

## Werewolf's Heartsong by Dizzy izzy

Chapter 240



Next up!...\*\*

Darien whooped, hollered, and roared his excitement over his mate's defeat of one of his fellow Alpha Class fighters. Alora, caught up in his excitement as well as her own, was standing and clapping with him. What Alora had not expected was for Darien to suddenly grab her by her shoulders and shake her as he proudly claimed, "That's my mate!", over and

over again.

It took several moments for Darien to calm down enough for him to let go of Alora, who was not enjoying him handling her in such a way. Alora had been seconds away from grabbing his hands and forcibly removing them from her. While she was usually comfortable with Darien touching her, grabbing, and shaking her like that was another thing.

Given the situation however, and the fact that he let her go before she had to say or do anything, Alora decided to let it go.

Darien deserved his excitement, his mate did win her match, and he was all too happy to roar his claim of her for everyone to hear. Alora smiled, feeling happy for her claimed brother.

Alora also felt Selena and Xena's combined happiness for Darien as well. Darien didn't

start to quiet down till the announcer called the next match.

"Next up we have Kain Mountainmover against Jamison Blackfire!"

Darien sat down finally, he was surprised that Kain had challenged Jamison at first. After a moment of thought, Darien smacked himself in the forehead. Of course, Kain would challenge an Alpha Class fighter, Galen had most likely issued a challenge as well. Where Serenity went, her brothers were sure to follow behind her.

Alora had assumed from the moment of Serenity's fight her brothers would follow shortly after her. The bond between the twins and Serenity was clear and solid. All three were powerful fighters, but her instincts told her that Serenity held more power than both her brothers did. Even so, Alora felt both Kain and Galen were still incredibly strong in their own right.

The fight between Jamison and Kain lasted three and a half minutes. Ending when Kain

delivered a loud and powerful punch to Jamison's ribs. The sound of at least two ribs. breaking could be heard by all those in the stadium. Jamison flew back off the fighter's. platform, landing on his back, sliding a short distance across the arena's dirt floor.

"Winner of this match is Kain Mountainmover!" Yelled the announcer.

The medics rushed to the field to check Jamison. Broken ribs, even for the incredibly fast healing, were no joke. One wrong

move and you had a collapsed lung and were coughing up blood. Worse still, was if your heart was punctured by a broken rib.

The medics would assess how badly broken Jamison's ribs were. Then they would tape them until they healed.

The healing time of broken bones could take thirty minutes to two or four hours, depending on how powerful the werewolf was.

Jamison, being an Alpha Class fighter, spoke of how much power he had. Alora estimated Jamison would heal in the next thirty

minutes,

an hour at most.

Darien was cringing as he looked at Jamison, he remembered well the pain of broken ribs. Training as an Alpha Class fighter

could be brutal at times. Alora had busted his ribs more. than once over the years of training together. Darien had also suffered a

punctured and collapsed lung from one of those breaks.

It had not been a very pleasant experience for Darien and had given him a healthy respect for the severity of broken ribs. Darien

still could not forget the horrified devastation on Alora's face as he coughed and choked on his own blood. It took Darien two

weeks to get Alora to stop apologizing for it every three minutes they were around each other.

Jamison was taped up and sent up to his seat. As soon as he was out of the arena, the announcer called the next fight. "Next up,

we have Galen Mountainmover against Lexus

Stonemaker!"

Lexus met Jamison in the aisle. "Are you going to be okay?" Lexus asked Jamison.

Jamison looked at Lexus, and for some reason felt warmth start to spread inside him. He liked that Lexus had asked after him.

Ignoring his reaction, Jamison said, "I'll be fine, just need to sit and not move too much for the next thirty minutes."

Lexus nodded, "That's good." He said, then headed down into the arena for his match.

Lexus did not fare much better against Galen than Jamison did against Kain. Although, their battle lasted nearly the entire five

minutes. With thirty seconds to spare, Galen delivered a combo of punches that knocked Lexus out of the ring. Unlike Jamison,

Lexus managed to get through the fight without getting any of his bones broken.

