

The Song in the Alpha's Heart - Chapter 6 Chapter 5: "Waiting for a certain someone...?"

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"What are you going to do when your parents find out about your name change today?" Darien asked Alora.

"They'll probably lose their shit." Alora said, her tone sounding grim. "But you know, I am honestly done caring about what they think anymore. I'll be free of them after these exams."

Darien thought it was about time, Alora and Darien got out of the car, and stood leaning against the passenger side. They were at the school early, so there were only a few other cars in the lot belonging to students like themselves, the rest were teachers or staff of the school.

Alora was finishing the coffee he had grabbed with her order. A chai latte made with dark organic beans, sweetened with truvia, and topped with a frothy layer that was half coconut milk, half oat milk. Darien called Alora a coffee snob more than once, but she would laugh and deny that she was.

"So now that you're not caring about how they will react to your name change, are you also no longer caring about what Sarah thinks or says anymore?" Darien asked her.

Alora offered him a smirk. "I only care about Sarah enough to avoid her and her posy." Alora said in a dry tone. "Other than that, the answer is yes, I've stopped caring about the filth that spews from that banshee's mouth."

Darien threw his head back and laughed. Alora had a half smirk on her face. She enjoyed making her friend laugh, he always looked so carefree when he did. Today he had worn loose black cargo shorts with a quick release buckle, a black tank top and black canvas slip on shoes.

His slightly shaggy hair with enough curl to make him look devilish was as black as his brothers with the same dark blue highlights in the sun. Darien was a tall wolf at seven foot six, and his broad body was tightly packed with lean muscle.

His skin complexion was a toasty tan color. He had a long straight lupine nose and a broad full mouth, his dual colored eyes, copies of his brother's, were lined with thick black lashes more than a few females were jealous of.

The air was slightly humid, just enough to tell of a coming storm. The weather was warm enough to go without the sweater, but she was only wearing it so she didn't feel so exposed. The smell of flowers was everywhere. Everywhere you looked there was a burst of colors. The trees, and bushes were lush with leaves and flowers.

Plant life in Pack Territory was thick, what grass was visible was deep green and thick. When you could see the bark of trees through the foliage, it was deep brown and moss covered. The earth here was dark, sometimes black, and extremely fertile.

Alora leaned her head back and looked up at the cloudy sky, their colors ranging from white to dark gray. "There's definitely going to be a storm soon." Alora said, her voice soft.

It sounded like she was just making an observation about the weather, but Darien knew better. It made him a little sad to know his friend was about to go through some rough times soon because of her family.

"Don't forget, you will always have me, Damien, my mom, and my dad to back you up. All you have to do is say the word." Darien told her.

Alora looked up at Darien and smiled gently. "Thanks." She looked around the school parking lot. "You wanna go inside?" Alora asked him, using her thumb to gesture in the direction of their High School.

The school was enormous, as was the covered stadium arena to its left, to the left of the Stadium was a massive six story parking garage. To the right of the school's main building, was a giant clearing that stretched out and around to the back of the school stadium and parking garage.

Past that were six large training gyms. Each one for the different fight ranks. The school's main building was seven stories tall. It was a behemoth of a building that was able to teach eight thousand students, with enough teachers to occupy every classroom.

Because there were so many students in the school, with many subjects, the teachers came to your home room. Your home room was decided by the classes you were taking, and the level of those classes.

Darien was in the same home room with Alora, their classroom was full of highly intelligent students. All their fellow home room classmates attended the Pack University of MSTA for the second half of their day.

They were taking AP English and AP History, and fight training at the high school. So like Darien, they only had three exams left before school life was basically done for them.

Alora and Darien look up when they hear the sounds of another vehicle arrive. It was a couple of freshman students. "Not just yet." Darien responded.

"Waiting for a certain someone to show up?" Alora teased.

Darien blushed, but he didn't admit to it, instead he decided to distract her by asking, "Remember when you first started to go to MSTA?"

"Yeah, that almost didn't happen." Alora said, frowning when she thought of it. "The Southside middle school's Principal couldn't believe my scores during the intelligence assessment they had us do when we first got there."

"Didn't he call a parent teacher conference?" Darien asked.

"Yes, he did." Alora shuddered mentally at what happened after that conference. The fists, whips, and knives all causing their own special pain was embedded deep underneath her skin.

"The Principal wanted me to test out of school early and attend MSTA full time. When my parents refused to allow that, the excuse they gave was that they were afraid attending college full time would be too much for me, because I was too young."

Alora looked at Darien, and his expression showed exactly how much he didn't believe that excuse.

"Then the Principle suggested that they let me test into the high school, suggesting I go to high school and the University at the same time." Alora continued. "That didn't go over well with them either."

“What excuse did they offer to reject that one?” Darien asked.

“They didn’t feel it would be good for me to go to school with kids so much older than me. Said they feared me being taken advantage of.” Alora’s sarcasm spoke volumes.

Darien didn’t believe the excuse either. “What was the real reason?” he asked her.

As Alora debated, more cars arrived, some heading to the parking garage, some finding a place in the four acre parking lot. The school was located on four hundred acres of land.

“Just tell him, he already hates Sarah, he’s not going to think you’re lying.” Xena told Alora.

Alora looked at the ground for a second before nodding, turning her head she looked at Darien. “Sarah had just been held back again. This time in the middle school that wanted me to graduate from middle and high school entirely, to start college at age eleven. Where Sarah, at age thirteen, was still in the sixth grade.”

Darien's eyebrows rose in surprise, not because he was surprised with the content of what she was saying, but that she was actually telling him this, instead of changing the subject to avoid answering. This was the first time.

Alora saw Darien’s look of surprise and almost stopped telling him what happened that day when he motioned for her to continue. “See, my parents couldn’t stand to see the daughter they hate succeed beyond that of the daughter they love and cherish like a princess.”

“A stupid skank of a princess.” Darien muttered darkly, making Alora laugh.

“So, the Principal, not wanting to see my ‘genius’” Alora mimed quotations, “go to waste, was determined to see my education advance, so he suggested I take high school and middle school courses, then advance to college right out of middle school, saying I would be older by then.”

“That one didn’t go over either, did it?” Darien asked, his tone dry, a half smirk on his face.

Alora shook her head. “No, it did not.”

“So, what happened next?” Darien asked, wanting her to continue. He had never gotten the full details, and now that he was, he didn’t want her to stop talking.

“By that point my parents were done hiding behind their mask of caring parents and told the Principal it didn’t matter what the tests showed, they would not allow me to receive anything other than the basic education required by the law.” Alora told him.

Alora could tell she had his interest, it was in his eyes. He almost looked like an excited puppy complete with a wagging tail and a lolling tongue.

“So the Principal went to the Superintendent, who went to the School Board. After the Principal and the Superintendent got the approval, they wanted from the school board to approach your father about my education.”

“So that’s how my father got involved in your education.” Darien said, sounding like he had an ‘ah ha!’ moment.

“Yup, the School Board told the Superintendent and the middle school Principal, that the only way to go around my parents was to go to the Alpha of the Pack. As the Alpha, your father had the legal authority to authorize the advancement of my education.” Alora told him.

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