

Mistake - 15

Mike recovered faster than I expected, and I had only run halfway down the hallway when he grabbed me. He snatched the back of my hoodie and swung me around, throwing me face first into the lockers.

Pain exploded in my head and my vision went white. When color and shapes bled into the white, I realized I was on the ground. Something warm ran down the side of my face and when I wiped it away, blood covered my fingers. My heart stuttered, and I looked up at Mike. The look of fury on his face was like nothing I'd seen before. He was going to kill me! A scream ripped from my throat and I scrambled to get to my feet.

I screamed again when his hand wrap around my arm.

"Keep your hands off her," Ryder demanded in a gruff growl.

"Get lost, Deano! This has nothing to do with you. She's mine, and I do what I want with her."

A growl rumbled through the hallway and I looked back towards Ryder. I sucked in a breath at the similarity in his and Mike's expressions. "Brook isn't yours," he told Mike. "She'll never be yours."

Mike scoffed, letting me go to face Ryder. "She already is mine, you idiot. She was mine long before you ever came here! Stay out, or my dad will deal with you." Mike's face changed into something monstrous.

Ryder's face took on the same grotesque shapes as Mike's. "No," he said calmly, which was even scarier than Mike's anger. "She's mine and only mine."

Confusion took a step in with the fear. His? What the hell did that mean? I

didn't get to find out. With a growl that echoed through the hallway, Mike charged, his body rippling and changing into something grotesque. The same for Ryder. This wasn't the guy who kissed me in the park and by the river, but something colder and wilder. I watched horrified as they tore at each other, snarling like animals. I screamed as they both almost stepped on me, neither seemingly noticing I was there anymore. The panic overtook me. In a blind haze, I got to my feet and ran.

Next thing I knew, I was home, struggling with the front door. Finally, I opened it and fell inside to the floor. I both gasped in air that didn't seem to reach my lungs and sobbed. My whole body shook and the pain in my head throbbed in time with my pulse. I was vaguely aware the door was still open. They were still out there. They might come after me. I had to get up. I had to hide; get to safety.

"Brook," Mom said, sounding confused and surprised, then a second later, her voice rose in alarm. "Oh my god, Brook, what happened?"

"Ran..." I breathed as she helped me into a sitting position. "Mike... Ryder... werewolves... monsters."

"What? What are you talking about? Brook, what happened to you? Where is this blood coming from?"

"I... my head," I said, still trying to catch my breath. My stomach had enough. Pulling from Mom, I leaned over on my hands and knees and threw up. My head throbbed and things were going blurry again. Suddenly, the world tilted and faded to black.

A moment later, I came too with a groan of pain. It got worse when I tried to open my eyes. The feeling of someone's arms around me, carrying me, sent a jolt of panic through me and I tried to free myself.

"It's okay. It's just me."

"Harry?" I asked. I thought it was him, but the pain in my head made it hard to be sure.

He made a mhm sound. "I'm taking you to your room. The doctor should be here shortly."

The panic returned. "Doctor? Wait, I don't need a doctor."

Harry somehow opened my bedroom door and kept me in his arms. "You're covered in blood. I think I see the bone in that cut on your forehead. You need a doctor," he explained as he set me on my bed.

"But—"

"No buts Brook. This time you do what I say."

I wanted to argue, but my stomach was churning nauseous again. So instead of arguing I whispered, "okay."

"What happened?"

I closed my eyes and licked my lips, trying to focus on his question and the answer before telling him what happened between Mike, me, and Ryder. When I finished, I could almost feel the tension coming off of Harry.

"This isn't good."

No kidding. I would've rolled my eyes, but I worried it'd make my head worse.

The door opened and Mom came in with an unfamiliar man behind her. “Doctor Samson is here,” she said. The doctor looked like he could be in his fifties with a kind face, like one of those doctors you see in the old T.V. series who made house visits and stuff.

“Nice to meet you, Brook,” he said. Harry got up to make room for him, going to stand with Mom. As the doctor walked over to me, fear prickled the back of my neck. The fight between Mike and Ryder passed through my mind. Despite being kind looking, this man no doubt could kill me in a matter of seconds if he wished it. My silvered mace spray was in the hoodie across the room. Damn it.

The doctor must’ve sensed the fear because he paused. “I am simply here to look at your head, nothing more.”

“Brook,” Mom said and when I glanced at her, she frowned at me with disappointment.

My jaw clenched. She was clueless. Mom had no idea the violence the doctor or even Harry could unleash if they wished it. Had I been wrong about keeping her in the dark about the pack and about Mike? What good was it to protect her from having to choose between me and Harry when not knowing what he was capable of might get her killed? Perhaps now was the time to tell her the danger we were in, but when I took a breath to speak, the doctor said my name.

“Let’s attend to your head before anything,” he explained with an expression that told me he knew where my train of thought had gone.

