

The Song in the Alpha's Heart - Chapter 5 Chapter 4: "Her eyes talk..."

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Darien had the top down to his dark blue Shelby Mustang convertible and the motor running. The car was pointed in a direction away from the house. Alora threw her bag into the back seat and hopped over the closed passenger door into the front seat seconds before she heard Bettina screaming from the Driveway.

"YOU WRETCHED MONGREL GET BACK HERE! YOUR NOT SUPPOSED TO LEAVE BEFORE YOUR SISTER!" Her shrieked order was ignored.

Darien, laughing, put his foot down and off they went, hitting sixty in just seconds. Darien tossed a brown sack full of hot food to Alora, her oat milk was already in a cup holder with the straw in it. Alora didn't waste any time tearing into the first foil wrapped breakfast burrito.

Darien laughed again, amused by her antics. Then he noticed how she was dressed, it shocked him at first to see Alora expose so much of her skin, especially when he was so used to her trying to hide as much of it as possible. Her hair was even pulled back into a braid, she was not hiding her face behind it like normal.

Darien frowned, he knew what it meant. His friend was done hiding herself away like some kind of shameful secret. He knew this was something Damien would want to know about. He wanted to confirm what he was thinking so he asked, "Nice get up, you done hiding yourself?" making sure to keep his tone jovial.

Alora knew her friend better than he thought she did. "I know it's upset you to see me 'hide'" she mimed quotation marks, "myself away like some 'shameful'" more miming of quotation marks, "secret all these years. So, you'll be happy to note, my overly observant and curious best friend, that yes, yes I am done hiding."

Darien laughed, and Alora wolfed down the rest of her breakfast. She looked at her friend and noticed he looked a little nervous. It took her a moment to realize why. Her friend had turned eighteen three months ago and hadn't found a mate yet.

“A lot of Wolves turned eighteen over this weekend.” Alora said in an off handed manner.

Alora’s statement made Darien swerve for a second, making Alora laugh, as it confirmed her theory. “Yeah...what of it?” Darien asked, he tried to make it sound like he didn’t care and failed miserably.

“Come on, who is it? You must have had your eye on one of the females who turned.” Alora said teasingly.

Darien blushed, he knew better than to react to Alora’s outrageous antics, it only gave himself away. “I don’t want to say.” Trying one last time to maintain some dignity.

It didn’t work, because she was his best friend, and no one knew him better. Except his brother Damien, but then Damien was wrapped around Alora’s finger. The best part about that was, Alora didn’t even know it.

“I bet I know who it is.” Alora couldn’t keep her excitement out of her tone, and practically sung her words.

Alora had a beautiful singing voice, one that enchanted and hypnotized everyone within hearing, everyone but her family, when she bothered to sing. In fact, it was because of her family that Alora rarely sang, so when she did, it was truly a special occasion.

Damien was the only one she would sing for whenever he asked her to. They had a special bond, one he hoped meant they were fated to be each other's mate.

“Really now, and just who do you think it is?” Darien asked in a drawl.

“Serenity Mountainmover.” Alora said, her tone bright, almost gloating.

Darien coughed, his face twisted in a wry expression, he should have known. “That obvious, am I?” he asked her.

“You’ve been staring longingly at her for weeks.” Alora said, her look gentled, and a genuinely happy smile was on her face.

Alora truly hoped it was Serenity because she liked the female. Serenity was one of those beings who was genuinely good, all the way to their soul, but she

was also mischievous, like her best friend here. They would make the cutest of mated couples in Alora's opinion.

Axel, laughed at Darien, his humanoid had indeed been too obvious with his staring *"You have practically drooled while staring at that tasty looking redhead."* He said to Darien.

Darien growled at his wolf. *"Like you don't roll around every time her scent blows our way."*

This shut Axel up. "Yes well, it's all that hair. There is so much of the fiery mass, I just want to stick my face in it and see if it's as warm as it smells...I mean looks." Darien added the last part quickly, but there was no saving himself.

