

## The Alpha's Girl Series - One: Absolutely Mad by Ashley Breanne

### One: Absolutely Mad

I was eight when I first crossed paths with a supernatural being. Not that anyone believed me. To them, I was just a silly kid with an overactive imagination. My claims were pushed aside under the assumption that too many books and movies had corrupted my brain.

The older I grew, the harder people pushed back until they began to ignore me entirely. Every time I would bring up the subject of fairies, werewolves, or vampires, eyes would roll, and people would walk away. They didn't want to encourage my behavior.

They thought I couldn't hear them, but I was aware that they called me crazy behind my back.

I learned long ago to keep it to myself. If I didn't talk about it, I wouldn't lose friends for being the weird girl, and my parents wouldn't keep sending me to therapists. They all thought I was acting out for attention due to my parents separating. It turned out the stress of having a clinically deranged daughter brought them back together nicely as they had the common goal of trying to *fix* me.

I knew I wasn't crazy though. I remember that day as if it were yesterday. He was a small creature, his fur a deep black with haunting red eyes. His snout pushed up against my arm as I sat at the base of the tree with my book. The dampness of his nose left a small mark on my baby blue long sleeve shirt, but I didn't mind.

He was the most beautiful animal I had ever seen. I was fascinated. The only animal I had been around of his size was a fully grown dog, and he was certainly no dog, nor was he fully grown. His paws kicked up dirt as he began to jump happily around me, his tongue hanging from his mouth.

*"I found you!"* The excited, child-like voice filled my head *"I found you! My wolf told me to find you!"*

I recoiled in shock when the animal spoke, confused that he was able to. His muzzle didn't move, nor did sound come out, but somehow I was still able to

hear him. The creature did not seem to notice my reaction as he used my stunned silence as a chance to swipe his long wet tongue against my cheek.

"Gross!" I giggled as I wiped the saliva off with the sleeve of my shirt. "Stop that! What do you mean you found me?"

The prancing puppy stumbled and then stilled. His head cocked to the side as if he were listening for something as he continued to stare at me.

*"You... you can hear me? I thought humans couldn't hear us."* There was a hesitance to his tone that made him sound vulnerable and scared.

Before I could express my confusion, a howl filled the air. The deep, threatening sound was close. Too close. I jumped to my feet, making sure to grab my book. I couldn't leave it behind, it was my favorite. The wolf nosed me happily as I stood, his head coming to my waist.

A matching set of piercing red eyes glowed from the depths of the forest. Excitement at seeing another wolf filled me, only to be squashed when the hulking animal sulked out of the tree-line. A large jagged scar covered the right side of its face, and the grey streaks that littered its body made him look all the more terrifying.

He circled around us as the younger wolf stood against my leg with his tail wagging. Instinctually, my empty hand fell to my side, intertwining with the pup's fur for comfort.

The large beast snarled in my direction when I touched the smaller creature, only to pause and turn to face the wolf at my side. The yard was silent for a moment before the large wolf huffed and began to nudge their pup away from me. Unsure what to do, I watched as the smaller wolf put up a fight until he was grabbed by the scruff and carried off.

Darkness fell rapidly, and soon I was no longer able to see either animal.

"Olivia, time to come inside, dear. You know not to stay out after dark!" My mother yelled.

When I had sat down for dinner that night, I told them of my experience with the wolves. At first, they were fascinated by my story but quickly became annoyed and dismissive over the years. They referred to that night as a hallucination.

I waited out back for the wolf to return, but he never did. It was ten years of hoping to catch a glimpse of him again and never doing so in person. He frequented my dreams, but he never spoke to me again.

I did extensive research over those ten years. So much so that my parents described it to my many therapists as an *obsession*. Werewolves, witches, fae... the whole deal. I had looked into all of them, trying to prove that they did exist. How else would a wolf be able to talk to me telepathically?

Eventually, I had become tired of waiting for him to return and began my search for him.

"You are going to get us shot." My sister Elena said before loudly and dramatically trying to spit a piece of overgrown grass from her mouth. Her long dirty blonde hair that was only a shade or two from being considered a light brown, was pulled back elegantly in a long braid that ran down her back to her hips.

I glanced over at her from under the bush as we continued to crawl our way through the foliage. I had been searching the vast forest around our town every chance I could and finally narrowed the location of the pack down to one option. The vegetation surrounding it was thick and unforgiving as thorns and branches ripped into my skin.

As we got closer, we began to hear noises that were not natural to the forest.

"Don't be ridiculous," I whispered back to her. "They won't shoot us... They're werewolves. They would just rip us apart and eat us for dinner."

The sound of her shuffling stopped, and I glanced back at her with a mischievous smile. "That isn't funny, Olivia."

I snorted with laughter when she began to move again. Unable to hold back my sarcasm, I muttered, "Oh, pulling out the full name. I'm in trouble now."

"Mom and dad are going to kill you for dragging me into this! You know that, right?" Elena huffed as she crouched behind a boulder. I moved up next to her, grimacing when I saw the scrapes on my palms from our journey through the low bushes to stay hidden.

"That would mean they would find out. Besides, haven't you heard? I'm clinically insane. You're the one who would get in trouble for encouraging me." I rolled my eyes at her, receiving an elbow to the gut in return.

The sound of liquid hitting the ground piqued my curiosity, and I glanced around the rock. Elena's head popped out below mine when she heard my giggle.

There were houses spread out throughout the woods, as far as I could see. Fires burned on torches to light the walkways as people moved about. Leaning against the back of a building by one arm stood a man, his pants dropped several inches to reveal his butt crack as he relieved himself.

"Well, that would explain a lot." The deep voice from behind us rang out loudly, causing me to jump. My hand flew to my chest as I spun around to face him. Elena did the same next to me, and I glanced at her wide-eyed when she pulled a pocket knife from her pants, flipping the blade out. He was a minimum of a foot taller than me, wearing nothing more than a pair of basketball shorts. His deep brown eyes contrasted nicely with his blonde hair and pale skin. "I've been following you for a while. It makes sense that you would be crazy, coming out here to hunt... what was it you said? Ah, that's right. Werewolves. You are absolutely certifiable!"

"Clinical," I corrected. "I am *clinically* insane. Now, I am looking for a wolf with black fur and red eyes. Where can I find him?"