



Mistake - 16

I glanced at Mom, then to Harry. Despite what I had seen today, I still believed Harry loved Mom and he wouldn't ever hurt her. I gave the doctor my attention and, with a small dip of my head, nodded at him to continue.

After pulling on a pair of white latex gloves from a small brown leather bag, I now noticed, the doctor tilted my head upwards and wiped at my face with a damp gauze. When he lifted it, I saw it was stained red. I winced when he reached the right side of my forehead.

"Sorry," he said, his voice warm with concern. "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 sucked in a breath. "I can't... Mike..." Again, I glanced at Mom.

"From what I've been told, it sounds like you're suffering from a concussion. We need to make sure there is no swelling or internal bleeding."

"I'm sure I'm not. I'm fine."

"Brook—" Harry started, his tone reflected in the chastising expression on Mom's face.

I looked at Harry and the doctor pointedly to convey how serious I was. "Mike could be there."

Mom stared at me, confused. "So? Why are you so concerned about Mike? Did he do this?" The two men glanced at each other, but neither of them answered my mom and neither did I.



"Alright," the doctor said with a sigh. "No hospitals. I can stitch you up here, but someone will need to watch over you."

"I'll do that," Harry said as his phone rang. He winced when he looked at it. Harry gave Mom and me an apologetic grimace. "I have to take this. I'll be right back." Without waiting for an answer, he left.

"Let's get this done," the doctor stated, and took out a small bottle. He sprayed an icy liquid over my cut. "This will numb the area so you won't feel anything as I put in the stitches."

I gave him another small nod.

After about a minute, he got to work and true to his word I didn't feel a thing. "There you are, Brook," he said when he finished. The doctor stood and turned to Mom. "You'll need to keep the area clean and maintain an eye on her condition. If it gets worse, even by a little, call me." Next, he turned to me. "Heroics have a time and place, but this isn't the time or the place. It will only put your life in danger."

"We will do everything you say, Doctor," Mom said, giving me a sharp look. It promised a nice long chat in my future.

"Good," the doctor replied as Harry returned.

"Sorry about that," he said, looking apologetic at all of us. "She good?"

The doctor nodded and repeated his orders, which, like Mom, Harry agreed to. When the doctor left, Harry looked at Mom. "Honey, why don't you make Brook something light to eat. Hot soup might help."

Mom said nothing at first, instead just looked at me like she was trying to dissect my soul. "Alright, but we're going to talk later."

"Of course," Harry answered for me. When she left, he sighed and turned to me. His entire face turned bleak. "I got a call from the beta. The alpha is with his son and Ryder now. He knows they fought because of you..." he shook his head. "As soon as you can, Brook, you need to get out of pack territory."

My eyes widened. "Why?"

"Mike told you about the alpha's feelings towards you. Well, right now he thinks you're either Mike's mate or Ryder's."

I sat up straighter. "What? Why?" My head throbbed with the movement and I winced.

"A werewolf doesn't just lose control like that. There has to be a good reason. A reason like a mate being threatened, for example."

I remembered the way Mike acted in the janitor's closet and shuddered. "No way."

"It doesn't matter if you are or not, Brook. Only that the alpha thinks you might be and I'm afraid it'll be enough for him to..."

Try to kill me. My stomach tightened and a chill stole through me. "Yeah, got it."

"As soon as you heal up, we will need to come up with a plan," he said, then added, "and tell your mother. We can't keep this a secret any longer."

I sighed, knowing he was right. "Yeah, okay, but am I safe here? Can they get to me?"

"They?"

"Mike and his dad?"

"As long as you're here in the house, you should be safe. If he did anything out in the open, it would still cause him a lot of trouble, maybe even more so now."

That didn't seem as reassuring as I hoped it would be. And what about Ryder? He seemed like a good guy, he really did, but he lost control, just like Mike did. Ryder gave himself to violence, just like Mike did. He hadn't even noticed me during the fight. While I knew Mike and his dad's intentions, Ryder was still a mystery. Right now, I didn't need mysteries. I was going to stay as far from him as I could.

Harry gave me a tight smile. "Everything's going to be okay." He gave me a soft pat on my shoulder, then left.

I let out a breath. My head hurt, but my mind raced, trying to come up with a plan. I was nothing remotely close to okay, and as long as I stayed here, I wouldn't be. Getting out of bed, I grabbed a dusty suitcase from the closet and emptied my backpack. Despite what Harry had said, I couldn't wait to heal. For once I was going to think about me and what was best for me right now was to get out of the pack territory.

I filled my suitcase and backpack until each was ready to burst and wrote Harry and Mom a quick note. Once I finished, I left it on the bed and put on the backpack before I dragged the suitcase to the window. I crawled out, dropping the suitcase to the ground, then climbed down from the lattice, trying to ignore the way the world wanted to blur or tilt to the side. Borrowing Mom's old Chevy, I backed out of the driveway.