

Werewolf's Heartsong by Dizzy izzy

Chapter 25

Chapter 25

Jaxon's POV

She was magnificent. She was a Lunar Princess. To become her Beta would be the greatest honor I could achieve for my family. My cousins were her friends, I hoped to become one as well, and put in my bid for Beta. Now I'm sure I'm not worthy of the position. But I would still ask, maybe I'll be lucky enough she will allow me to serve by her side.

I'm glad I get to watch her fight two others, it will give me more time to admire her power. I'll be lucky if our fight can last for any length of time, I want to prove myself worthy of consideration to be her Beta. I wanted to prove I had what it took to stand by at her side. The power this she-wolf radiated was amazing, and I would only see more of it by being

where she was.

Darien's POV

I was in complete awe when I witnessed her transformation. She was an incredibly gorgeous wolf, otherworldly. I felt a little guilty thinking that with my mate not that far from me, but damn, Alora was a Lunar princess. She had Goddess like beauty now. Or maybe she always has but being covered up all the time it was missed.

When had those markings appeared on her? They had intricate knots all over the wide bands on her ankle and wrist. The designs of the necklace and crown delicate looking. They looked like silver jewelry laid over her fur, and all they did was add to the otherworldliness of her new look. That and the stars that had winked in and out of her 'hair'.

Her fight was over in seconds, and when it was over, the crown and stars were gone. But the braces around her wrists and ankles settled on her skin like silver, intricate, tattoos. When she sat down next to me after her fight I couldn't talk, I could only

stare.

Finally she says. "Cat go your tongue." In a long drawn out drawl, smirking at me as she did so. A million questions start to form, finally I settled on the first one I think will give me most of my answers. "What the fuck happened while you were passed out?!" In a whispered yell. I'm absolutely amazed as she explains it to me.

Then I get stuck thinking about part of the explanation that doesn't sit right with me. The one that has suddenly got me worried for my best friend and thinking again at what her family has done to her, so I solemnly

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I ask "Where did the chains come from?" her answer didn't make me feel any better. "I don't know, I didn't even know they were there."

Dread fills me with this answer, and I start to think about the Training she's been doing with Master Brock these last four years. He must have known something was holding her back, and yet even held back by metaphysical chains, she was able to be First Rank of the Alpha Class.

I now have a new found respect for my friend, and the power she holds. I think of my brother, he's going to flip when he see's her transformation, and I want to be there to watch it happen, It's going to be epic. 'Shit', I should have gotten a picture. But I'd been so caught up in the sight of her transformation I forgot. Oh well, maybe next time. 2

Luna Ember's POV

I'm glad I had started filming the match from the moment she walked onto the arena floor before stepping onto the platform. I was still amazed at what I had seen. She has been so beautiful, I couldn't help but smile. My heart warmed at her transformation. She had told us Xena, her wolf, had pulled her into her 'space', so she could process her freedom and accept her destiny and responsibility as an Alpha she wolf of the Heartsong's.

Looking at her transformation, and seeing the marking announcing her as a Lunar Princess, brought a whole new understanding to the words she had said. She had accepted her blessing from the Moon Goddess and was now an acknowledged Daughter of the Goddess. Her power and status now visible.

Seeing this, it was only now that I realized the marks had appeared on

her skin in the restaurant, but I had been so worried about her at the time I hadn't noticed till now. The crown and stars that are visible now wouldn't be visible on her human form until nightfall. 'Well, she'll always be able to tell when it's nighttime' I think amusedly after a moment.

"You got all that on video right dear." asks my mate. "Of course I did my dear." I tell him. "Good. You should send that to Damien." he tells me. "Damien? Why?" I ask him, although I suspect I know why. "Because I don't want to hear him whine, when he finds out from someone else about Alora's newest transformation."

'Yup, I knew it'. "Alright I'll send it now, and I'll send him her other fights as well, because we both know he'll want those too." I tell my mate. My oldest probably thinks we are oblivious about his obsession for

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Alora. I am his mother, like I wouldn't be able to tell that he's been attracted to Alora for years now.

