

Chapter 11

"Brook, please let me in," Harry pleaded from the other side of the door. "I swear I won't do anything. Your mother and I are worried. You were bleeding a lot, and we need to make sure you're alright."

My head hurt, a lot and I was a little sick to my stomach. "Okay, I'll let you in." I cautiously opened the door and peered out. Harry gave me a weak and tired smile, but my heart leaped to my throat when I saw the man behind him. "Who's that?" I was ready to slam the door shut at any minute.

"This is Doctor Samson, the pack doctor. I've asked him to come take a look at you to make sure you're not seriously hurt. Is it okay if he comes in too?"

I glanced at the man again, my hand gripping the knob tighter. He was an older man, with a kind face. He looked like one of those doctors you see in the old T.V. series who made house visits and stuff. "I have silver laced mace. If you do anything, I will use it." Harry smiled slightly while the doctor just gave me a warm smile. I opened the door, letting them come in. I glanced down the hall, glad I didn't see anyone else there then closed the door.

"If you sit on the bed young lady I'll take a look at you," the doctor said.

He gradually tilted my head upwards and tried to brush my hair away from my face, but blood pasted it to my forehead and causing me to cry out when he pried it off. The doctor mumbled an apology then dug in the little black bag he had with him. He took something that looked a lot like a baby wipe, he wiped clean the side of my face. I winced with another cry as he cleaned around the right side of my forehead.

"Sorry again, Brook," he said, surprising me. I didn't think anyone in the pack besides Harry and Anna knew my real name. "I think you're going to need a stitch or two. We should get you to a hospital to run some tests and keep you in observation for the day."

I jerked away from him. "I'm not going to the hospital."

"Young lady, you took a very hard hit. You're suffering a concussion. We

need to make sure there is no swelling or internal bleeding."

"I don't care. I'm not going to the hospital."

"Brook-" Harry started.

"No, no hospitals. They'll find me, Harry."

The two men glanced at each other, and the doctor nodded. "Alright, no hospitals. I can stitch up your head here, but someone will need to watch over you."

"Well, Harry can do that."

"Of course," Harry said.

The doctor took out a small bottle and sprayed an icy liquid over my cut. It was supposed to numb the area so I wouldn't feel anything when he put in the stitches. Whatever it was, it worked. I didn't feel a thing. "There you are, Brook. Keep the area clean. If you get worse, even by a little you tell someone. Nothing matters if you're dead."

Harry thanked the doctor and as he showed him out said, "And please remember, this needs to stay between us."

"Got it. It seems all I do anymore is keep secrets."

"What does he mean?" I asked as Harry closed the door.

He sat down in a chair in the corner and sighed. "He regularly visits our Luna after Alpha Ryan...it's been decided best if she doesn't go to the hospital where there can be a paper trail. Can you tell me what happened today?"

I bit my lip as I glanced at him. I shouldn't have yelled at him as I did. Harry had tried to take care of me all these years. The truth was he'd never given me a reason to fear him, and he'd never acted like Mike or Ryder. With deep breaths and my eyes on my lap, I told him about what Mike had done to me this morning and the fight between him and Ryder. "I can't do this anymore Harry. I'm terrified out of my mind. I need to leave."

Harry's head bowed, and he covered his face. His body shuddered as I heard him take a shaky breath. "I'm so sorry, Brook. I never thought Mike would've gone so far... if I did, I would've.... Thank God, Ryder."

"Ryder? He's just like Mike. He called me his like I'm something he owned. He didn't think twice before turning to violence either." I hugged myself, trying hard not to remember the wildness in Ryder's face.

"Brook, Ryder is...he was...well, he was trying to protect you," he replied. "As an alpha, his wolf is stronger, more dominant, and protective of the ones they care about."

Understanding bloomed as I met Harry's eyes. "It's an alpha thing?" He nodded. "So not all werewolves are monsters. Just the alphas?"

"No, that's not-"

"Harry, I know what I've seen. Alphas kill to get what they want, no matter who is in the way. Alpha Ryan, Mike, Ryder...all of them just jump into violence as if that's okay way to solve their problems. I don't even care if I'm right. I can't do this anymore. I have to get out of here and away from werewolves."

"Perhaps you should think about it for a few days?"

"Can you promise to keep me safe and away from Mike, his dad, and Ryder?" Harry sighed, giving my answer already. "Exactly. The only question is are am I going alone? What's Mom saying?"

"Nothing, once I filled her in on what's been going on she shut herself in the room. She won't talk to me."

"I'm sorry." I meant it too. Harry was just doing what I asked him to do. My throat closed and more tears were coming. "She won't understand, Harry. She doesn't know their true faces. Mike and everyone have been so nice to her, but I can't wait for her to see the truth. I have to get away. I have to leave now. You need to make her see and keep her safe, Harry. Even if she doesn't want you too. Get Mom away from the alpha."

"Brook, you're injured. You-" His phone suddenly started ringing. He took it out of the holster then cringed. Harry answered it, his expression turned hard. "Yes, Sir. On my way, Sir." Harry sighed and ran a hand over his face.

"It's Alpha Ryan. I have to go. He found out about the fight, and he's pissed to high heaven about it. I need to go defuse this situation, or it could get really ugly. Let me get something for you."

He left and returned with a large yellow envelope. "I understand you have to get away from here." Harry handed me the envelope. "Inside is fifty thousand dollars and a few fake ids, so you don't have to worry about being a minor. All I ask is you wait. You've got a major head injury. Please wait until tomorrow, and the doctor can check you out once more before you go."

I stared at the envelope. Emotions bubbled through me, making it hard to speak. Harry was giving me a way out. He wasn't going to try to stop me. I looked up at him, blinking away tears. "Thank you, Harry. You have no idea how much this means to me." Which made having to lie to him all the suckier. "I'll wait until tomorrow."

Relief washed over his face. He didn't pick up my life. "Thank you, Brook. Now I have to go."

Waiting until I heard his truck back out of the driveway, I grabbed my backpack and emptied it of my textbooks. I took out a couple hundred from a large amount of cash in the envelope, I stuffed the envelope in the now empty backpack. I stuffed as many clothes and personal stuff, like the picture of my dad, into my backpack until the only way I could close it was by squeezing the sides with my knees.

There was still a lot of clothes left in my closet, but I didn't have any kind of suitcase. Besides I couldn't afford to be loading up the car since I was sneaking out. I sat down on the bed and wrote a quick letter to Harry and to my mom, promising them both I would be fine and when they were away and safe too, to call me. I left it on the bed and hefted the heavy backpack up on my shoulders before crawling out the window.

I climbed down and got into my Mom's old Chevy. She always kept a spare key up in the driver's side visor. With an odd feeling of hope and despair, I started the car and backed out of the driveway.