

Saving Allison - Free Novel

Chapter 11: The Call

Tommy

Once I dropped Allison off at her house, I made it home in record timing.

I parked my car and walked to the pack house.

Once I got inside, I was bombarded with questions.

“How was it?” Adam asked.

“Did you kiss her?” Michael asked with a wink.

“Did you scare her away?” Zia asked with a smirk. “I mean with your face, I’m pretty sure you could scare Satan himself away.”

“It went really well....no I didn’t kiss her...and very funny.” I said glaring at Zia. “I didn’t scare her away.”

“Are you sure?” Zia asked. “Because your face is really scary.”

“Hardi har har.” I mumbled as I brushed past her and into the kitchen.

“How did it go?” My mom asked wiggling her eyebrows.

I rolled my eyes and let out a chuckle. “It was really good.”

“What did you find out?” Aunt Kyrn asked as the guys and Zia took a seat by me.

“Well her dad is a touchy subject.” I sighed. “He’s got something to do with this. I’m sure of it. And she doesn’t have a mom.”

“I kinda figured.” Adam sighed. “I’ve never seen any other girl besides Allison in that house.”

“But you can’t let her know that I told you that.” I said quickly. “This is all a touchy subject. Let her tell you everything when she is ready.”

Everyone nodded.

“Alpha.” Layne said as he came into the room.

“Yes?” I asked.

“We found some stuff on the Luna. But nothing on her father.” Layne said confused.

“It was weird.” David mumbled. “It was like somehow he was completely erased. It almost seems like he doesn’t exist.”

“That’s strange.” My dad said as he walked into the room. “He should be in the databases. Hell. Everyone is.”

David shook his head. “Not her dad.”

“Leave the files on my desk.” I said. “I’ll look at them later.”

Layne and David both nodded and left.

“What are you guys gonna do?” My mom asked.

“I don’t know. I don’t understand how he isn’t in there.” I mumbled. “I’m going to go look through those files.”

My parents gave me a worried look but nodded anyway.

I knew why they were worried.

Their alpha son has a mate who is being beaten, doesn’t know anything about werewolves, and the number one person who could be doing this too her seems like he is ghost.

I sighed and slammed down in my chair.

‘Let’s just focus on the files.’ Ian said softly. ‘I know you are stressed. I am too. Someone is out there hurting our mate and we don’t know who. See if the files will give us anything.’

Ian was right. I just needed to focus.

I opened the folder and was met with a bunch of papers and some newspaper.

I picked up the newspaper and saw a picture of an older woman.

“Mercedes F. Knight, age 38, was taken from her daughter and her husband late Tuesday night. Mrs. Knight was fighting a deadly battle and sadly, cancer had won. She had been fighting brain cancer for 3 months. The doctors managed to get it removed, but it had come back. Mrs. Knight passed away 5 months later in St. Francis hospital Friday morning around 7:40.” I read out loud to myself. “That’s awful.”

‘Our poor mate.’ Ian whimpered.

“She shouldn’t have to go through this.” I whispered to myself.

‘No one should.’ Ian sighed.

I ran a hand down my face and picked up some more papers.

I smiled as I picked one up and it had a picture of Allison.

And she was smiling.

“Allison Paris Knight. Age 17, born on April 12th, 1998. Blonde hair and blue eyes.” I mumbled as I scanned over the page.

At least I know when her birthday is.

‘But you might want to wait to get her a present until after she tells you when it is. Otherwise you’re going to look like a stalker.’ Ian laughed.

‘I already am.’ I joked. ‘I’m looking through her files.’

‘True.’ Ian agreed. ‘But this is an exception. We have reason.’

I’ll go with that.

I read paper after paper.

Nothing about her father.

Nada. Zip. Zero.

I groaned and slammed my head on my desk.

'Don't damage anymore of your brain cells.' Ian said. 'You only have a couple left.'

'I hate you.' I growled.

'Nah. You can't hate me.' Ian teased.

"Did you get anything?" Michael asked as he and Adam walked in.

"No." I sighed. "There is absolutely nothing on her dad. I've been through every single paper."

"Maybe you missed something." Adam said softly. "Hand us some papers. We'll help you go over them again."

I smiled. "Thanks guys."

Michael laughed as he grabbed a stack of papers. "No problem man. You'd help me if Lulu was in this situation."

"I'm so glad you found your mate." I laughed. "Give those poor girls at school a break."

Michael turned red. "I am too. But Lulu wasn't very happy to hear how much of a player I was. I thought she was gonna kill me. She wouldn't talk to me for two days. Two! It killed me."

"I told you being a player was gonna come back and bite you in the ass." Adam teased. "That's why I waited for my mate. Which worked out well because Cali waited too."

I shook my head and laughed.

Waiting for your mate was always the best idea.

'Aren't you glad you did?' Ian asked.

