

Chapter 10

--*-*-*Chris: *-*-*-*-*

I watched her leave,not believing anything she said.
I'd seen many punch marks before so she couldn't fool me.
The question was who made them?
And who ever did would pay! Of that I would make sure!

Complications

----- SAM

7th period was less awkward than I thought.
We settled on doing a rocket launch experiment
"Class you will have to make room in your 'busy schedules' to meet with your partners out of school" Mrs. Spencer said.
Just my luck! I sighed.
"If that's a problem, well then you'll fail" She added.
"Is it gonna be a problem for you to meet 3 times a week?"
Chris asked turning to her.
I grimaced and he must have seen it because he added "We can always meet at your house..."
"It won't be a problem" I quickly interjected.
Last time someone had been over was when I was 9 and they left crying.

18:16 

He scared everyone off.

"Can you meet today?" He asked.

I had to think. If we hung out it would only be for an hour or two, because he would be home by then.

"I can't today, maybe tomorrow?" I prayed he would say Yes.

"I can make it, after practice. Say 7? At the library?" he raised an eyebrow.

"Okay sounds good"

The rest of the period we took notes.

When I got home I checked the mail.

It was all Junk mail, except a note from the taxes people.

I ripped it open to find a notice saying we owed \$5,000 in taxes and if it was not paid by the end of the year He would be arrested.

I cursed, just my damn luck!

I laid the note on the table with a beer and some left over lasagna.

I went to my room, and closed the door. I leaned against it and sighed.

Tonight he would come and meanier than ever. And the worst part was that I couldn't prevent it.

All I could do was wait...

-----Chris-----

It was hard following Sam in a car so I had Don to make up an excuse for me as I shifted.

18:17 

I ran through alleys and under cars trying to follow her motorcycle.

I felt safer when she entered the back roads that were familiar. My black wolf would be less noticeable here.

She finally turned down a dirt road, and then another one. I followed nearby until she stopped in front of a beat up one story.

The white paint was chipping and the lawn was overgrown. It looked deserted.

Probably why I had never noticed it.

The unnerving part was that My woods stretched behind it.

A rustle caught my attention and I watched her chain the bike to a pole stuck in the ground, she took off her helmet and shook her hair loose.

She looked so beautiful at that moment with the light illuminating her face.

Her lips parted showing an innocence he had never seen in her and all I wanted to do was protect her.

I wanted to stay longer but I had soccer practice Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Don was covering for me right now and I had to leave quickly.

I memorized the directions and then ran all the way back.

I would figure this out soon enough.

--*-*-*Sam:*-*-*-*-*

I heard the door open then footsteps to the kitchen.

I just sat on my bed trying to listen to my music pretending like

18:17 

I didn't know he would come in here.

I heard a loud thud then a loud bellow that made me jump.

"Samantha!"

I gulped and stood up.

My door slammed open and I jumped ramming my elbow in my bookcase.

He stood there in his oily mechanic suit, the open card in his hand.

"Why the hell is this open? You know not to touch my stuff!"
His face went red with anger.

"I...I don't..." I stammered out of words.

No matter what I said he was still going to beat me.

He stalked toward me and I lunged across the bed. He caught my leg in mid-air and I landed on my bed. I felt his weight on me, pressing me into my mattress.

His forearm pressed against my throat cutting off my airway. I gripped his arm, trying to pry it off.

Dots clouded my eyesight, as I struggled to breathe.

"You know not to touch my crap!" he hissed, releasing his weight off my throat.

I gasped for air, my mind clouded.

He stunk of beer and gas fumes.

He ripped my shirt off and I tried to cover myself, but that just earned me a slap to the face.

My head spun with the force, and I tasted blood in my mouth.

18:17 

But yet he continued.

My jeans were ripped off my body leaving me exposed to his sight.

I felt disgusted as he groped me, his hand grabbing me breasts and thighs.

I thrashed around, trying to get him off.

Tears sprung in my eyes when I couldn't.

I felt like such a weakling.

"You deserve What you get so don't cry!" He yelled angrily.

My jaw burst in pain, when his fist connected with it.

I let out a cry of pain, my body aching.

I felt him hard against her before he entered her.

I tried to not concentrate on What was happening.

I didn't want time think about how sick this made me feel.

I faintly heard him come, and his weight disappeared.

I just laid there, sick to my stomache.

"Don't touch my shit ever again!" He said before walking out leaving me alone.

I laid there for a few minutes before getting up and heading to the bathroom.

I took a long shower, scrubbing my entire body till it was bright red.

I felt disgusted and wanted to scrub his touch away.

I turned off the water, dried then got dressed.

I didn't want to go to the kitchen to get an ice pack for my jaw,

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in case He was up.

So instead I got into bed and turned off my light.

I cried myself to sleep that night.



SEND GIFTS



Comments