

Saving Allison - Free Novel

Chapter 6: Tommy Sees The Bruises

Allison

I sighed in relief as I stepped foot into school.

No matter how much I hate school, this place is a lot better than my house.

I shivered in fear as I realized how my sperm donor (I don't call him dad anymore. He lost that title) reacted when he saw Tommy's notebook.

I sighed and walked to my locker. I need to think of a way to finish this project. I'll just tell Tommy that I can do it all. That way, the sperm donor won't see us together. It's genius!

I smiled slightly as I thought about my idea and grabbed my English book.

"What are you smiling about?" A voice laughed.

I jumped and dropped my book.

I turned to see Tommy give me a confused look and bend down to pick up my book.

"Thanks." I mumbled as I grabbed it and brought it to my chest. "Oh. I have your notebook."

I put my book under my arm, ignoring my ribs screaming at me in pain.

I unzipped my bookbag and pulled out the notebook.

"Here." I said handing it to him and zipping my bookbag back up.

"Thanks." Tommy smiled as he grabbed my notebook. "Listen. About the paper, I was thinking that you can come over to m-"

I cut Tommy off before he had a chance to finish that sentence.

"I think it would be best if we just stopped with this." I said motioning between us. "I will just finish the paper and put both of our names on it."

Tommy gave a confused look. "Why would you do that?"

"Because it will make everything easier. Trust me." I whispered quietly.

I turned back to my locker and reached up to grab my notebook.

"Allison." Tommy warned.

My eyes widen as I cringed in fear.

The sperm donor would always use that tone when he was mad at me.

"Y-yes?" I asked as I slowly turned to look at him.

But he wasn't looking at me. He was looking at my hand.

Why would he be looking at my hand?

That wasn't until I realized that my sleeve rode up when I reached for my notebook.

I quickly pulled my sleeve down and hid it behind my back.

"Let me see your arm." Tommy said looking at me.

"N-no." I said as I tried to back up from him.

Tommy glared at me and took a step closer.

I gasped as I saw his eyes change from gray to silver, then back to gray.

What the hell just happened?

I snapped out of it when Tommy grabbed my arm.

He pulled me to him and slid my sleeve up to my elbow.

I looked away as I saw his mouth fall open.

I knew he could see the handprints and all the cuts and bruises.

"What." Tommy said closing his eyes and taking a deep breath. "What happened?"

I gulped as I looked at his towering form.

He's so tall, I'm pretty sure he could kill me with one flick of his finger.

"N-nothing." I stuttered.

I tried to even my breathing and not freak out.

I mean we are in a public place. He couldn't hurt me. Right?

"Allison." Tommy warned.

I jumped at his tone and his eyes softened.

He sighed and slowly let go of my arm.

"Fine." He said slightly harsh. "Don't tell me. But you are coming over and we are working on this paper."

With one last lingering look on my arm, he stormed away towards out English room.

I groaned and slammed my locker shut.

Just what I want. Going to Tommy's house and working on this paper.

"This is my house." Tommy smiled as he opened the front door and let me go in first.

I gasped as I saw the inside.

Holy shit this house is gorgeous.

"Whoa." I whispered.

Tommy chuckled. "I took over my dad's business. It pays well."

"I can see." I said looking at all the pictures.

"Hey man!" A male voice yelled.

I jumped in fear and Tommy put his hand on my shoulder softly.

"It's only Michael." Tommy smiled.

"Hey Allison." Michael smiled as he looked at me.

"Hi." I said quietly.

"You guys working on the paper?" He asked as I nodded. "Ya. Adam and I are trying to finish it. It's so long."

Tommy chuckled. "Ya. I hope we finish it in time."

"Oh Tommy." A lady said as she walked in.

She was the same lady who I ran into at Walmart.

I then realized how she and Tommy look so alike.

"Allison." Tommy paused as he looked at me. "This is my mom."

"Hi Mrs. Slade." I said as I gave her a small wave.

Mrs. Slade laughed. "Please. Call me Sam."