It's why I had always and still do hope that she's his mate. It would explain why, at 23, he is still unmated. I knew why Xander, his Beta was not mated as well. It was because Beatrice had rejected him. I don't think he knows I know about it. But I had been walking back late, from the Pack Clinic, when I witnessed it.

Her reasons had not made sense to me, or to him either, because he refused her rejection. We now knew, that it was because Beatrice had been under a spell that had allowed Sarah to control her, and she had made her reject her mate. It was so cruel. That horrible she wolf had destroyed the lives of two others and has caused unimaginable pain to many now.

I decide to text Damien now. He

should know to be there for his Beta, Xander was going to need his best friend to help him keep control when he gets this information, as I'm about to hit send, I stop, now is not a good time for Xander to find out about this. They have their finals in two weeks.

That'll be soon enough unless they ask for information before then, one thing I've never done is lie to my son, and I wouldn't start now. I'll let him decide when it is the right time to tell his Beta. I delete what I've typed, then I send the video of Alora, telling him she had a rough afternoon but was now obviously doing better.

I figure that will pacify him for a little while, at least till I got his message back. "Mom what the heck happened this morning? Xander was doubled over in pain, we know something happened to his mate, and he needs to know what. And what do you mean

by rough afternoon? What else has happened to Alora today besides her being rejected?"

"Oh boy" I say out loud. "What is it love." Andrew asks. I show him the text from Damien. "Oh boy" he copies. He thinks for a few moments, then finally says. "Might as well tell him everything. He's only going to keep pushing till we tell him. Also Xander does need to know about Beatrice." He finishes with a sigh.

It took several moments to type up the text, it was long, a lot has happened today. By the time I got done sending the message, Darien had reached the Arena floor, I raised my camera in time to record him stepping onto the platform. 'Oh my handsome boy has grown into a hansom Alpha' I can't help but think.

My son's half form is broad and lean

at the same time, he grew to be nine feet and six inches. His 'hair' was black and about nine inches long, his body fur was a bright almost white silver, his eyes are a neon blue rimmed in silver. Like most Alpha wolves his muscles were large and well defined, but without being overly large. 2

To this day, do to the necessity of continued training, my mate has retained his physique. His body has filled in and broadened over the years, but he's still the sexiest wolf alive to me. His son's take after him, hansom devils making girls swoon and she wolves pant after them. But they both knew they had mates. So they both left the she-wolves alone.

But I know both of them had taken a tumble or two with human females. I've never seen them, both of my boys discreet enough to have gone a few towns over for their dalliances.

Knowing their mates could be apart of this Pack, and not wanting any strife to come about because they were burning off hormones. D

I was proud my boys had both been that considerate. Hormones in teenage wolves were difficult to manage. That's why mates hardly went to each other virgins, most keeping it to one nights stand out of respect for their future mate. Some didn't and it's come back to bite them. My son's had seen one such scene when they were young, and it obviously had stuck with them.

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Chapter 26

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Alora's POV

As Darien was fighting his first opponent, I was thinking on the question he asked me. 'Where *had* the chains come from. I wanted to know how they got there, but how to find out. I felt like this was important to know. The only way to get answers was to ask questions.

""Xena, do you know how we came to be bound by the chains?" I ask.

"No, they've always been there, since our birth" she says

"Since our birth?" I say questioningly, surprised, making me want to know why.

"Yes, since birth, there was even a chain that was supposed to keep me from coming to you" at this, I'm

shocked to my core.

"What?! You mean I wasn't supposed to be able to shift, to have you with me?" I ask her, panicked at the thought of how horrendous my life would have been without having Xena, She's all that's kept me together during those really dark pain filled times I wanted to give up and die. I remember when I first heard her voice. 2)

Soaked in my own blood, the fire of so many wounds open. Some half healed, others new, all painful. I would cry silently wondering what I had done to deserve what was happening to me. All I wanted was to be loved, I couldn't understand why they didn't love me. Laying in the cold, dark and damp basement. I had heavy manacles around my wrists, they hurt, digging in and cutting into my skin. They were no longer necessary as I couldn't even get up I was so weak. Why had they done this

to me? I kept wondering, was I really that bad a child? Did I really deserve this?

