

Chapter 1

Prolouge:

December 15, 2004

The woods surrounded me, the night enveloping me like a black cloak.

My breath came in short gasps, the cold air clogging up my air way. I stumbled, falling on my hands and knees.

I could feel blood seeping down my legs, sharp branches scratching my hands but I paid little attention to the pain.

And still I continued to run...

and run...

and run!

I had to get as far away from him as possible, if he caught me...I shook my head not wanting to think about it.

Tears streamed down my face as I heard the familiar howl, he was getting near.

But I had nowhere to go.

The realization yet again hit me, causing me to falter.

Where would I go?

I had no money.

I had no relatives.

I was just a little girl and I was alone.... so alone.

As I stood there, the cold seeped through my jeans and jacket, sending a bone shattering chill through my body,

I heard the approaching footsteps.

I froze before I came to my senses and ran.

I stumbled and stumbled, unable to see the tree roots and low branches.

Finally a er what felt like hours, I couldn't continue on.

I was cold, and my limbs were going numb due to the December winter.

I fell to the ground, too tired to push away the stick poking at my ribs.

I closed my eyes, letting sleep take me.

I faintly heard a twig snap near my head then everything went black.

10 Years Later...

August 25, 2014

I woke up to the sound of the alarm clock.

My eyes snapped open and I instantly shut it off knowing he had a hangover and the noise would only infuriate him.

I sat up in my pull out couch bed and stretched my sore muscles.

The first day of Senior year at Middleton High.

I couldn't wait! No sarcasm there.

I headed into the bathroom, taking a quick shower and brushing my teeth.

Walking into my small room I shoved on the first thing I saw a pair of jeans, a plain black v neck and a black leather jacket with a hoodie. It was all I could pretty much wear, or a long sleeve shirt.

Frankly, the hoodie hid things better.

I didn't bother with make—up, I wasn't the type of girl who tried to stand out much.

I put on my black boots, grabbed my backpack then quietly made my way down the small hallway.

I winced as the board creaked beneath my weight.

I had forgotten about that.

Hopefully he had not heard.

I had almost made it to the front door when his voice boomed out.

"Samantha!"

The door handle in my hand, I stared at it longingly before making my way to the door.

I waited, knowing he didn't like me to talk without him saying so.

"Where are you going?"He demanded, his speech slurred from the hangover the night before. "To school" I said

so ly.

I peeked in his room when I heard a shuffle.

He still wore his mechanic uniform, the blue of it stained with various oil stains. His black hair in tangles, and two

day whiskers covering his face.

"Come here!" He rasped.

Cautiously I made my way inside, side stepping the brown bottles of what I supposed was moonshine. It was all he

ever drank.

I stood before him, staring at the far wall and wishing I were anywhere but here.

Suddenly he grabbed my hand and jerked me closer to him.

He gave me a hard kiss on the cheek then let me go.

"You can leave now" He said yawning and putting the covers over his head.

I wiped my cheek furiously before making my way outside .

Chris:

I woke up to the best smell ever.

Bacon.

What better way to start my senior year?

A er taking a quick shower and putting on a black aeropostale shirt, jeans and back Nike hightops I made my way

down stairs.

When I entered the kitchen my father had his arms around my mother and they were lip locked.

"Aww jeez! Gross!"

I rolled my eyes.

My mother flushed but my father just grinned.

"Morning darling you ready for school?" my mother set a plate before me piled with eggs, Bacon, sausages and

pancakes.

"Oh yeah who doesn't like school?"

I said sarcastically before shoving as much food as I could in my mouth.

I saw my father silently chuckle before giving me a pat on the shoulder.

"I'm off to work, Chris have a good first day. I'll see you later honey."

I watched as he gave mom a kiss then walked out.

I ate quickly, then gave mom a kiss before leaving.

Getting into my 17th birthday present, a silver Bentley I headed to Middleton High.

Sam:

A week passed by quickly.

I was late to 4th period. Crap!

I couldn't afford a detention!

I had only planned to go to the bathroom quickly but the pain in my stomache would not go away.

Now I was running down the long hallway to Mr.Garcia's Pre—Calc class.

I wasn't paying much attention when I ran into a solid body.

All my notes scattered on the floor and I let out a silent curse.

Just my luck!

"I'm sorry " I mumbled.

"No sorry, I wasn't paying much attention. Let me help you with that" came a deep male voice.

My eyes widened as I recognized the voice, I mean who in Middleton High didn't know the soccer MVP Chris Wayne?

We were both down on our knees grabbing papers when I heard him curse.

He got up swi ly which surprised me since he was close to 6 foot and built like a machine.

"I'm sorry I'm sort of in a rush" He said.

I stood up too trying to busy myself by sorting out my papers.

I didn't want to look up as he handed over papers, but I made myself.

Our fingers touched and I instantly felt like jerking it back as I felt a jolt.

My eyes were locked onto to his icy blue ones and I couldn't look away.

Of course I had noticed how attractive Chris Wayne was, but I didn't expect him to look like a freaking god up close.

He had the bluest eyes and dark short hair. He had a dimple in his le cheek, which made him look even more

attractive.

He had luscious full lips that were slightly parted as if he too had felt the jolt.

Which made no sense.

Just as he was about to speak the bell to 6th period rang.

The connection was instantly gone as I retrieved my hand.

With a mumbled "Thanks."

I practically ran to Mr. G's class.

As I entered the room, all eyes turned to me.

"Thank you for joining us Miss. Wolfe" Mr. G said his eyes narrowed in a glare. "See me a er class"

I nodded and went to my back seat, the incident in the hall forgotten.

I had bigger problems.

Like how was I going to get home on time.
