

# Werewolf's Heartsong Chapter 01

## Chapter 1

### Introducing, Alora

Beep ,beep, beep, beep....

The screeching of my alarm clock is the first thing I wake up to, I hated that alarm clock. I really should get a radio alarm, anything was better than an alarm clock that makes me think of the fryers at work.

Goddess I hated working in fast food. But fast food is all I can get within a thirty minute walking distance of home. I can usually get the commute down to fifteen minutes riding my bike. I don't have a car, like my older sister did, she has already wrecked two cars and was now on her third. My parents spoil her, I hate that they treat us so differently.

Unfortunately for me, I'm truly both my mother and father's child. I even had it tested. I'd done it because I didn't look like either of them at all. I was born with violet, almost indigo colored, eyes. I had black hair so dark a blue hue shines when light hits it. Then there was my skin, it was a copper olive tone.

I'm Alora. The wolves of my Clan, for the many generations now, have been born pale with blond hair and blue eyes. Both of my parents Clans have deliberately bred out any dark features.

But there had to have been someone, from one side or the other, who had to have passed on the genetics for my coloring. The DNA test I'd had done... found that I'm related to one of the seven original werewolf bloodlines of our pack.

I look like my ancestor, Luna Heartsong, coloring and all. The Moon Goddess was said to have blessed her bloodline with power, and amazing voices. A Heartsong's song....is from the heart, as the surname implies, and when singing they could influence the emotions of those within hearing.

The fated mate of a Heartsong could form a deeper soul binding connection when the mates sang together with power. A very powerful and magical bond was created that would bind the mates through reincarnation, according to the old legends.

At first, I had only talked about taking my DNA test with the Alpha. He'd thought it had been a good idea, so he was the one who authorized it. After the results, he showed me the painting he had of Alpha Luna Heartsong. That's how I found out I look almost exactly like her.

I asked my Alpha to keep the results quiet from my parents. The reason I asked him to do that, at the time, was because I was afraid of what my family would do

to me, if they knew I had this knowledge. I knew they wouldn't want it to become public knowledge, because The First Alpha, Luna Heartsong's coloring, was wrong. That was idiocy in it's prime if you asked me. I have used the test to my advantage though, a tool needed for escape.

Any coupling outside the Frost and Northmountain bloodlines had been "Strictly forbidden" for generations now. You don't dirty up the skin and hair color, you were to breed it out. Or you're basically thrown from the Clans, being made a Clan less wolf. Or you had to hope the mate you'd chosen over the Clan had a Clan of their own that would willingly claim you.

I used to be scared of the day they would cast me out. Yet as I've grown, I've become less scared of leaving, to being desperate for it after graduation. I had been kept from starting school until I was age six. Then I was held back my first year of school, by my parents request.

They hadn't wanted me to be in a grade so close to my sister's, they didn't want our relation to be too noticeable. Not that it helped any, as she was held back herself two years. It's the reason why I still have to suffer her in school. Sarah, and strangely, her three best friends, were still in school with me.

So while I'm eighteen and still in High School. I could have tested out already, graduated and gone to college, attended full time without having to take classes at the High School too. The school had pushed to have my education accelerated, however my parents wouldn't have allowed me to advance this far. My parents had told the Principal, when first approached, that it was because they were worried I wouldn't know how to function in collage at such a young age, they didn't want me taken advantage of, or to have to much expected of me.

Really it was that they hadn't wanted me to outshine my older sister, or have a means to escape them. This led to the Principal, the Superintendent, and almost all of my teachers realizing my parents were holding me back, and would need to go around them, to give me the education I not only wanted, but deserved.

This all meant that, while I could have graduated High School by the 9th grade, my parents have prevented that from happening. I was still attending college classes early. They were just taken as a high school student. They have been taking place at the local Pack University. I was bussed there after the high school courses that I took just to make it look like I still needed High School. The University was glad to have such a bright young student. One that was on track to graduate from high school and to receive a doctorate.

I'll basically be a double graduate, but I don't mind, I was grateful to have my education. My parents didn't know about any of the lengths, the school and Alpha have gone through, to help me get my diplomas. They thought my transportation to the community college campus was for remedial classes, and my time at the lab required by the High School to pass. My sister didn't care enough to notice any of this, she was oblivious, which was a good thing.

The doctorate programs I've been taking, were supposed to take eight years each to complete. I've been able to complete all three programs in just four years, while attending High School, and working. I was doing my internship at a lab

three days a week, I don't need to for credit anymore. I've got all the required hours in for my license and degrees. But the lab was my reprieve. The fast food job was only twenty hours a week, just enough time to give me a small shopping budget, and pay for my cell phone. If I made more money than that, I would be drawing my parents attention...and Sarah's... and that was the very last thing I wanted right now.

