

Saving Allison - Free Novel

Chapter 22: The Decision

Allison

It's been two months since the little accident at school.

Some things have changed though.

Tommy has gotten more patrol and guards for the pack, which I don't really mind I guess. It's still kinda weird having people protect me and actually volunteer.

Tommy told me that so many of the warrior wolves volunteered to guard and patrol, they have to take turns.

And there also has been more sightings of rogues around the territory line. And we did have a group of hunters walk right by us the other day. The pack was pretty shaken up about it.

Sam and Xavier have also decided that it's too risky for me to go to school. So they hired some moms from the pack to homeschool me and they got all the books from the school to use.

So it's pretty much like I'm going to the school itself. It's the exact same material.

And since Tommy is doing more work with the pack, he's only going to school three times a week and same with Adam and Michael since they are the Beta and Third.

The girls think it's unfair but of their mates made sure to have more guards at the school at all times. Of course.

And if you guys are wondering about my dad's friend that was knocked out in the closet, he's gone.

None of us know how.

We all met Tommy, Adam, and Michael at the front doors of the school, and when I went to show them my dad's friend, the janitor's closet door was wide open and the man was gone.

Meaning that either my dad's other friend was at the school or my dad was. Which led to me freaking out and running for the safety of the girl's bathroom.

But the good news is that I got my necklace that my mother gave me.

I wear it whenever I can. I was always worried that if I wore it, my dad would take it away.

I groaned as I shut my history book.

Who cares about the Lewis and Clark trail?

"I'm guessing history it's going so hot." Zia laughed from the doorway.

I looked up and saw her giving me a soft expression.

I shook my head. "No. I could care less about Lewis and Clark. Why don't they teach us useful stuff? Like how to do taxes, write checks, balance a checkbook. Those sort of things."

Zia laughed as she pushed herself off the doorway.

"It's not that hard." Zia chuckled as she sat down next to me on the bed. "It's quite simple actually."

"Well not everyone is a history wiz like you." I teased.

"True." Zia winked. "But what's up with you?"

"What do you mean?" I asked confused.

Zia shrugged. "I don't know. But lately you've been distant. Like your head is always in another place."

I sighed. "I've just been thinking."

"About?" Zia asked as she took my history book from my lap and placed it on the bed.

“Ya know.” I said as I awkwardly cleared my throat.

Zia gave me a confused look, before her face showed recognition.

“Are you sure?” Zia asked shocked. “Remember you are going at your pace. Not his.”

“I know.” I said nodding.

“Is he pressuring you into this?” Zia asked with a growl.

“No!” I said shaking my head trying to calm her down. “No. He knows nothing of what I’m thinking.”

“You do know you can tell me anything. If he threatened you to make sure you didn’t tell, I can kick his ass.” Zia said sternly.

I laughed. “He didn’t threatened me. He knows nothing about this. I’ve been thinking about this for about a week.”

“Really?” Zia asked.

I nodded. “Yes. And it’s gonna happen anyway. So I thought about it.”

“Allison.” Zia laughed as she shook her head. “Just because it’s gonna happen, doesn’t mean that it has to happen right now. I know some mates that didn’t mate until a year later. And then some mated a day after they met. It just depends on the person. You don’t have to do right now if you don’t want too. Just because Tommy’s ready or the fact that you are mates, doesn’t mean you have to be ready. You need to take your time with this. This is a big step.”

“You think so?” I asked.

Zia nodded her head. “I know so. You do this when you are ready. And no one is gonna pressure you into anything.”

“But what if I am ready?” I asked as I looked at her. “What if I actually want to do it?”

Zia gave me a warm smile. “Then you do it.”

“It’s that simple?” I asked shocked.

"It is if you want it to be." Zia said thoughtfully. "You are the only one that can control it. It's your body. No one else makes the rules for your body. Not Tommy, not your asshole of a father, not me. Only you."

"Thank you Zia." I smiled as I pulled her into a hug.

"No problem Allison." Zia said as she wrapped her arms tightly around my waist. "You know I love you. You are like the sister I never had."

"You practically are my sister." I smiled. "But you have Tommy."

Zia nodded with a small smile. "I do. But I guess it's nice talking to a girl about all this stuff. Ya I could talk to Tommy about anything, but it really didn't go anywhere. He didn't understand the stuff that I would go throw because he's a boy. But I would never trade him for anything."

"I wish I had siblings." I said suddenly. "But I'm glad I didn't."

"Why's that?" Zia asked as she looked over at me.

"Because of what my father did too me. I don't want to have to worry if they are alright when I'm not at home. And I know that I would do anything to protect them from him. I would never let him lay a hand on them. So looking back at who my father is, I'm glad I didn't have a sibling. I don't want anyone to have to go through what I did." I explained.

"Did it ever get lonely?" Zia asked carefully.

"All the time." I said quietly. "When I went to bed at night, I didn't have anyone to help me through it. No one to tell me to keep pushing through, keep going. It got lonely real quickly. I hated it. But I got used to it after a while."

"I can't believe you had to go through that." Zia said, her voice full of anger. "To know that the one man in your life that is supposed to love you unconditionally, to protect you, to always be there for you. He ended up betraying you in every possible way."

I nodded. "He actually tried to rape me once."

Zia gasped as her head snapped up to mine. "He what?"

I nodded and looked away quickly. "He almost did."

“W-what happened?” Zia gulped.

“I was younger, I wasn’t very strong. Well I’m not now, but I’m stronger than I was before. He came home drunk out of his mind one night.” I said as the memory came back all at once. “I was cooking him dinner when he got home. He walked in swaying and just stared at me. He kept telling me how much I looked like my mother and then he called me a worthless piece of trash for getting her killed. Then he told me that prostitutes are worthless pieces of trash, and if I wanted to be like one, he would treat me like one.”

“Oh my gosh.” Zia said as she covered her mouth in shock.

I nodded. “He walked up to me and punched me in the face. He picked me up off the ground and threw me on the living room floor. I fought back so hard. I couldn’t do a lot though since he was bigger than me. I kept fighting. He got my shirt off and tore my pants a little bit. But I didn’t give up. He saw this and got mad. He beat me up.”

“Is that the story that you told us about waking up in the hospital?” Zia asked as she put the pieces together.

I nodded again. “It was. I just didn’t tell you guys the first half because I felt so dirty. He got his hand under my bra and almost inside my pants. That’s when I kicked him in the face and it went downhill from that.”

“That’s when he hurt you so bad you got sent to the hospital.” Zia said heartbrokenly.

“Exactly.” I sighed as I hugged my knees. “Then what happened after that, you guys already know.”

Zia let out a cry and pulled me to her.

“I’m so sorry Allison!” Zia cried as she hugged me.

I let out a small smile and hugged her back.

“It’s so weird.” I chuckled.

“What is?” Zia asked as she wiped a tear.

“Having people care for me.” I explained. “All my life I have met no one that cares. Except this one older lady. But no one cared for me at all. At all my old

schools, I would push everyone away. And they stayed away. But you guys, you guys wouldn't leave me alone."

"In a good way right?" Zia asked with a wink.

I laughed and rolled my eyes and nodded. "Yes. In a good way."

"Good." Zia smirked as she got up. "Well I'm gonna hit the hay. Night Allison."

"Hey Zia?" I called out as she reached my doorway.

"Hmm?" She hummed as she turned around.

"Thank you." I mumbled shyly. "For everything."

Zia gave me a warm smile and nodded. "You're welcome. And Allison? You don't have to thank me. I'll always be here for you."

I smiled as Zia left my room.

It's nice having people care for you and watch over you.