All I wanted was a piece of the birthday cake made for Sarah's birthday. So I had asked for one. Mom got so angry, she started slapping me over and over till I collapsed in tears on the kitchen floor. Then she grabbed me by my hair, pulling me back up, slapping me more and more. My face was swollen and bloody, my lips were split, my eyes beginning to blacken. She was shrieking, her words a loud roar to my ringing ears. 4)

"How dare you ask for cake! You don't deserve to have it you wretch! Your nothing but a blight, a mistake, a good for nothing worthless wretch! A horrible demon that should never have existed! It disgusts me that you came from my womb! If I could I would kill you for the damage you've done!"

I didn't know what damage, I hadn't broken anything. I was always careful not to. I followed all directions, I didn't disobey any directive I was given. I just wanted them to love me. I had apologized and begged her to forgive me, sobbing that I was sorry, that I would be a good girl, begging her not to hurt me any more.

I could have saved my breath, they never listened to my plea's for forgiveness and to not hurt me. It never mattered how good of a girl I was, they always found some minute reason to punish me. Even a bad time at the grocery store would be taken out on me. Because just by being born I had ruined our family.

My mother ignoring my cries had dragged me down the stairs, each step painful to my back and bruising me further. She put the chains around my wrists. The she grabbed the whip, I new what was coming. I

start screaming "Mommy no! Please no! I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'll be good, I'll be a good girl, mommy please, please mommy I'm sorry!"

She listened to none of it, and started whipping me over and over. I put my hands over my face, screaming, tears streaming. With every slash opened up in my flesh by the whip, my blood flying every where, I screamed. Until I couldn't even move, my back, my front, my legs and arms, even the back of my hands, every bit was covered in wounds.

Once I was quiet she stopped and stood there watching me bleed all over the floor. Tears falling, not a sound coming from me. Her last words before leaving me there and walking back up the stairs. "I hope you die you wretch, you deserve it for destroying this family with your birth, filthy demon." Why was I a demon, how could I make them love

me?

Then the voice came, it was pure like a musical wind chime 'Your not a demon, your a werewolf, and I'm here now' she had said, 'Who are you?' I had asked. 'I am Xena, your wolf' she told me. 'But mommy said I would never have a wolf, that I didn't deserve one' I told her. 'Every child born to a werewolf has a wolf she told me 'I'm here now, you'll never be alone again' she says.

'Never?' I ask unsure, wanting her presence to be true. 'Never, I'll love you, and one day you'll have a mate who will love and accept you too' she told me. I cried at that, I wasn't alone anymore. You didn't do anything wrong by being born' she tells me. "They are wrong, and they're the ones who don't deserve you.' she had said.

That was the day I had stopped trying

to gain my families love and acceptance. That was the day I started to plan my escape from them. They didn't deserve me, so I would take myself away from them, and live my own life free of the pain and blood that was my existence with them. I shake my head to shake off the memory, tuning back into our present conversation.

"When you first came to me I remember telling you that my mother had told me I would never have a wolf because I didn't deserve one" I remind her.

'That night I had been trying to break the chain that was trapping me in my 'space' keeping me from coming to you she tells me.

"How did you get free of the chains" I asked her.

'The Moon Goddess had heard me crying out, she came to me that night'

she says

Shocked at that information *"What did the Moon Goddess do?"* I ask her.

"She touched the chain and it broke. She said "Your destiny to be with your human half will not be kept from you, you will be free to be with your other half." that's when she broke the chain. Then the Moon Goddess told me.'

'The she-wolf who has birthed you and your human half cannot escape her punishment, for rejecting her destined mate she has failed to be true to her bloodline. She was told, as punishment she was denied ascension, her first daughter born will never be acknowledged and gifted my blessing, it will be the second daughter born, the one most like the first Alpha, who I have blessed, the one who I will acknowledge.'

"She had to be the one who did it, it

had to be her, but how?" I say to her.

'I believe she is the one who had it done, yes' she states.

"The one who had it done? Meaning you believe she had someone else do the chains?" I ask her.

'It was a Witch's spell, a Dark Witch' she informs me.

"How would mom know a Dark Witch?" I wonder aloud to her.

'I may have been kept from you since birth, but I was still with you while being trapped in that space' she says. I remember one of the neighbors that came over all the time, till a little after we were tossed in that river, she always smelled faintly of Black Magic, and something else, like she was trying to mask her scent.