'Oh ya.' I said laughing.

"Hey!" Michael laughed. "I know her birthday."

"When is it?" Adam asked looking over at the paper Michael is holding. "I have to know when so I can get her a present."

"It's April 12th." I said subconsciously.

The boys snickered and looked up at me.

"Already knows it by heart." Adam teased.

I flipped them off and continued to look at the paper in my hands.

"Nothing on her dad so far." Michael mumbled. "The closest thing I got was when it mentioned that Allison's mom was taken from her daughter and husband due to the cancer."

I nodded. "I haven't gotten anything either."

"I have one of those papers about Allison moving." Adam said. "She went from Oregon, to Maine, to Virginia, and now here."

"Does it say why she move so much?" I asked. "Because I'm pretty sure her dad isn't in the army."

I remembered when she first came to the English class. She had talked about how she moved from Virginia because he dad got stationed here for the army.

Adam shook his head.

"Some things are explained in detail. But other things, like more personal things, only have one or two details written. But it says nothing about why she moved." Adam explained.

"She sung in the church choir when she was little." Michael smiled as he turned the small piece of newspaper around.

I grabbed it lightly and smiled down at Allison standing in the front row.

"Front row starting on the left, Allison Knight age 13." I smiled as I read out loud so the boys could hear me. "The kids in youth group put on a Christmas show December 23rd, at the Christian Church in Virginia. They sang 'Holy Night'."

"Oh!" Adam laughed as he picked up another newspaper page. "Here she is when she was 5."

“Let me see!” Michael laughed. “Oh my gosh. She looked adorable. She’s carving a pumpkin.”

“What?” I asked smiling.

“See?” Michael smiled as he handed me the paper.

“Allison Knight carving a pumpkin at the fair on October 29th.” I read. “When we asked her what she was carving, she gave us the biggest smile and said, “I’m carving a werewolf. They are so cute and fluffy”.”

“We are not cute and fluffy.” Michael joked.

‘I will be for her if it makes her happy.’ Ian said softly.

“Who cares?” I laughed. “As long as it’s not a vampire.”

The guys laughed and nodded.

This is how the rest of our time that we spent was. Looking at pictures of Allison and how she looked so happy with her mom.

Strange enough, there were no pictures of her dad.

In fact, there was nothing of her dad.

Not one name, number, picture, anything. It was like someone went through and erased it all.

I needed to cool down, so I picked up a picture of Allison in a costume.

They had taken this picture later on at the fair because there was a costume contest going on.

I smiled as I looked at her cute little cowgirl hat and braids.

“Look at him.” I heard Adam whispered. “He just sighed and has this creepy smile on his face.”

I glared at him and flipped him off.

He just waved and smirked at me.

"I'm stressed out, okay?" I mumbled as I ran my thumb softly over the surface of the picture. "Her smile is calming me down."

"You are so whipped." Michael laughed

I shrugged. "I know. I'll admit it."

I groaned when my phone went off.

I tore my reluctant gaze from the picture to my phone.

"Hello?" I grumbled angry.

"Alpha." Bruce's panicked voice sounded through the speaker.

This caused me to sit straight up, while Adam and Michael gave me confused looks.

"What's wrong Bruce?" I asked in my alpha mode.

"It's the Luna." He said worried.

"What. Happened." I growled.

"T-there are hunters."

I gasped in shock. But then I growled in anger.

"Where is she? Is she okay? Please tell me she is okay Bruce." I said standing up.

I motioned to Adam and Michael to get up as well and follow me.

"Get the warriors and my dad." I said to Michael.

He got into this fighting mode and nodded.

"I don't know." Bruce whispered worried. "We heard growling and then a gun shot. The Luna got scared and hid behind a tree. Then we saw a group of men walk up to her. They had a gun alpha."

"What was she doing outside by herself?" I growled into the phone.

I tightened my grip on my phone as I saw my dad run into the living room.

“She was putting laundry on the line. We have visual on the hunters. They are just talking to her. And she looks really confused.” Bruce said immediately.

I sighed as I opened the front door and stepped outside by all the warrior wolves. “If she finds out too much, they might do something to her. We are on our way. Make sure nothing happens to her.”

“Yes alpha.” Bruce said sternly. “I’ll protect the Luna with my life.”

I stuffed my phone into my pocket and turned around to see everyone watching me.

“Hunters are here.” I said.

Everyone growled and clenched their fists.

“What happened to Allison?” My dad asked.

I growled. “There was rogue. He must have gotten too close to the houses, because hunters are in Allison’s backyard. They are talking to her right now.”

“They better not touch the Luna.” A wolf growled.

Another wolf nodded. “I will rip apart their bodies if they even look at her.

I smiled proudly at my members.

“Who wants to go hunting?” I smirked as all the warriors howled.

I’m coming Allison.