I'm five foot nine, I have a triple d bust, a long, lean, toned, tucked in waist. Wide shapely hips, a large, but firm, round bottom. My legs are long, and toned, my arms also toned with muscle. My skin still the olive tone I was born with, was smooth, with no blemishes. No matter how many beatings I took from my family, my skin refused to scar, hiding them inside my heart and soul instead.

My hair hangs down to my hips in gentle waves, I would braid it to keep it out of my face, usually binding the braid in a bun to keep it from getting into lab equipment, or the fryers at the fast food joint I work at. Otherwise, I usually left it down to hide my face. My eyes are large and almond shaped, they tilted up at the outer corners. My violet silver rimmed eyes, are framed by long, thick, black lashes. I have a slightly small nose, the tip tilted up a bit. My lips are full and slightly pouty, and naturally tinted red.

I was strong and toned, because every werewolf of the Pack has to train. The Alpha, to conceal how much better I was at training, than my sister was, from my family fearing what they would do to me, had me train with the Pack's Elite Master Trainers. I have been in a different building than my sister, and all the other wolves in my grade, until this year.

Her group, still trained in another building out of the seniors. This was because they were reserve fighters, ones who would stay back with the pack and hide in the shelters. They were to protect those inside. As they didn't have enough power to be a first line or even second or third line of defense. I was now with the Seniors of the Alpha class level, and we trained in our own building. My father was a former Beta candidate, my mom a daughter of an Alpha and Beta. They both were under the delusion their oldest was in Beta level training, 'Oh the lies Sarah told them.'

I was saving all my specialness for after graduation. My sister's friends, and most of our high school classmates, either thought I was just nerdy she wolf, and a fast food worker on skates who brought them food, the others believed the rumors my sister and her friends spread. Only the adults that have helped me, have let me know how special I am, well, they say I'm special. But how can I be? When my own blood hates me because I'm not pale. I didn't have almost white blond hair, my eyes were not a shade of blue. I didn't even have the small, slim and sleek figure, the rest of the women in my Clan have.

Next to them, I felt fat, too large and too dark. Although I know I'm not fat, and being dark isn't a bad thing. I trained too hard to even have one ounce of fat, my training was one more tool I would use to escape from my family. It was a good thing Werewolves only need about four hours of sleep a night. I would have never gotten all my education and work done otherwise. Besides sleeping was only for those who felt safe in their home.

And I have never felt safe here.

# Werewolf's Heartsong

## Chapter 02

### Chapter 2

#### Alora's POV

My sister Sarah, loved to torment me, taunt me with the things she would do to me. She had no plans to let me leave and live peacefully. She had a boyfriend, the youngest son of our Pack's Beta. She's already told me that once she is mated to Matt, she'll find a way to have me exiled from the pack, and declared a rogue. This is so she can kill me, or have me killed. She said it was only right for her to remove the embarrassing dark stain that was me from their lives.

Sarah doesn't know we are from a very respected bloodline, not that she'd want to claim it. I also found where my coloring might have possibly come from. I'm the doppelganger for the first of our ancestors, Luna Heartsong. She had been an Alpha warrior, she was reputed as one of the strongest and fiercest wolves of our history. My family would want to deny any relation to her because of her skin, hair and eye color. I still couldn't figure out the reasoning behind this, no other Clans cared as they did about coloring.

Forcing myself to shake off the depressing thoughts, I start thinking about the day ahead. I had turned eighteen over the four day break, making me somewhat excited for today. I might be able to meet my mate today. Xena is excited as well. Probably more so than I am.

*Oh I know I'm more excited* she remarks.

"Why is that?" I inquire teasingly.

*Because our mate will love us, we'll have someone who appreciates us for who we really are* she says excitedly.

"That's our hope at least, it would be nice if our mate accepts us. Hiding away, with graduation just around the corner, has become exhausting. School ends officially in two weeks. The University's finals have been taken, only tests left, are the High School's finals."

*Tests, more tests, how long are they going to take, I'd rather be running* she grumbled.

"Just the first three days this week, then the last week and a half will be full of nonsense, we'll go running later tonight" I say soothingly.

*When do we stop hiding everything you've accomplished from your family she demanded.*

"The moment the ink dries on my diplomas and I have my license in hand and a key to my own apartment. The Alpha has a suite of rooms at the Pack House he's going to assign me the moment I graduate" I tell her, then "Although...I may not wait till then even."

*The Alpha really respects you, you're like the daughter he's never had she reminds me.*

"Yeah, the Alpha only has two sons. His eldest is to be our next Alpha of the Pack. He's finishing up his final Alpha training, and should come back this summer" is my response.

