

The Alpha and the Mistake

Mistake - 3

I didn't wait for Dean to say anything or swing the first punch. Grabbing my backpack, I ran as fast as I could, and I didn't stop until I was at my front door. Bending over with my hands on my knees, I gulped in air.

The adrenaline was leaving my system and the shakes, with a small dose of panic, took over. Dead. I was so dead. When Dean told Mike I not only threatened him but threatened him with silver, Mike was going to lose it.

Forcing all thoughts of Dean or Mike from my head, I focused on getting my breathing under control, then went inside.

"There you are," Harry said, setting down the newspaper he was reading. "I take it the day didn't go so well," he added after looking me over.

With a shake of my head, I said, "I hope you remembered that sundae."

A frown tugged at Harry's face and he nodded, getting up from his chair. I almost felt sorry for him. Even after all this time, he still held onto the hope that one day the pack would one day wake up and accept me. Yeah, that would never happen.

"What happened?" he asked, going into the kitchen.

I followed him and sat at the table with a sigh. "The typical really."

He handed me the ice cream from the freezer and nodded at me to continue. I ogled the sundae for a moment, licking my lips. It had all the works and my mouth watered just at the sight of it. I took a bite and savored the sugary deliciousness of vanilla ice cream with a splash of chocolate fudge and caramel. Once I swallowed, I explained what happened. "He wanted me to kneel in front of the new guy. Kneel, of all things. I guess what's left of my dignity kicked in and I said no. You can imagine how much Mike loved that."

Harry's eyes flashed bright gold and his face twisted. The expression was an angry, wild thing. My eyes widened, and I froze. "Sorry, Harry. I didn't mean to. Like I said, it was a knee jerk thing."

“Don’t,” Harry warned me, much like I had warned Dean. “Just don’t. Never apologize for defending yourself. Not here, not with me. Not ever, do you understand?”

Oh, okay. He was mad for me, not at me. Sweet. I nodded. “Got it. It’s cool.” I shoveled in another spoonful of ice cream. After a second, I groaned. “No, not cool! Brain freeze.” I rubbed my forehead, waiting for it to pass.

Harry looked up at me. His eyes still were a warm gold, but his face didn’t have the ‘Better to eat you with my dear’ expression. Finally, he broke and laughed. “You are something else, Brook.” His expression turned serious once more. “Did Mike do anything else to you today?”

“Nah,” I said, deciding it was best not to tell him about my run-in with Dean after school. I didn’t want Harry to go all big bad wolf on me again.

“Good. Just stay on your toes, and keep your head down.” Harry gave me a light pat on the shoulder. “I have to head back. The alpha is having a big dinner to welcome Dean to the pack. Your mom and I won’t get back till late.”

“Actually glad I am going to miss that. Try not to have too much fun,” I said and took a big bite of the sundae.

Harry narrowed his eyes at me. “Ouch. Now that was below the belt.”

I grinned and waved at him and continued to eat. When I finished my sundae, I prepared a hot bath. I poured in some bath salts which were also a birthday gift from Harry. These were from last year’s birthday, and they helped with aches and pains. I was skeptical of them at first, but they quickly won me over. I eased into the tub with a sigh as the hot water and salts got to work.

After my bath, I laid out on my bed to get started on the mountain of homework I had. Who gives homework on the first day? I mean, really?

A half hour passed, and I barely made a dent in the work when my phone dinged with a text. There was only one person who would ever text me — Anna. When I had to take care of Mom after Dad died, I lost all my friends from before. Now, I was just Missy Mistake to everyone except Anna. With her family on the low end of the pack hierarchy, she kinda got what I was going through.

She couldn't let anyone see her with me, of course. Mike would have a fit. It was one of his rules. No one could associate with me. Anna and I got around that through texting. Honestly, it was a lifesaver.

I put aside the math assignment currently driving me insane as I read her text.

Soooooooo bored. What u doin?

I bet, I thought with a smirk and replied.

Sorry, not sorry. At least you're not doing homework.

Homework might be better than this! Ugh!!!!!!

Before I could reply, she sent me another.

Have you seen the guy from the other pack??? He's like... Then Anna sent me a bunch of emojis with the hearts for eyes.

I blew out a breath. And here I'd almost forgotten my run-in with him. Though, if I was being honest, Anna was right. The guy was beyond good looking. Too bad he was a werewolf and an ass, just like Mike. I thought about telling Anna about him, but something made me hesitate. I didn't know what, but instead of telling her about this afternoon, I just sent her a text back.

We may have a serious problem with girls bursting into a fiery mass of hormones when he gets near them and added a couple of fire emojis.

For real! He sat by me today in English and I swear I almost died!!!!

I shook my head with a little scoff. She was so man hungry, I swear. I sent back a reply.

He has pretty eyes, doesn't he?

The next morning, I tugged at my turtleneck as I walked into school. It really was still too hot for the thing, but Mike had bruised me too badly for makeup. Now running later than I intended, I had to hurry to get to class. With a glance down the hallway, I spun in the combination to my locker and stuffed the first half of the day's books into my bag.

It's not that I'm obsessed with being on time, but if Mike ditched class and saw me. Well, it usually meant a horrible hour and a half for me. Last time, it took weeks for the bruises to heal.

I slammed my locker closed and turned. With a gasp, I came to a quick stop before I smashed into Dean. How long had he stood behind me? Creepy... He grinned, and I tried to move around him when his hand shot out to the lockers next to me, cutting off my escape.

Now, in all fairness, what happened next should be considered his fault. He triggered my flight versus fight response. Because I swear, when I slapped him across the cheek, it wasn't planned. I had no doubt my eyes were as wide open as his. A bright pink hand print marred his cheek and my hand stung as if I had slapped a slab of concrete. Several f-bombs ran through my head before common sense kicked in.

Time to get the hell out of there! I squeezed past him and ran into class, practically crash landing onto my desk. Mr. White gave me a disapproving look, then shook his head. I didn't care what he thought of me. I had bigger problems now; like serious, serious problems. When Dean told Mike I hit him, Mike would hurt me and we're talking hospitalization kind of hurt. That is, if I was lucky.