

The Song in the Alpha's Heart - Chapter 4 Chapter 3: "Parked and waiting..."

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Bettina's father had been the last Alpha of the Heartsong Clan. When Bettina's mother and sister died in a mudslide, Bettina's aunt took custody of Bettina. It was said that at the time, Brodie Shadowtail Heartsong was too distraught over losing his mate to take care of his last living daughter.

Bettina was adopted by her aunt, her mother's sister, and renamed. She went from being Bettina Frost Heartsong, to Bettina North Frost. Then when she was married to Alister, her name was changed again to Bettina Frost Northmountain. Effectively burying her relationship with Alpha Brodie Heartsong.

Alora knew why, to the Frost and Northmountains, nothing was worse than a Heartsong. Alora thought it was stupid, because of the importance part of the Heartsong Clan played in Werewolf History, and the History of all Supernaturals. The first Alpha of Alpha's was the Clan Alpha of the Heartsongs. A Female by the name Luna Bloodmoon Heartsong.

There was a painted portrait of her hung up in Alpha Andrews office. Alora used to stare at it and would always think she looked a lot like her. Getting the DNA results back and seeing that she was a direct descendant of the First Alpha had been a great day, at first.

Because that was not a relation Bettina, or Sarah would quietly allow Alora to claim. They were too proud of being 'genetically pure' to allow that. It would lower their status within the Frost and Northmountain Clans. So, she could only claim it privately.

Alora had been given an idea though, one she carried through with on her birthday three days ago. Darien had taken her from school that day to the Moonstar Mansion. Where his parents had a cake and presents for her. The new phone she was holding was one of them, a Galaxy 22 Ultra.

The other was the hoodie she was wearing, and an apartment in the Moonstar Mansion that would be ready for her in a few days was another. The Alpha and Luna had been sure for years that she was being abused but had never been able to prove it.

How can you prove years of abuse when your skin didn't scar, and you refused to talk about it as a young pup, because of the threats your family had made against you if you did. Now that she was older, it had become easier to avoid the abuse.

Literally by nearly never being home. During the week she went to two schools, then to work, then her internship at the lab, on the weekends it was work, library for study, then internship at the labs. The few times she was home, it was only for a couple of hours at a time.

Alora was fortunate enough that when they did beat her, and lock her in the basement, it wasn't for days at a time anymore. To keep her locked up for more than a night would invite trouble. There would be questions asked that her parents didn't want to be answered truthfully.

She was eighteen now, so today, when she went to school, she could potentially find her mate today. Thinking of a mate made Alora think of Damien. She knew she shouldn't, it was impossible to think Damien would be her mate. Why would the Moon goddess bless her to be with the next Alpha of Alpha's.

"He would make a wonderful mate, he's always been really kind to us." Xena said.

Xena was right. *"I still remember opening my eyes the day we met him and thinking, he had the most handsome eyes."* Alora said.

The inner ring of Damien's eyes was a deep ocean blue, the outer ring a dark midnight. Golden skin and black hair that would shine with dark blue highlights in the sun.

The day they met, Sarah and her friends had tossed Alora into the River while they were attending a Pack Picnic. The only reason Alora went was because the neighbor who would babysit her on occasion, had suggested bringing her with her family while dropping her off at home.

Bettina had tried to use the excuse that they didn't have anything for Alora to wear. The older female told Bettina that she had a dress that was too small for her daughter, so it wouldn't be a problem for Alora to have it. It had been a pretty white campesino dress, with bright blue 'forget-me-nots' embroidered above and below the lattice work of the ruffled blouse and skirt.

The female had brought the dress the morning of the picnic, she even braided Alora's hair into twin french braids that trailed over her shoulders. Weaved through the braids, were blue ribbons that matched the blue thread on the dress. Alora had looked beautiful according to those who saw her at the Picnic. Those who were not Frost and Northmountains.

The comments had not gone unnoticed by Sarah, who became extremely jealous when she was ignored by others in favor of Alora. When they were with their Clan, Sarah was praised as being the ultimate beauty, while Alora was regarded as a dark stain upon their family. Among the rest of the Pack, Alora was just another beautiful little pup to be cherished.

The jealousy Sarah had felt had caused her to run to her parents in tears, accusing Alora of being mean to her. With that, Alora was pulled to a secluded part of the park away from the others. With a painful slap to the cheek delivered by Bettina, she was ordered home for embarrassing her sister at the Pack Picnic.

Alora hadn't gotten far when her sister and her friends had grabbed her, beaten her up and then dragged her to the edge of the swollen riverbank before tossing her in. She had been tossed around inside the rushing current. Her body smashed into rocks and sticks repeatedly till she was washed close enough to a bank further down the river, that she was able to latch onto something and pull herself out.

She had passed out in the mud of the bank as soon as she was on shore, only to wake for the briefest of moments when she was found by Damien and his father Alpha Andrew. They had taken her to Luna Ember, who had insisted on personally taking care of Alora till she recovered. She spent a whole week inside the Moonstar Mansion.

"He never left our side during the whole week we were there." Xena reminded Alora.

"Yes well...I don't want to get my hopes up only to have them crushed when reality comes knocking with someone else." Alora said to Xena, her tone drier than the desert.

BANG! BANG! BANG! "YOU BETTER BE AWAKE IN THERE YOU WRETCH! I'LL NOT HAVE YOU EMBARRASSING ME TODAY! YOU BETTER GET TO SCHOOL ON TIME!" Bettina shrieked at Alora through the door, after banging on it so viciously.

Alora had sat up, startled by the sound, then she sighed and rolled her eyes. "I'm up." Alora raised her voice enough to be heard through the door.

There was a "Humph!" from the other side, then the sound of Bettina stomping back down the stairs.

Alora's phone notification ringtone sounded. She had a message from her friend Darien. *"Parked and waiting, have a bag with the breakfast of champions. Five Big Sur Breakfast Burritos, a large to-go carton of oat milk, and your snooty coffee."*

By the Gods and Goddesses above you had to love a best friend who came to pick you up with food and coffee in hand. Werewolves burned a lot of fuel, so they ate a lot. Unfortunately for Alora, her family would give her looks that made her lose her appetite every time she ate with them. So, she didn't eat at home.

"Be down in two shakes of a tail." Alora sent as her reply, then she was grabbing her packed bag and leaving her room. Xena, always observing everything, laughed in amusement at Alora's reply.

The house had four levels, the basement, that went the entire length of the house. Then on the first floor, in the front of the house, you had the four car garage, a large foyer, a living room, and a large den. In the back was the extra large master suite, the large formal dining room.

An industrial kitchen with an attached breakfast nook. A large pantry with a second large fridge, and deep freeze in it. A large laundry room with two washers and dryers, and a large laundry table and hopper sink. Then you came to the staircase that led to the second, and then third floor.

The second floor had a long hallway that led the entire back length of the house. With row after row of windows looking into the back yard. There had originally been four large rooms on this floor, but Sarah complained she didn't have enough space. So, the entire second floor was converted into one bedroom for her.

The house had a dual level covered wrap around porch. There was a door on the second floor across from the stairwell that led onto the second level of the back porch. That's the door Alora went out, completely bypassing the first floor where her family was gathered, eating breakfast.

A quick run around the porch brought Alora to the stairwell that led down to the porch's first level, located next to the garage. Alora didn't bother with the stairs when she reached the front of the house though, she vaulted over the railing, landing easily on the ground, her knees bending a little. Then she was running down the street.

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