

Whispers Pt. 4

After school, I left with Chelsea to study at her place. Her mom had just left the kitchen when a tall woman with dark black hair stalked in. She glared at me. I was confused. I'd never met her before, but she clearly didn't like me. I was certain I'd never seen her at the diner. Oh god. What if she knows Ralph?

Chelsea looked up and smirked at the woman. She seemed to gloat, "Hello, Christy." Ugh. Christy. It hit me like a ton of bricks. I hated this woman for no reason. What was going on with me? Why did I hate her with a burning passion?

Christy sneered, "Chelsea, introduce me to your friend." Chelsea frowned, "Nope, sorry." Christy growled at her, "Now, pup." I stared at Christy in surprise. Chelsea was eighteen years old. She definitely wasn't a pup. Did packs really consider eighteen year olds to be pups? I thought packs called the unshifted members pups, but once they shifted they didn't.

Chelsea growled, "I'm not a pup, Christy. I'm an adult." Christy retorted, "Then act like one and introduce your friend." Chelsea wasn't going to, that much was clear. I stood, "Hi, I'm Emmaline. I've already gathered you are Christy. If you don't mind, we have about thirty more minutes of schoolwork to get done. I'd be more than happy to chat with you after that. We'd really appreciate if you could let us focus. This project is important to our grade."

Christy scoffed, "I don't want to talk to you. I just wanted to see what all the fuss is about. I don't get it, you're pretty plain." I smiled at her. If I was a normal teenager her words might get to me. I had bigger problems though. The man I thought was my dad that raised me wanted me dead. This awful lady thinking I was plain was honestly not even hurtful.

I decided to go with killing her with kindness. I smiled, "Thanks. I don't see the reason to paint myself with a bunch of makeup. I look how I look. If you have a problem with it take it up with the DNA gods or something." Chelsea laughed. Christy looked pissed and stalked out of the kitchen.

I muttered, "Who peed in her cheerios?" Chelsea laughed harder then told me, "You won't understand, but you did." I glanced up at her, "ME? How could I possibly have done anything to her?" Chelsea smiled, "You'll understand later." I frowned but we needed to get this work done so I focused.

We had just nished when Dylan walked in. He practically pranced. He greeted me, "Hello again, Emmaline. You make my life so interesting." I smiled, "Hi, Dylan." He asked "Did you review the pamphlet that Lucas gave you about the youth center? He's practically salivating for the answer. Like a prepubescent teen." I wanted to laugh. Review it? I practically smelled it until it lost all trace of Lucas' delicious chocolate smell. Thankfully, I had read the whole thing because I thought it would make Lucas happy.

I answered, "Yes, I did." Dylan smiled, "And?" I frowned, "And... it's a very well put together brochure." He frowned, "Are you going to make an appointment to view it? I know it would make Lucas oh so very happy." Alarm bells were going off in my head. I was ghting myself to give in and do something that would make Lucas happy. I knew what youth center workers were like. They all wanted to make youth's lives better. If I walked through their doors, I would become their new mission. I'd have to leave.

I gasped and clutched my chest at the thought. Breathing became very hard. I vaguely heard shouting. Suddenly, I felt tingling all over my body. I looked up to see a very concerned Lucas carrying me. Well, he was running. It was practically a sprint. He stormed into another building and yelled for a doctor. A doctor? They have doctors on their pack lands? Well, I guess that actually made sense. They can't explain some of their injuries to humans. Having a hospital on their grounds was logical.

One came running towards us and tried to take me. Lucas growled at him. The doctor held up his hands and pleaded, "Alph... I mean Lucas, I need to examine her. You brought her here for help." He pointed to a room for Lucas to take me. to He begrudgingly set me down, barely backing away for the doctor to examine me.

The doctor frowned but turned to me with a smile. He announced, "I'm Dr. Gonzalez, but you can call me Hector. What happened here? I heard you were clutching your chest in pain. Has this ever happened before?" I sighed, "No. I don't know what happened." I truthfully didn't understand what had happened. It must have been a panic attack or something.

Hector nodded and ran several tests. He spoke to Lucas in low tones. He turned to me, "Well, I can't nd a single thing wrong with you, Ms. Emmaline. You are free to go, but you come see me if you ever feel a pain in your chest again. Alright?" I nodded and he left the room leaving me with Lucas.

Lucas instantly asked, "Are you really ok?" I nodded, "I'm ne." He questioned, "What happened?" I sighed, "I... Dylan was just asking about the youth center and I just..." I trailed off. How could I possibly explain that the thought of leaving Lucas behind made me have a panic attack?

Lucas interjected into the silence, "Do you really not like youth centers? I don't know your past experiences with them, but I promise my facility is top of the line. I only hire the best, no one would hurt you." I admitted, "I don't think anyone would hurt me." He frowned like he was trying to gure out a puzzle.

Eventually he asked, "Then what do you think would happen?" I sighed, "Do they take down names at your youth center?" His eyebrows raised, "That's a regulation we have to abide by, yes." I told him, "I appreciate everyone's kindness and concern, but I really am ne." He looked like he wanted to say something else, but Dylan walked in.

He sighed, "Lucas, people are making me be serious. I'm devastated. By the way, you have a meeting to get to." He nodded, "Gemma offered to take you home, Emmaline." What? How? When? Lucas had been here the whole time. How the hell did he know Gemma offered to take me home? Dylan and Lucas left. I got up and walked outside.

Chelsea was waiting right outside the doors with her mom. She exclaimed, "Oh my god! Are you ok? What happened?" I shrugged, "They couldn't nd anything wrong with me. At least we nished our assignment rst." She frowned, "I don't care about that. I'm worried about my friend." She dragged me to her mom's car telling her, "Give us a second, mom."

