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Chapter 5: The Notebook

Allison

I stood frozen as I watched him stand up with Tommy’s notebook.

“I asked you a question. I expect you to fucking answer.” My dad yelled as he clutched it even harder.

“I-I can explain.” I stuttered as I backed away from him.

“Oh really?” My dad asked giving me a menacing laugh. “Then you better start explaining.”

“It’s a g-guy in my English class. W-we had to do a paper. H-he is my partner.” I said trying to be calm.

“You expect me to believe that? You are such a fucking whore. You’re probably sleeping with him.” My dad accused. “You are a waste of air. You are useless. You are a slut!” My dad yelled as he punched me in my cheek.

I cried out as I fell to the ground.

He grabbed me by my hair and slammed me into the wall.

“You better break it off with that boy.” My dad said as he got into my face. “I don’t want you sleeping around with guys even if you are a whore. You don’t deserve anything!”

He dropped me and I fell on the ground.

I tried to stand back up, but I felt his foot make contact with my stomach.

“Oof.” I gasped as the air was literally knocked out of me and cried out as his foot kicked me again.

“S-stop.” I whispered trying to find my voice.

My dad gave me a dark chuckle. “Stop? You want me to stop?”

He scoffed and grabbed my arm.

The next thing I know, I was flung across the kitchen and hit the wall.

I groaned as I slowly slid down onto the floor and I heard his footsteps get closer to me.

Still not showing any mercy, he grabbed my neck and brought me close to his face.

“If I ever see you with a boy, you won’t fucking be around any longer.” My dad promised.

I tried not to gag as I smelt the alcohol and cigarette smoke on his breath.

“Do I make myself fucking clear?” He asked as he gripped my neck hard.

I clawed at his hands as I felt my air way start to close.

“I said. Do I make myself clear?” He asked gritting his teeth together.

“Y-yes sir.” I rasped trying to free myself.

“Good.” He yelled as he threw me on the ground. “I’m going out with the guys. I will be back whenever. But there better be my fucking breakfast on the table tomorrow morning.”

I watched as he grabbed his coat and stormed out the house.

I heard his car engine start and I slowly pulled myself on the counter and watched as he drove off down the street.

When I finally got myself fully up, I took a step and my legs gave out.

I fell down the ground and curled up into a ball.

I started to cry. I cried about how my mom died, I cried about how no one loves me, I cried about everything.

I hated this life. I just wanted to leave.

“Why me?” I cried to myself as I held my head. “Why? What did I do wrong?”

I reached into my pocket and pulled out the necklace that my mom gave me.

It was passed down from generation to generation. It was our family heirloom.

It had a thin bronze chain with an amber colored stone surrounded by a bronze design. It was the last thing that she gave me before she died.

I could never wear it around my house because I was too worried that if my dad saw it, he would take it away.

“I miss you.” I whispered as I looked over the necklace. “I miss you so much mom.”

I finally stopped crying and tried to get up so I could go get the mail.

“Come on legs.” I mumbled as I grabbed the counter and tried to stand up.

After a couple minutes, I got myself up, but my legs were still a little sore and wobbly.

I grabbed the doorknob and opened it as I took careful steps.

I smiled slightly as I felt the cold January breeze blow across my face.

There was still a little snow on the ground and it made this neighborhood not look so bad.

The walk to the mailbox was pure torture. I had to stop every couple of steps because my legs felt like they were about to give out.

Once I got the mail, I made the slow journey back to the house.

‘How am I still walking?’ I thought to myself. Oh well. I’ll use it to my advantage.

"Heeyyyy." Someone slurred behind me.

I gasped and hissed in pain as I twisted my ankle.

I came face-to-face with drunkie.

I have always wondered what his name was. But I didn't want to know. He was someone who I never wanted to associate with. So I always called him drunkie.

But seriously. How the hell is he always drunk? Does he live at a bar or something?

I turned back around and tried to ignore him.

"Hey!" He yelled after me. "I'm talking to you!"

Ignore him Allison. It will only make things worse if you acknowledge him.

I cried in pain as he grabbed my shoulder and spun me around.

I felt a sting on my cheek as he backhanded me and I fell in the snow.

"You should really answer someone when they are talking to you." He growled.

Just ignore him.

"Hey!" He yelled as he kicked me.

Okay. Maybe ignoring him isn't gonna help.

"What?" I wheezed out as I tried to catch my breath.

"Finally learning your lesson?" He asked with a smirk. "Wanna go have some fun? I know your dad isn't home."

My eyes widen as he wiggled his eyebrows.

Oh fuck.

"N-never." I stuttered as I slowly stood up. I tried to not let fear lace my voice.

"Aww. Why not?" He asked with a fake pout.

I took a step back when he took a step forward.

I kept going, trying to put as much space between us as I can.

He saw this and started to run towards me.

I screamed and fell backwards with my eyes closed.

I waited for him to grab me, but I didn’t feel anything.

I slowly opened my right eye and I saw gray.

I opened both my eyes and I saw I was staring at a gray tail.

What the?

I crawled backwards a little and stood up.

There was drunkie, shaking in fear.

I stood off to the side a little and I gasped.

