

Chapter 7

Sam:

It was the weekend so I knew he would be drinking a lot.

Once I got home I made his favorite, lasagna to try to lighten the mood. I placed it on the table with one of his moonshine bottles, or atleast I thought it was moonshine. I wouldn't know since I was anti-liquor.

I went to my room, put in my headphones and blasted 'My Happy Ending' by Avril Lavigne from my iPod touch.

A while later I heard the front door open and I let out a sigh of relief when the footsteps directed towards his room.

I laid in bed my mind drifting to Chris.

He was good looking, I had to admit.

But the way he looked at John had frightened me.

If this little thing got him angry, how much worse could he get over something a lot more serious?

John had backed down, without much of a fight which meant he knew how Chris could get.

How dangerous, the thought popped in my head vanishing as soon as I thought it.

No, he wasn't dangerous, just protective.

My mind replayed the incident in the lunch room.

Was Chris really so conceited that he called his group of jocks a pack? It's the first I'd heard of it.

18:05

And what about the flash of hurt I saw on his face yesterday?
Or did I just imagine that?

I frowned, confused.

Was I the only one who felt the shock that first day I had
bumped into him? Had he felt it to? I shook my head to clear
it.

Why was I even waisting my time thinking about him?

I let out an exasperated sigh.

Chris wasn't worth my time.

He was just a jock who had an oversized ego, he may be good
looking but he was most likely too dumb.

I nodded my head liking my conclusion. No more thoughts of
Chris Wayne.

I finished my homework around 9, Supernatural was on but I
couldn't keep my eyes open.

Everything seemed to be moving fast as my eyes tried to
adjust. I looked around me curious and saw tall trees
everywhere. I was in the Moonlight woods.

I stopped to enjoy the scenery, watching the littke creatures
innocently scurrying around without a care in the world. It was
such a beautiful sight.

Suddenly I felt something whack against my back. I sat up
surprised and glanced behind me. I yelled horrified at what I
saw. But instead of a scream it sounded like a yelp. What
the ...? I looked down and saw white fur. Then more fur. I
craned my neck again, and sure enough there was a bushy

18:05 

white tail.

I really have to lay off these shows, I thought.

But for now I shall enjoy this dream. I jumped up and relished the feeling of the wind blowing through my fur. My wolf craved the speed, craved the freedom.

A flash of black appeared before a large black wolf ran beside me.

No white was evident, except it's eyes which were a pale blue.

Chris.

Ok this was taking it too far, when he said pack he sure didn't mean this.

My all white wolf contrasted with his midnight black one.

We looked good together.

Like we belonged together.

Just as the thought struck me, I quenched it. I couldn't think like that. I might be attracted to him but it would go no farther than being chemistry partners.

I put that thought aside and just enjoyed right now. We jumping over a fallen tree when suddenly I was jarred awake.

The smell of alcohol hit my nostrils just as a calloused hand covered my mouth.

I didn't know if the heavy breathing came from me or the man above me.

"You get what you deserve" He hissed.

My clothes were torn off roughly, my undergarments soon following.

18:05

He laid over me, the weight of him knocking the breath out of me.

I let out a sigh of relief when it disappeared, that was until I heard the distinct sound of a zipper unzipping.

Panic set in, and I thrashed beneath him but to no avail.

I felt something touch my inner thighs and I let the tears spill over.

That earned me a hard slap to the face.

"You get what you deserve Bitch!" He yelled before climbing onto me.

I tried to move but I couldn't.

So I just laid there, hot tears seeping from my eyes, as he pummeled into me. His hand left my mouth, to grip my hip allowing him to go faster.

A sob left me, when he dug his nails in my hip.

I'd have another bruise.

I closed my eyes tightly, all I could see was black the color of his evil heart. After a few minutes I heard him yell his release before slumping on me.

I heard a crack as my rib re--fractured. I let out a scream of pain, earning me a hard punch to the face.

"Shut the fuck up bitch!" He yelled.

I turned my face away, crying at the extreme pain on my side.

"I said shut up! You deserve this! This is your fault!" I got another punch in the face, blood erupting in my mouth.

Stars flashed behind my closed lids, the pain in my jaw

18:06 

unbearable.

I felt the bed dip, then the door slammed closed.

I couldn't move, my head, ribs, and jaw hurt.

I was too weakened to move, so I just laid there. When I opened my eyes the world spun.

When sleep finally came for me, I prayed for death.

What just happened?

Sam:

-----Monday-----

I didn't want to go to 7th period, and it wasn't just because of Chris... well maybe it kinda was.

But of course he terrified me, with the way he scared John too it was obvious he had a bad temper.

I made myself walk and sit down next to him.

Today he wore a plain white v neck, dark jeans and timberland boots.

His short dark hair was disheveled yet still managed to look good. When he glanced my way I made myself look away, acting like I was writing in my notebook.

There was something about him....

I shook my head, trying to clear it.

What was wrong with me? All he was was a one of "the populars", and I was "the outsider".

I just had to keep my distance.

18:06 

So I scooted my chair as far away as I could manage.

Chris:

All weekend I thought about her.

I hadn't told anyone I had found my Mate, not dad, not mom.

Not even Don.

The fact that Don thought she was a mere human was confusing, when I could clearly smell she was a wolf.

I had been anxious all weekend, my wolf wanting badly to see our mate again.

When I entered 7th period monday and didnt see her I couldn't help but be disappointed. As soon as she entered my wolf went crazy with excitement.



SEND GIFTS



Comments