the rest of the family, they wouldn't like eating with me anyway. They would have made sure to use the time to bring me down, to the point that I had no appetite. I ate breakfast at school, or I bought some at the little convenience store on the way to school. I love to get two of their Big Sur breakfast burritos with eggs, cheese, sausage, bacon and spicy sauce, and a bottle of orange juice, and a bottle of milk. It was an energizing breakfast for a werewolf.

My phone dings. I know it's Darien, the Alpha's second son and my best friend, my sister hates him, and he hates her. She tried to date him once, but he's been firm in waiting for his mate. He's been eighteen for a few months, he suspects he knows who she is. However he is waiting till she turns eighteen too, so that her wolf recognizes him before he approaches her. I pick up my phone and read the text.

I'm out front with the breakfast of Wolves, hurry up it's combat exercise today

On my way out be one sec.

The house has three floors, I'm on the third floor in a converted attic. The second floor has Sarah's bedroom and my parents office. Sarah's room used to be two, till she decided she needed more space. The second floor has a wrap around deck with a door leading outside to it. I sneak out the second floor door down the stairs around the garage out the gate and down the driveway to the shiny dark blue Dodge Charger my friend drives. I open up the door and can smell the burrito's he's picked up for us, I dive in the front seat as the front door to my house opens.

"YOU STUPID WRETCH WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOUR WEARING, GET BACK IN THIS HOUSE AND CHANGE IMMEDIATELY!!!!" My mother screeched in fury. I wouldn't have been surprised if the entire pack had heard her. I close the door and my friend floors it. I see my mother's furious expression as she runs down the driveway shrieking and shaking her fist in the rearview mirror, probably promising retribution for ignoring her.

My friend is also looking in the rearview mirror "Man is she pissed." he said with a chuckle.

"I know, wonder what she's going to do when I get home?" I ask with a resigned sigh.

"You know you could take her on easily, you're a bad ass in training. I've seen you, and I've been training with you, and the others in this year's Alpha Class, hell you're better than me and I'm an Alpha's son." He says.

"I know, I know...it's just...I'm so close, I promised myself I wouldn't have to hide anymore soon." I sigh.

"How soon is soon?" he demands.

"I was trying to hold on till the last day of school, but..." I trailed off.

"But what?" he asked after a minute of silence.

I sigh before continuing. "I find hiding it anymore, too confining. I'm not going to hide everything anymore, but I'm also not going to reveal all at once, today's going to be my first day." I say.

"First day of what?" He asks.

"Of not hiding away anymore." I state grimly.

We ate our burritos on the way to school, we both want to get there as early as possible, as we're both hoping to meet our mates. I think I know who his mate is. Her name is Serenity, she was only two inches shorter than I was.

A fit, and curvy werewolf with hip length, wildly curly, deep red hair, vibrant emerald eyes rimmed in gold, and the cutest line of freckles across her nose, with milky pale skin. She was a strong but shy and sweet she-wolf.

My sister didn't like her either, because she would stand up for others. Fortunately the threat of her older brothers managed to divert any major retaliation my sister and her cronies would have done to her. So it's been kept to petty things, like name calling and put downs.

Serenity's two brothers in school with us are twins, we're in the same grade because they were born only six months before her, at the end of November, making them start school with her. Sarah's antics towards the she-wolf really makes me wonder sometimes if she had ever really grew out of elementary school.

I've seen Darien stare at her with a longing expression, when he thought no one was looking. I knew that her birthday was the day after mine. I would be happy if she was his mate, they would make the cutest couple. As excited as I am to find my own mate. I'm also dreading it, what if it's someone I don't like, what if he rejects me. I don't know how I'll feel, I've been rejected by my family all my life.

My sister and her friends have made it a hobby to isolate me. Anyone who wanted to be my friend was soon set upon by her and her henchwomen. They even tried to make sure Darien would abandon me. They'd make up terrible rumors. I avoided most guys, because they all believed I was a slut who'd give it to anyone, because that's what she told everyone.

Girls stayed away from me because they believed I would take their boyfriend and sleep with them. I'm still a virgin, so yeah, not true. But will any of them listen, no. If they did, they kept their mouth shut.

Not many of the students, had the protection needed for them to afford being a friend of mine, without some kind of backlash from my sister. She was viscous, one girl stood up for me. She wasn't a friend, just a nice girl. The next day she came to school wearing a cap on her head.

Her hair had been waist length shiny blond hair with like seven different shades ranging from white blond to gold. Until my sister and her cronies had caught her walking home. They had taken her somewhere without witnesses. Then they burned all her hair off.

Worse they had also dosed her with a long acting wolves bane tablet. It had taken till lunch time before she had collapsed on the floor coughing and throwing up blood. Her hair has since grown back out some, it's now shoulder length. She won't even look in my direction now, too afraid of my sister.

I know how my sister had gotten away with it. The girls parents were low level wolves with no Clan status, and my parents found a way to make them keep their mouths shut. She has many more victims, and not always related to me. If my sister didn't like what you were saying about her, she made you pay for it.

One of the many reasons Darien has known not to listen to her, is because he'd witnessed her talking to her friends about the rumors they had deliberately made up against me. Darien said he never liked her, said she has a slimy air about her that rubs his fur the wrong way.

We're early enough to get one of the closest parking spot to the schools front lawn, he reversed into the spot, and we get out. We lean back against the trunk.

"So you going to tell me who it is you think your mate is?" I ask him.

He shifts a bit against the car. "The look in your eyes, tells me that you already think you know who it is." he replies.

"I have a theory...." I hedged.

"Who." he asks in a suspicious tone.

"Serenity." I finally say.

He lets out a huge gust of air, running his hands through his hair he looks up at the sky for a moment before facing me. I wait, knowing he's still thinking, debating on telling me. Finally he says "Yeah, yeah I think it's her."