There in front of me was probably the world’s biggest gray wolf.

“Holy shit.” I whispered.

I shut up immediately when the wolf looked at me out of the corner of its eye.

The wolf turned his attention back to the drunkie and let out a loud growl.

I watched in horror as two more wolves emerged from behind my house.

Do I have wolves living in my backyard or something?

One wolf was a sandy blonde and the other one was black with a white paws.

These three wolves were all the same size and to say I was scared shitless would be an understatement.

I didn’t dare move as they slowly stepped towards dunkie.

Drunkie finally registered something in his mind and he ran off down the road.

Sure. Leave me with three giant killing wolves.

But I guess I would rather be mauled to death, then raped and murder by drunkie.

The gray wolf sounded like it let out a small chuckle and they all turned towards me.

I gulped and watched as they slowly stalked towards me.

“Please.” I whispered as I backed up. “P-please don’t eat me.”

The wolves looked at each other. They looked like they were talking to each other.

The gray wolf nodded and they all sat down in front of me.

I stared at them in confusion.

“Y-you’re not gonna eat me?” I asked more to myself.

I gasped as the gray wolf shook his head.

“That’s too bad.” I mumbled to myself.

The gray wolf let out a small growl and I jumped back in fear, causing me to trip and fall.

I winced as I landed on my arm that my dad grabbed.

The wolves immediately ran over to me and they looked like they were studying me.

The gray wolf whimpered and licked my arm with the bruises in the shape of my dad’s hand.

The other two wolves whimpered and laid down next to me.

I smiled at them softly and slowly reached out to pet the black one’s head.

He let out a small purr and closed his eyes.

“I like you guys.” I giggled.

~*~

Tommy

I groaned.

This is such a long meeting.

I almost was asleep but jumped as Bruce’s panicked voice sounded through my head.

‘There is a drunk guys advancing onto the Luna!’ Bruce yelled.

‘How do you want us to handle this alpha?’

‘Get him away from her.’ I linked him back. ‘Just scare him. We don’t want to have police involved with a wolf killing a human.’

‘Okay alpha.’ Bruce said.

I growled lowly as I clenched my fist under the table.

This stupid meeting. If I didn’t have to stay, then I would be over at Allison’s house in a heartbeat.

‘Alpha.’ Max linked me. ‘She has bruises everywhere. And she has hand prints on her neck and arm.’

This time I didn’t stop myself from growling.

‘I thought I told you to make sure she didn’t get touched!’ I yelled in my alpha voice.

‘The drunk guy didn’t touch her alpha.’ Isaac said. ‘Someone else must have. But we couldn’t go barging in her house.’

I sighed and ran a hand down my face. ‘Fine. Just stick close to her at all cost. I will talk to you guys later about what happened.’

‘Yes alpha.’ They all said and closed the link.

“Tommy?” My dad asked.

I snapped out of it and looked at him.

My dad and Alpha Thomas were both looking at me.

“Are you okay?” Steve, Thomas’ dad, asked.

I nodded. “Ya. Just some pack stuff that Bruce linked me.”

“Son.” My dad sighed. “I know you’re lying. You’ve been acting strange ever since you came home from school the other day. What’s up?”

“Nothing.” I lied.

I looked over and saw Steve studying my face.

I gave him a confused looked when he broke out into a smile.

“What?” I asked getting creeped out.

Why is he smiling at me like that?

“You found your mate, didn’t you?” Steve asked with a smirk.

“Tommy?” My dad asked me.

I sighed. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

We all jumped as the door was thrown open and my mom had a pissed off look on her face.

Oh shit.

“You found your mate and you didn’t tell me!” My mom growled at me.

For a human, she can growl pretty well. And it’s scary as hell.

“How did you hear that?” I asked. “The walls are sound proof.”

“I opened the door to ask if you guys wanted anything to drink and I heard that part of the conversation.” She said as she crossed her arms.

I sighed. Just great.

“Tommy.” My mom said as she sat next to my dad after she closed the door. “Why didn’t you tell us?”

“It’s complicated.” I said.

My mom looked over at Adam and Michael and they slowly looked away from her.

“Did she reject you?” My dad asked worried.

I shook my head. “No. But she’s human.”

“So.” My mom defended. “Humans can make great mates. We can kick ass.”

My dad chuckled. “I know that. And there is nothing wrong with having a human mate.”

Steve laughed. “Tell me about it.”

“I lost count on how many times my most fierce warrior wolves have cowered away from my mom.” Thomas laughed.

Steve’s mate Kristin is human. My mom and Kristin hit it off right away.

Kristin also met Aunt Kyrn and Aunt Chloe. All four of them were joined at the hip.

“Then what’s wrong?” My mom asked as she looked at me.

“Remember that girl that you ran into at Walmart?” I asked when she nodded. “That’s my mate. And she is being abused.”

Everyone gasped and looked at me with sad eyes.

“What?” My dad asked shocked.

“Bruce found her almost taken by a drunk guy. That’s why I was angry before. He told me that she has hand print makes on her neck and arms. And she has bruises all over.” I said.

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

“I don’t know.” I admitted.

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