

Max

Lindsey POV

I don't know why Tiffany seems to think I have designs on her precious Derek. As if I want something to do with that pompous asshole, I fumed as I left gym class. Thankfully I had two more classes before lunch and Tiffany wasn't in either one of them, being that they were social studies and human biology. Social studies passed quickly, but that was because we had a substitute teacher who had no interest whatsoever in trying to get us to do any work and just sat down at the desk reading a book and letting us do whatever we wanted. I used the time to get ahead on some of my homework while the other students talked amongst themselves, the main subject being, you guessed it, the dreaded prom.

Why was I dreading prom? Because I knew I would never be asked in a million years to go and even if I was, I wasn't sure I would be allowed to go. Not when I was sure I would be the one who would be serving the after-party. Besides, which guy was going to ask a pathetic weakling of an omega to go to the prom with him? No one that's who. It stung but I was a realist. Besides, Tiffany and the others had made sure that the other males would be too frightened to approach me, not to mention Derek would probably be pissed if somebody did actually ask me. I have no idea why but he seems to be a smidge possessive of me. It's weird because I was certain he hated me but now I'm wondering if it's hate or if there's more to the story. He seems to be bordering on the obsessive and that's just plain weird.

I wandered down to human biology and groaned. This was one of my least favorite subjects and today we were meant to dissect a human heart. I wanted to wretch as the teacher brought them around, dividing us into groups. There was an unequal amount of us students though, which meant, surprise, surprise, I was on my own. I studied the heart with narrowed eyes, the scalpel in my hand, my hand shaking as the teacher instructed us to begin cutting. I swallowed hard and gritted my teeth, cutting as directed, while another student puked into a wastebasket behind me. I could see some of the valves, and I was grateful at least to have not fainted, which another student promptly did behind me, the teacher forced to take them to the nurse's oco. When the bell rang for lunch, I heaved a sigh of relief and headed to the cafeteria, my backpack hoisted over my shoulder, my back throbbing painfully, hobbling along like a little old lady. I reached the doors and hesitated and then walked in, amongst a sea of students, looking through the crowds at the tables.

As usual, the tables were taken by the usual cliques. The cheerleaders, including Tiffany and her boyfriend Derek, sat at one of the tables at the very back. The footballers sat at one of the other tables. The performing arts students took up two tables, and the goth children sat at another one. The mists such as the overweight students took up another table. I eyed the tables and felt myself becoming nauseous from the pain I was in and from the looks Tiffany was giving me. I couldn't do it. I couldn't bring myself to sit down at a table and open myself to more ridicule and torment. I had a packed lunch that I'd made that morning. I didn't need to sit in the cafeteria, I rationalized and I hastily turned around and hobbled out the doors, heading out the front doors of the school and heading to the outskirts of the forest, where it was much more peaceful.

The sun was shining and the sky was a beautiful clear crystal blue. Birds were chirping happily from their perches high above the trees. It was a glorious day and I found a beautiful pine tree to sit below, which offered plenty of shade, leaning against its trunk, wincing slightly from the pain. I wish I had painkillers but something told me they would barely take the edge off. As it was I was hoping that I wasn't bleeding through my shirt.

I ried through my backpack and grabbed my brown paper bag. I had made myself two bologna sandwiches with sauce and a banana. I peeled the banana and munched on that first, licking my fingers and sighing in contentment. Out here I was safe from Tiffany and her cronies and it was quite nice outside, away from everyone. The only thing I had to worry about was rogues and to be frank, that was the least of my problems. I had just grabbed hold of half of a bologna sandwich when I heard a rustling sound near me and whipped my head around slightly panicked. Surely a rogue would not come so close to a school or so close to the outskirts? Besides, I didn't smell rotten meat or eggs, which is what I'd heard they smelt like. Maybe it was another student, I thought hopefully, who had had the same thought as me and decided to eat outdoors as I had.

"Hello" I called out cautiously, still clutching my half-bologna sandwich in my hand. The rustling grew even closer and my heart began to race. My body began to tremble. I contemplated getting up and making a run for it, but it would be futile, whatever was coming was far too close for me to outrun it. Then a head poked itself out of a bush and I blinked, astonished. It looked like a wolf but I knew it wasn't. It shook its head and then stepped out of the bush completely. It was a dog, but a mangy looking one. It was grey with a white underbelly and paws, its snout was grey but its cheeks were white. It had blue eyes. It was panting as it looked at me. It was also incredibly thin. I knew what kind of dog this was. It was a husky. A human must have abandoned it for who knew what reason. Probably got too big and too energetic for them to handle. I felt a ash of anger. Pets were meant to be a part of the family.