*I hope he's still nice to us when he comes back to start taking his father's position she says.*

"I'd almost drowned the day we met. When he found me on the side of the river, covered in mud and blood, I was just a pup, he was a teen wolf. He helped his father rescue me, and helped his mother nurse me back to health. He was always protective of me after that, and you, after you came to me. Then once we were able to shift, his wolf would watch over us whenever we ran with him. I'm sure he'll still be nice to us when he gets home." I assure her.

I start to dwell on the memory of that day, the day I met him, the same day Sarah tried to drown me. It had been raining for a week, downpour after downpour before we finally got a sunny day. One of our neighbors had given me some used clothing, and there was this dress.

It was a simple dress, white with blue flowers and went down just past my knees, my sister tried to wear it but she had been too big for it, I had saved it for that day. We had been attending the pack picnic, a celebration for the end of winter, and the beginning of spring.

The trouble started because everyone was remarking how pretty I looked in that dress. My hair in two french braids on either side of my face. They were saying how beautiful my skin tone was next to the color, how it made my eyes pop so pretty.

As for my sister, she was in a pale pink dress, that was just like all her other dresses, so while she got a "You look nice, as always darling", she had become increasingly infuriated at all the compliments I had been getting. She went and told our parents I was making a public scene in front of the Pack, drawing attention. My parents then walked over and stood near, but still at a distance, from the group of wolves complimenting me on how beautiful I was.

They had been complementing everything my family and Clan hated about me, which was everything. They had always told me I was ugly, and that I was a dark mistake, because I was not pale, my hair was not blond, my eyes were not blue. I was the blight upon the family, the shameful blot of imperfection in the Clan, and

those wolves at the picnic had praised all of those features as beautiful. My parents had been furious.

They couldn't just storm up and yank me away, too public a confrontation. It would have been bad for their image, the image of the Clan. Instead they sent my sister to get me. She had grabbed my arm in a tight painful hold, and said, "Mommy and Daddy are looking for you" in a bright childish voice. So the adults had bid us goodbye, and left me to the mercies of my parents.

Mercy.....if only they really had any, my mother had slapped me as soon as she could get away with it. "You ungrateful wretch, how dare you disparage your sister, how dare you go out in public like this, you're an embarrassment to this family you ugly child, a stain that I should have drowned at birth, go home! NOW!" she had shrieked the last word.

As I was walking home, embarrassed, my cheek red with the imprint of her hand and tears running down my face, my sister and her friends surrounded me. "That's what you get for trying to outshine me you worthless wretch" Sarah hissed.

"They just liked the dress, I didn't do it on purpose" I had hoped she would understand, and not punish me for it, how wrong I had been.

"That dress is an eyesore" Agatha had said.

"Yeah let's do something about that" said Lauren.

"Yeah let's get rid of it" suggested Beatrice.

"You're right that would make it better....but is it enough?" Sarah's tone had made my belly tighten, fear had taken hold.

Then she looked at the swollen river behind me and the muddy embankment.

"I know what I'll do, how bout a swim little sister" she said with an evil smirk on her face.

She reached out and grabbed me, then she started to drag me. I had dug my feet into the ground to keep her from dragging me further. Her nails had bitten into my skin, drawing blood.

It had hurt and I had cried from the pain. The blood had made my arm slippery, and I was able to break her hold on me. I had turned, and was running away from the river, but her friends jumped me before I could get far.

Lauren and Beatrice grabbed me by my feet, and pulled me back to the river. Agatha and Sarah were trying to get my hands, but I was punching slapping and scratching, Sarah had blood running down her cheek now and was furious, "This better not scar you little freak, I'm going to drown you, you bitch!" she shrieked.

They picked me up off the ground, Sarah slapped me so hard my ears had rung. I was dizzy, my vision blurry with tears, when they were finally able to throw me off the embankment, and into the raging river. I went under the river tossing me again and again as I fought to surface only to be able to gasp before being tossed back down by the current, I started to work my way to shore.

The water slamming me into the rock and river debris over and over. I finally caught a branch and hung on to keep the river from taking me again, gasping, trying to get my breath back, but I was battered and weak.

Trembling, but determined I used the branch to get me to the edge of a steep and muddy embankment. Clinging to the branch I started to claw my way up, mud and dirt coming away to cover me as I finally pulled myself up and out of the river. I had collapsed there at the edge of the river, in the mud, and passed out.

I came to as someone touched my shoulder turning me over, I smelled wolf.

"What happened to you little one?" a young voice asked

"Son, what are you doing in the mud get over here." an older voice demanded

"Dad there's a little girl here, she's covered in blood and mud and she's soaked." said the young voice

"WHAT!" I hear shouted, then there was running, the feet stopped on my other side, then he was also kneeling in the mud. "Why would a pup be out here like this?" I hear him ask in a voice filled with horror.