We got in and closed the doors. Chelsea spoke, "It's just us now. What happened?" I sighed, "I can't go to that youth center. I had this gut reaction to say yes when Dylan said it would make Lucas happy. I just can't do it. The thought of having to leave here..." I whispered, "Leave Lucas... it physically hurt. It hurt so bad that I couldn't breathe."

Her eyes lit in understanding. She held my hand, "Oh, Emmaline. It's ok, I understand." I laughed, "Do you? Care to explain why some guy who smells of the most delicious chocolate I want to eat, who keeps popping up all over town where I am even in my dreams; makes my chest hurt at the thought of having to leave him." She frowned, "Why would you have to leave though?" I sighed, "I can't tell you, Chelsea. Please don't say anything to anybody." She frowned but agreed, "Alright." She gave me a hug and jumped out of the car.

Her mom got in and gave me a worried look. Gemma asked, "Are you alright, sweetie?" I nodded, "I'm ne. Thanks for your concern though." She leaned over and squeezed my thigh. She asked, "Where are we headed?" I told her, "Al's Diner. My bike is there, and I normally eat dinner with Liz on her break when I'm not working. I'm a little late, but she'll wait for me." Gemma nodded. She dropped me off, and I ran inside.

Liz immediately spotted me and smiled. She came over and moved me towards a table, "You're running a few minutes behind." She yelled, "Al, I'm taking my break!" Al grunted in response. Liz put our order in with Frank.

We sat and talked for a while before she asked, "So, Lucas Lyons, huh?" I looked up, surprised. She smiled, "I see you like a little sister, Emmaline. Lucas Lyons is a good man, but he's never given anyone the time of day. Suddenly, the whole town is a buzz about you and him." My cheeks turned red, "I don't know how to describe it." She looked over at Al with a smile on her face. That's when I saw her neck. Her uniform always covered it, but I saw the wolf tattoo with Al's name in it when she turned her head.

Everything mad so much sense now. Liz was Al's mate, that's why he went crazy over any guy who touched her. That made me really happy. I'd always thought they'd be perfect for each other. Liz turned back to me. She whispered, "You'd be surprised what I understand, try me." So, I explained the situation to her. She just smiled and said, "I'm happy for you. You deserve the best." I nodded. I still didn't understand but whatever, I guess.

I left once we nished eating. I hopped on my bike. I sensed I was being followed again. I headed for the Red Run border just like last night. They didn't stop this time though. I had to cross where I thought the borders were before they stopped.

Then just when I felt like no one was around I sensed others following me. I began to cry. What was going on? I rode my bike towards the lake I knew was in this area. I was still being followed. I needed to swim to calm down. I didn't care that this was a bad idea. Or that I'd have to change the day I go to the laundromat. I just needed to calm down.

I jumped off my bike and ran full speed at the sudden and dove into. The water was always my safe place. No matter who was following me, they couldn't take that away. I swam for an hour before I swam back to the dock. I quickly climbed out. I sat there hung and pung for a few minutes. I didn't sense anyone around. I quickly ran to my bike and pedaled for all I was worth. I made it to the border without sensing anyone following. I made my best back to my tent and sighed in relief.

I peeled my clothes off and climbed into my sleeping bag. I set my alarm for my morning shift and closed my eyes. I woke up to the sound of the zipper of my tent being undone. I screamed and grabbed the ashlight I kept by my head. I kicked my sleeping bag off and got onto my knees prepared to ght. I was stunned when I realized I was looking into the incredibly angry eyes of Lucas Lyons.

I dropped the ashlight that I accidentally turned on. I questioned, "Lucas?" Was he real? Or was I dreaming again? Lucas looked around before he growled, "What the hell is going on Emmaline? Why are you sleeping in a tent?" I gulped. So, this was denitely real. He wouldn't be mad in my dreams.

Lucas climbed into the tent. The temperature skyrocketed. I blushed realizing that I was only in my bra and underwear. Lucas gazed down by body. His eyes turned black and then back to blue. He growled and shut his eyes. He told me, "Put on some clothes, and come outside." I looked at my alarm clock and groaned. It was one thirty in the morning.

I asked, "Any chance this could wait since I have to be up in two hours for my shift?" Lucas pinned me with a look. So that was a no. He repeated, "Get dressed and come outside." I sighed and grabbed some yoga pants along with the t-shirt that was too small he had rst seen me in. I grumbled, "Couldn't he just have come to Al's to talk? Jeez." I crawled out of the tent and stood.

I was stunned when I realized Lucas was not alone. Drake, Peter, Peter's freaking dad, along with Drake's dad, Dylan, and the ve burly guys from the diner were with him. I asked incredulously "Umke, what the hell? Did you all decide to go camping at one in the morning?" Drake bit his lip trying not to laugh.

Lucas deected saying, "We are asking the questions at the moment. Why are you sleeping in a tent?" I couldn't look at him. I'd tell him if I did. I looked away and changed the subject, "Hey Peter. Is there any chance you want to come to school earlier than next week? If you come people will have something else to talk about besides awkwardly whispering around me for handing Lucas here a freaking cup of coffee." Peter's lips twitched into a smile. Drake couldn't stop his laugh this time.

Lucas growled and moved closer to me. My breath started to hitch in anticipation. Lucas tilted up my chin with his hand. He growled, "Look at me, Emmaline." I begrudgingly did. Once our eyes met he asked again, "Why are you sleeping in a tent in the middle of the woods?" I tried to force the lie out of my mouth. I wanted to say that I was just roughing it for the night. The words wouldn't come though. I sighed admitting, "Because I live in the tent in the middle of the woods." Everything seemed to stop for several second. Then growls tore through the air as Lucas's eyes widened in shock, then anger. This was not good.