Xena's revelation, had me thinking of who she was talking about. I started

who she was talking about. I started to think of the woman she was talking about. I remember my mother calling her sister and Sarah calling her Aunty. They couldn't be real sisters so I think it was more of a deep relationship, them so close they were like the sister each never had.

She had hated me too, she had always had a look of contempt whenever her gaze would land on me. She had brown hair and Ice blue eyes rimmed in black. She was always over, everyday. Until shortly after I was almost drowned in the river by Sarah and her friends. Then she was suddenly gone, never seen again.

I started to remember a couple of things.

"About the time the woman your talking about disappeared, there was an uproar in the Pack. I remember the adults were all upset about something to do with a Witch, she was banished from Pack Lands because she

was caught practicing Black Magic on wolves." I say to Xena.

'She has to be the woman they were talking about' says Xena, thinking what I'm thinking.

"It can't be a coincidence, that and the other thing that happened, make me believe that's who they were talking about. She's also got to be the one who bound us in chains." I tell her.

She's quiet for a moment, she knows what I'm talking about, if what she said was true. That while she had been kept from me, she was still with me. Then she would have born witness to that night. That night had been the first of many nights spent in that basement chained and bleeding.

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Chapter 27

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Alora's POV

Today seemed to be a day for reliving horrible things, that have happened to me in the past. Unfortunately to figure out what has happened and why, I have to relive the bad, painful, bloody memories. Not a fun adventure. It just further illuminated how fucked up and abusive my family has been to me. 'Will I ever be able to heal from the wounds they had all gleefully given me?' I wondered. 2

"How do we heal from all that has been done to us?" I ask Xena.

"I don't know...but maybe...?" she hesitates.

"Maybe?" I prompt her.

"Maybe we could talk to Luna Ember?" she's still hesitant.

I could understand why she was always urging me to talk to someone, to tell them what was happening. And while I would talk about some of it to Darien... I've never told him about the full extent of the horrors visited on me. I still haven't told him about what dad did, that one time he was drunk, shaking my head to avoid *that* atrocious memory. I focus on what Xena had said.

"I think....you might be right...and maybe we should talk to the Luna I finally say to her. I feel her surprise at my words, already understanding it. *"I want to heal, we're an Alpha now, we need to be healthy mentally."* I pause a moment. *"Well as mentally healthy as we could possibly be, considering all that's happened."* I say the last in a dry tone.

Xena snorts at this last comment. She says in a soft tone *'I'm glad you're*

finally going to get us help.'

I think about that for a moment, by denying myself help I had denied *her* help. I suddenly felt guilty, I wasn't the only one experiencing the abuse I suffered. She had too, that suddenly made me realize my silence hadn't only hurt me, *"I'm so sorry Xena, I should have spoken up when you first urged me to."* I tell her.

'You needed to be able to accept the help too. Besides, we're stronger now than any other wolf here, except for Alpha Andrew.' she says. I chuckle at the last bit. I love my wolf, she's so special. *"I promise, we'll talk to Luna Ember soon."* I tell her. I would seek help, not just for me, but for Xena too. It wasn't just me who needed to heal.

It took Darien sitting next to me, and practically pushing me to the floor from my seat, to snap my attention

back to what was going on. "*Shit, we didn't pay attention to his fight.*" I tell Xena. I struggled to keep from looking guilty as I met his annoyed gaze, and failed miserably. "I'm sorry." I finally say after a minute of his silent glaring

"You didn't pay attention to any of my fight did you?!" Was his questioned accusation. Cringing, a guilty half smile on my face. "Nooooooo....." I draw out the answer then said in a rush "But I may know who put the chains on me and Xena!" I finished brightly, Hoping I'm forgiven for finding out something we had both wanted to know.

He suddenly jumps forward and grabs me by my upper arms. With a firm but gentle shake, he gazes intently into my eyes and says. "Tell me everything and all will be forgiven." I laugh. "Ok, but you have to let me go first." I tell him. He lets go of my arms and sits

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back, then wiggles like an excited puppy before whining "Tell meeee. making me laugh more.