The next fight was another surprise for both Alora and Darien. Matthew Stonemaker had issued a challenge to Garrett

Shadowtail. Garrett grumbled at being called up again so soon, luckily for him, he was mostly recovered from his match with

Serenity. The match lasted the

entire allotted five minutes, ending in a draw and Matthew being allowed to advance.

"I don't know if I should be upset or not that Matt is now an Alpha Class fighter." Darien

said to Alora.

Alora looked down at her feet, swinging them back and forth with a restless energy as she contemplated her feelings over

Matthew's advancement. "I don't know how to feel either."

She told Darien.

Garrett, having come back up to their row, overheard Darien, and Alora's conversation. He stood by them as he told them about

what he had observed. "If it helps, the look in his eyes. was clearer than it has been in years. Like he was sleepwalking this

entire time and has just woken up."

Darien and Alora looked up at Garrett for a moment, their combined gazes had an interesting effect on him. Garrett felt a very

intense need to bare his neck in submission. Ast

a fellow Alpha Class fighter, Garrett was disturbed by this need. Garrett quickly looked away, shifting nervously, and clearing his

throat.

"Just an observation." Garrett said, then tried not to rush as he walked towards his seat.

"The female is more powerful than any other wolf here except our Pack's Alpha and Luna. The male's power, being our pack

Alpha and Luna's progeny, is second only to the female's." Slate, Garrett's wolf, told him.

"And we are nowhere near their power levels." Garrett said, now understanding his instinctive need to submit to Darien and

Alora. He would feel the same need if the Pack's Alpha and Lama had stood before him.

Garrett sat down next to Mason and let out a relieved sigh. Mason, having caught the whole thing, patted Garrett sympathetically

on the shoulder. Garrett looked at Mason and saw the understanding in his eyes.

"You know, if Alora was even remotely interested in being the Clan Alpha of the Northmountains, I don't think I would have a

chance at becoming the Clan Alpha." Mason told Garrett, trying to keep his tone light and teasing.

Garrett let out a weak sounding laugh at Mason's words. While he was still a little shaken. from the experience, he was still

amused.

"Next up! We have Wesley Frost against Alora Heartsong!" The announcer called.

All the Alpha Class fighters went still, and an air of barely leashed hostility started to emanate from their row. None of Alora's

fellow Alpha's were happy about Wesley. challenging her to a fight. Each one made eye contact with Alora and communicated

their support in one gesture or another.

As Alora made her way down the stairs and into the arena, the first notes of 'Break Stuff' by Limp Bizkit came over the sound

system. Alora's Alpha's aura was so much stronger now,

she had to make a somewhat conscious effort to keep it drawn in close to her. The power was contained just above her skin, it

would only affect those within a close distance of her.

Alora stepped up onto the platform and met the arrogant gaze of Wesley Frost as he looked at her with so much disdain. When

Wesley realized Alora was not cowed by his gaze,

a cruel smirk lifted one side of his mouth.

Wesley Northmountain was seven foot five, with waist length white blond hair. Well defined hard packed muscles covered broad

shoulders and chest, his narrow waist, and long legs. He had high chiseled cheekbones and a strong angular jaw. His dual-

colored eyes had inner rings of ice blue, with outer rings of sky blue.

Alora thought he would be a very handsome wolf if he didn't look so cruel. Wesley's cruelty twisted him in a visible way, even the

air about him seemed tainted with it.

"Surrender now and I might just let you off easy." Wesley lied, his tone rife with his amusement. "If you don't surrender...well then

I'll just have to teach you a lesson for defying your superiors."

The snarl broke free before Alora could stop it, not that she tried all that hard. Alora wasn't going to wait for an attack this time,

she was pissed and wanted to feel his blood on her claws as she tore him open. Alora and Xena transformed into their Lycan

form as they

moved.

Wesley didn't even get the chance to register the appearance of Alora's regalia with her shift before the claws of one of her

hands stabbed deep into his stomach. With her claws in his stomach, Alora lifted him above her head and threw him off the

fighter's platform.