"And I'm Kyrn." Another lady said as she walked over to Sam. "I'm Adam's mom."

"Michael's mom is name Chloe. But she is with her husband Zander at the moment." Sam smiled. "You two going to work on the paper?"

"Yes. So we will be upstairs." Tommy said. "But Allison, Michael will show you where my room is. I have to talk to my mom about something."

Ummm.

I didn't know what to do, so I just nodded.

I already saw Tommy angry today. I didn't want to make him even madder.

"This way." Michael smiled as he waved me over to him.

I slowly let my feet take control and followed Michael up the stairs and down the hall.

“Who are you guys writing about?” Michael asked as he looked at me.

“S-shakespeare.” I said quiet.

“You sound like a mouse.” Michael laughed. “Your nickname should be Minny.”

I let out a nervous laugh as he opened I’m guessing Tommy’s door to his room.

I slowly stepped in and studied the room.

He had dark blue walls and a grayish carpet.

He had a small bookshelf, a desk with a chair, and a giant bed.

Damn that bed looks comfy.

The bed had white pillows and a black blanket.

“Typical Tommy, huh?” Michael laughed. “His favorite colors are blue, black, and white.”

“I can tell.” I said.

“Well I’ll let you get settled, Tommy will be right back.” Michael smiled as he left the room.

I sighed and turned around to find a place to sit.

I should probably go with the chair. I don’t want him to get mad if I sit on his bed.

I unzipped my book bag and got my notebook out to look over everything.

Tommy

“Yes. So we will be upstairs.” I said to my mom, then turned to look at Allison. “But Allison, Michael will show you where my room is. I have to talk to my mom about something.”

Allison looked unsure, but nodded anyway.

“This way.” Michael smiled as he waved Allison over to him.

‘Careful with her please. Don’t freak her out.’ I warned lightly to Michael.

‘Ya ya.’ Michael chuckled.

I watched Allison as she climbed the stairs slowly.

‘I’m gonna kill who ever hurt her.’ Ian growled.

‘You and me both.’ I sighed.

“So what’s going on?” My mom asked.

I turned around and looked at my mom and Aunt Kyrn.

“Isn’t that the girl that you ran into at Walmart?” Aunt Kyrn asked my mom.

My mom nodded. “That’s her. And that is Tommy’s mate.”

I rolled my eyes at my mom’s smirk.

“Yes she’s my mate. Don’t make a big deal out of it.” I whined.

“But I see what you mean Sam.” Aunt Kyrn said. “I can see the outline of the bruises under her makeup. She did a good job covering it up. But with advancing eyesight, you can still see them.”

I nodded. “It sucks seeing them and knowing that I don’t know who’s causing it. And she has more on her arms. Her sleeve rode up today when she was reaching for her notebook. The handprints on her arms were clear as day.”

My mom and Aunt Kyrn gasped.

“I had a suspicion she was being abused by the way she acted at Walmart. But I didn’t think it was this bad.” My mom said sadly.

“And Bruce, Max, and Isaac stopped a drunk guy from hurting her. I need to get the whole story from them.” I growled. “But I saw her dad the other day.”

“Her dad?” Sam asked.

I nodded. "He gives me a bad vibe. And he was absolutely drunk when he came home. He barely open the door."

Aunt Kyrn made a disgusted face. "Ew. I don't like him already."

I nodded. "I couldn't agree with you more. I have Bruce, Isaac, and Max patrolling her house. I want to look into her dad though. I want to see what I can find."

My mom nodded. "That might be a good idea. Your father and I can do that."

I smiled in relief. "Thanks mom."

"Of course baby." She smiled.

"Baby? Really?" I asked laughing.

"What?" She laughed. "You are my baby."

"Ew." I chuckled as I walked upstairs to go to my room.

I'm dreading this paper.

'Yes. But at least we are with our mate.' Ian pointed out.

'That's because I told the teacher to pair us with her.' I laughed.

'Good. Because if you didn't, I would have.' Ian laughed.

I rolled my eyes at him and walked into my room.