There were two fights before his and my second fights, so I had time to tell him everything Xena and I discussed. Telling him what Xena told me, what the Moon Goddess had said. He's silent for awhile looking contemplative. "I have a couple of theories about this." he finally tells me. "OK." I say. "What are your theories?" I ask.

"So your mother rejected her destined mate because he was not blond haired and blue eyed, yeah?" I nod. "And because of this she doesn't receive the Goddess's acknowledgment like she was going to, and was not allowed to ascend?" I nod again. "So her first daughter, the one she rejected her destined mate for, the one that comes out as desired, is the one that will never be

GMAMO acknowledged by the Goddess?" he goes on. I nod.

"But the second daughter she is to have will have the blessing right?" he asks, another nod from me. "So at that point she's probably thinking, that's fine, because she still expecting that you'll come out blond hair and blue eyed too?" another nod. "But the message from the Goddess was, the one most like the first Alpha." by this point I'm feeling like a bobble head toy with all my nodding.

"When the Goddess told her this she probably was not thinking about what the First Alpha looked like, just what the first Alpha's accomplishments were, this meant you were going to be what brought the family to a high status permanently." Nod. "But when you came out with dark skin, hair and purple eyes, she was faced with the very reason she rejected her mate for, to avoid producing a child with dark

coloring."

As he continues I think I know where he's going with this. "So she's furious, the child with the wrong coloring is the one to be blessed by the Goddess, she can't accept that so she has the Witch bind your powers and your wolf, in an attempt to deny you your destiny." he finishes. 'Yup he's drawing the same conclusions.

Now I'm full of questions. But one that nagged me enough to ask out loud. "Why didn't they have anymore children after me?" Looking at the fight happening without really seeing it. Then Darien next to me straightens saying . "Oh! I know the answer to this one." He said. I look back at him, he turns to face me. "Well" I finally say impatient, this only makes him smirk at me.

"Patience is a virtue young one." He says in a faked wise mans voice,

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teasing me further. "Spill it you." I snap. He laughs at my expense for a moment, then sobers up. "Your mom got pregnant not even a month after having you. She was five months along when she was in an accident taking you to a routine well pup check." I'm shocked, I hadn't known this.

"They had to deliver the pup early. It was a boy, a dark skinned black hair boy. He didn't survive, the accident had caused the umbilical cord to detach, he suffocated in the womb." he pauses. "Your mom's womb never healed right from the injury, she kept experiencing excruciating pain and heavy bleeding for months after." he pauses again. 2

"Come to find out due to the accident, her ovaries and uterus were damaged beyond werewolf healing, and had to be removed." I take a moment to process this, her abuse and hatred of

me starting to make more sense now. None of what she's done had been right though. She never should have rejected her mate. She never should have abused me. But she did, she had hurt me again and again, over something not my fault.

I started to question how she could have been so discriminating of someone's coloring to reject her mate. It never made sense to me, and it still doesn't. What made the Northmountains and a faction of the Frosts do this? They were rejecting their mates for this, for some asinine reason! What had they wanted so badly that they have done this for ten generations now?

I didn't have time to think about this now. I was up against Lexus now, so I get up and head to the floor. I push my questions to the back of my head. I climb up to the platform, strip down, and once more transformed

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into our half form. The mummies start again, but not in shock now, they're just appreciative remarks. (2)

I'm even more proud to be who I am now. Knowing my family tried to make sure I would never realize, or grow into my destiny. Despite all they did, we still broke free, with a little help from the Goddess. Darien, the Alpha and Luna playing big parts in helping me achieve this as well. I will be forever grateful to them, for all they've done for us.

At nine foot two Lexus, a reddish mostly brown wolf, was only slightly shorter than me. But that didn't matter, he blocked the first kick. The one that would have sent him flying out of the ring and into the stadium wall. Spinning around I lower my self in a kick that takes his legs out from under him. He landed on his back. I follow that up with a powerful fist to the side of his head. He's out, another

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the side of his head. He's out, another match over far too quickly.

I transform back, dress and head to my seat, passing Darien on my way up, this round is his second fight, "Knock them out." I say on the way by. He laughs before commenting. "That's what you've been doing." I laugh, he's right, I have been knocking them out, literally.