

The Alpha and the Mistake

Mistake - 7

I looked at the school with a scowl. Even though I was running late, I couldn't bring myself to go inside. I didn't want to deal with Dean the Superman-wannabe on top of everything I got from Mike. He could not interfere with my status quo. It would ruin everything. My scowl deepened. I wish Mom would've let me stay home. She was callous and downright neglectful when I told her I was sick this morning. Not only did she send me to school, despite that I practically begged to stay home, she even claimed if I felt too bad I could go to the nurse.

Right. The nurse. It should be illegal for them to even be called nurses. It didn't matter if someone was vomiting up their entire digestive system, if they didn't have a fever, right back to class they go. I should call child services; this had to be child abuse and unusual cruelty to a minor.

The shrill clanging of the school's bell system told me what Mom repeated several times this morning — I was late. F' my life.

I had just taken my first step when suddenly a heavy arm crashed down on my shoulders. "Missy! Hey ya, Missy," Mike all but yelled in my ear, making me wince. He squashed me to him in a sort of hug, making me gag at the stench of alcohol coming off him.

"Uh, hey Mike," I said, trying to put some distance between us. This wasn't a typical Mike-ish greeting, and it made me nervous.

His arm tightened around my shoulders, keeping me at his side. "Where have you been, Missy? I haven't seen you."

My heart raced. "Uh, school and home. We should hurry. The bell already rang."

Mike snorted with a look that could only be one of disgust. "So what? It's not like it will matter if you get good grades or even graduate, Missy Mistake." He laughed, reminding me of those cartoon hyenas.

Irritation and anger got the better of me and I snapped, "I care."

Mike laughed. It was a laugh, nothing short of a cackle. I glared at him, noticing he had a nasty black eye. It piqued my curiosity, but not enough to ask. I tried to go inside, but Mike stopped me again. "Mike, seriously," I demanded, then stiffened when I realized the sound of my tone.

Instead of hitting or berating me for treating him like an equal, Mike turned and pulled me away from the building. "Screw School! Come on, let's go."

My throat closed and panic crept in when I realized he was leading me to the woods. That was their playground. I dug my heels into the grass. “Wait. Mike, stop. Where are you going?”

“Quit being such a whiny bitch,” Mike said as he stopped. He turned and slapped me hard across the face. Next thing I knew, I was on the ground. White bursts flooded my vision and a metallic tang of blood in my mouth. I touched my lip and winced. He busted my lip! That was against our rules! Damn it, how would I explain this to Mom?

Mike growled a second before he grabbed my upper arm and jerked me to my feet. He pulled so hard I thought my arm had come out of the socket. “Come on.”

I swallowed, fear welling in my gut as he forced me into the woods with him. This so wasn't typical Mike. Something was wrong, very wrong. I glanced back at school. A moment ago, it seemed like hell. Now it was salvation, one that was now beyond my reach.

Mike continued to pull me deeper into the woods. When I considered to stop walking and let him drag me in true caveman style, he slowed and let go of my arm. I rubbed it where he grabbed me and looked around. It was the shore of a large pond. Everything was so scenic and peaceful, I almost forgot how I got here and with whom. “Nice isn't it?” Mike sat against a huge rock.

“Uh yeah, it is.” I brushed my hair away from my face. It could also be romantic too my not so helpful inner voice chirped. That thought made me shudder.

Mike, oblivious to my inner turmoil, pulled out a large bottle from his jacket. I stood where I was. Never in my life had I been so terrified. I didn't know what Mike would do next. He sniffed as he screwed off the cap of the bottle with a sour expression. “Wanna drink, Missy?” he asked, waving the bottle at me. I nearly said something stupid, like we're not old enough. Instead, I scrunched my nose and shook my head.

Mike laughed, the sound echoing through the woods. “Man, you're so straight and narrow. Don't you ever have any fun?” He took a large swig from the bottle. “Damn it, Missy, sit the fuck down!” I jumped and sat. “No, not over there, stupid. Over here.”

From his glare, I was sure if I didn't sit next to him, I'd be sorry. I balled my hands into fists, getting up to sit next to him. Mike ruffled my hair like I was a small child or a pet. “Good girl.”

I swallowed and tried not to let him get to me. Now wasn't the time to piss him off. This was all Mom's fault. She should've let me stay home like a decent mother would've done. Mike slung his arm over my shoulders and took another drink. The bottle was three-fourths empty, and I suspected he had downed the whole thing himself. How much alcohol did werewolves need to drink to get drunk?

“Tell me, Missy, what do you think of Dean?”

I froze, every nerve ending in my body now on high alert. Why was he asking me this? Oh God, had Dean said something to him? Or did Mike know he came to my house? Fear prickled through me, and I made a silent prayer. “D-dean?”

Mike scowled at me, and I cringed, waiting for the punch. “Yeah Dean, don’t goddamn pretend like you don’t know who I’m talking about.”

“Uhm, I know of him. That’s it.”

Mike snorted, apparently finding my answer funny. “Tell me, Missy. Do you think he’s hot? Does he make you go weak in the knees? Does he make you think dirty things?” He snickered as he brushed his nose against my cheek. I pushed him away from me with a disgusted grunt. Mike cackled with delight. “Oh, I bet he does, doesn’t he? I bet you’re trembling right now.”

I crossed my arms over my chest, trying to fight off the embarrassed blush which threatened to burn my cheeks.

“Every damn girl says he’s some hot shit. Have you seen them, Missy? How they line up to drool over him?” He pulled me close with an iron grip, causing me to wince. “Mrs. Mathers had to move him because some girl wouldn’t keep her hands off him.” Mike laughed, but his expression was dark.

I gave him another disgusted grunt, and he smirked at me.

“It’s true. I heard she…” Mike leaned over and whispered it into my ear, using the crudest, most vulgar vocabulary I had ever listened to before. I shoved him away, my face burning. Mike threw his head back and laughed in a way I’d never heard before. It wasn’t cruel or cold. “Aww, sweet ole Missy. Did I offend your virgin ears?”

I refused to say anything and kept my arms crossed over my chest.

Mike grabbed my face and forced my eyes to meet his. “Or did you blush because it’s what you want to do to him?” There was a promise of violence in his eyes. I would have to be careful in how I answered him.