It c****d its head at me and whined. I knew it must be hungry. I tentatively held out the sandwich. "Are you hungry boy?" I asked softly and he whined again, coming closer, its head inches from the sandwich before he licked my hand and then gently took the sandwich from me and began to devour it. I took another half of the sandwich from my paper bag and ate it, watching the dog from the corner of my eye. He began to sit next to me, thumping his tail back and forth, nudging my hand for more as I giggled.

"You must be really hungry, huh," I said softly, reaching out a hand to softly touch his fur. It was matted and dirty, his ribs showing. It had obviously been a while since he'd had a good meal.

I grabbed another half sandwich and held it out to him. He devoured it greedily and then placed his head on my lap, blinking his big blue eyes at me as I giggled some more. He allowed me to pat him.

He licked his lips and stared up at me. I grabbed the last part of my sandwich and sighed. I was going to be hungry but the dog needed the food more than I did. I gave it to him, watching enviously as he ate, gulping it down and then licking my hand in thanks. I had a bottle of water in my bag and I grabbed it, drinking some before turning to the husky who whined at me.

I sighed. "Thirsty too huh" I commented.

I cupped my hand and poured some water into it, bringing it to his mouth as he began to lap at it. His tongue was coarse and rough. He drank thirstily and begged for more. I poured more water into my hand.

I kept pouring water until it was all gone. I hoped he was satiated. I expected him to disappear once he'd been fed and watered but to my surprise he leaned against me, licking my face and allowing me to pet him. I wished I had a brush or something to get all the knots and dirt out of his beautiful fur.

"You need a name," I told the dog whose tail wagged at me happily. I felt a pang, I had always wanted a dog and here one was.

"I think I'll call you Max," I said happily and I swear his tail wagged even harder. It was like having a best friend within an instant of meeting someone and I gave him a hug.

"You're so sweet" I mentioned, leaning back against the trunk of the tree "I wish I could take you to class with me. Tiffany and the other girls are so mean to me, it would be nice to have a friend who has my back" my voice was wistful.

Max let out a whine as though he understood.

"I want to take you home" I kept going "will you be here after school is nished? I promise to bring you more food. You'll have a warm bed. We can share mine. Even though it's in a basement and I'll take care of you. We can take care of each other" I said softly, kissing him on his snout.

Max gave a small whine and then licked me on the forehead.

I sighed. I was beginning to lose it. I was talking to a dog for heaven's sake but Max didn't seem to mind and I really wanted to take him home with me. I needed a friend. I didn't have one. Not one single one, not at school, and denitely not at the pack house. I felt myself getting excited and reminded myself that Max would probably be gone by the time I nished school.

The bell rang and Max let out a bark. I grimaced as I got to my feet and he tried to follow me. I hurriedly shook my head as I grabbed my backpack. "I'll come back for you" I promised, my heart gave a pang. He woofed at me as I walked back to school and I hung my head as tears lled my eyes. When I glanced back over my shoulder he was gone and I sighed. I knew he would be but it didn't stop the pain from lling my heart. I walked back into the school where Tiffany was waiting with her cronies. She grabbed my backpack and shoved me into the locker. "I saw you talking to that dog" she hissed "but I guess dog recognizes dog."

Her friends laughed. I looked at her tiredly. "Don't you ever get tired of picking on me Tiffany? I mean don't you have anything better to do with your time?"

For a minute she looked stunned and a little confused. Then her friend, Candy I think her name was, nudged her in the ribs with her elbow and whispered something in her ear. Tiffany regained her composure.

"I'll never get tired of picking on a weak, pathetic, little b****h like you" she snarled, her fingernails turning into claws. She slashed against my rib cage and I let out a sharp cry as I felt her stinging pain and then she pulled her hands back, her claws withdrawing back into nails. She tossed her hair over her shoulder. Her friends laughed and sniggered. I fell against the lockers, as she threw my backpack across the hall.

"Go fetch," she said triumphantly and then sashayed off, heading to class as I stood there, trying to regain my own composure. I sighed as they disappeared and began to hobble toward my backpack. At least she hadn't ripped it or damaged it.