Alora laughed, she couldn't help it, and when Darien blushed, she laughed more. "Yeah, yeah, keep laughing. What are you going to do if you find a mate today?" He asked her.

The words were out of her mouth before she even realized she said them. "Hope he doesn't reject me on the spot." Her eyes widened and she covered her mouth with both hands.

Darien gave her a look from the corner of his eye. "Tell me you're not expecting to be rejected." He asked.

"Let's just say it's best to prepare for the worst and hope for the best." Alora said after a moment, sighing after she gave her answer.

Darien didn't sit there and try to talk his friend into believing she had no reason to fear being rejected, knew it would be a waste of breath and would just annoy Alora. Darien honestly didn't believe anyone, but his brother Damien deserved to be Alora's mate.

Darien didn't say it though. *"If anyone deserved to have a mate that would worship the ground, she walked upon...its Alora."* Darien said to his wolf.

"On this we are agreed, Damien and Zane absolutely would." Axel said, having been thinking the same way Darien was. *"And you are right to think she would deny ever being worthy enough to have them as her mate."*

"How come you sound like some Ancient Council lawyer whenever you get serious?" Darien asked his wolf.

"I'm an old soul, sue me." Axel snapped at Darien with a growl, making Darien laugh.

They pulled into the school parking lot, Alora had taken over his radio and was playing her extremely eclectic music list. His radio was currently blasting Notorious by Neoni. The base was turned up loud enough to shake the doors if they were not properly insulated. An upgrade he got after the first car ride with Alora.

She liked her music loud enough to drown out her own thoughts sometimes. Using it as a type of therapy when she couldn't take it anymore. He knew she had more than a few songs that helped talk her away from suicide.

They say music can save people, seeing it do just that for his friend, more of a sister really, had him making a lot of sound specific changes to his vehicles, and having more than a few requirements when it came to their motorcycle gear. Like linking Bluetooth motorcycle helmets with surround sound and ambient sound capability.

He always carried some kind of headphones or earbuds with him, as well as a portable speaker, with bass boost of course, in his pack. Alora did too, she'd been gifted a lot of her tech. It wasn't just his brother who loved and adored Alora, his parents did too. Alora may not think it possible, but to them, she wasn't just another Pack Wolf, she was family.

I parked the car, but didn't turn off the car completely yet, just the motor. Darien could see Alora was lost in thought, her face didn't show any expression, but he knew not to look at Alora's expression when it came to judging her mood. His brother said it all those years ago.

"Her eyes talk even when her face doesn't." Damien had looked so sad when he said that, but then, he had caught her trying to slit her wrists by the river earlier that day.

Damien had said he knew something was wrong the moment he met her eyes that morning, when she disappeared from school, he immediately went looking for her. When things got to be too much, the spot where Damien and his father had found Alora the day they met, was her go-to place.

Damien had gone there first, and said he took the knife from her just in time. Alora never actually told them what was happening at home, they could only guess. With her haunted eyes, and the willingness to end her and even her wolf's life, they could only assume the worst.

Alora didn't have any scars though, he had seen her with an injury so deep, it should have left a scar, but it did not. The moment Alora healed, it was like nothing happened. Making it quite easy for her family to hide the severity of their abuse. He had never heard of that happening to any species except Vampires. With Vampires, every scar they did have was worn on their Sprites skin, not their humanoid skin.

"Are you absolutely positive Allister is your father?" Darien asked Alora.

The song had ended, and he had turned the car off. Darien's abrupt questioning of her parentage had Alora snapping out of her thoughts and looking at Darien with a wry grin on her face.

"Unfortunately." Alora answered.

"What about Bettina, surely she's not your real mother?" Darien asked in a hopeful tone.

Looking at her, goofball of a friend, Alora's smile got bigger. "I wish, but your mother is the one who delivered me, so even she can verify that truth." Alora said with amusement, laughing at the overly exaggerated expression of lost hope on Darien's face.

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