

The Mysterious Wolf

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Chapter 1

When my alarm went off, I silenced it quickly. My heart pounded as I waited to see if anyone else had woken up from the sound. When I heard nothing, I let out a small sigh of relief. I gingerly got out of my bed, being careful not to aggravate the bruises on my body.

I made my way to the bathroom and I brushed my hair quickly. I couldn't risk a shower right now, because I didn't want to wake him up. I went back to my room and got dressed before heading to my brother's room. I knocked lightly on the door before entering. "Charlie, it's time to get up."

I heard a grunt from the vicinity of his bed and it made me smile a little. I walked over to the bed and nudged the lump that I knew was my brother. "Come on lazy bones. Time for your first day of high school!" I cheered with fake enthusiasm.

your first day at this stupid school too."

My smile faded. "I know. But at least we're getting a fresh start. Maybe things will be different now."

Charlie snorted. "Doubtful. Now, get out so I can get dressed."

I walked to the door. "I'll go make us some breakfast. Make sure you're quiet when you leave your room, okay? I don't want to wake Jason up." Charlie nodded and I left him to get dressed.

A few minutes later, he came downstairs and I handed him his bowl of cereal. We ate in silence and soon we were heading out the door. I didn't have a car, so we walked the ten minutes to school.

When we got there, Charlie stuck close to my side. I wasn't sure if it was because he needed reassurance or because he was trying to reassure me. He was nearly three years younger than me, but lately he had been trying to act like my big brother. It was easy for him to do that, considering he was already quite a bit taller than me.

We both went to the office and got our schedules. We were happy to see that our first period classes were close together and that our lockers were just across the hall from each other. We walked to them and we both deposited our bags in our respective lockers.

The warning bell rang and I gave Charlie a reassuring smile. "Good luck, little brother. I'll see you at lunch, okay?" He nodded and we parted ways.

I entered my classroom and quickly made my way to the back. There weren't many students in there yet, but I avoided eye contact with the ones that were. I never used to be like this. I used to be bubbly and happy and I used to love making new friends. I also used to hate the people like me. But that all changed two years ago.

I sat down in the back right corner and put my binder on the desk in front of me. I kept my head down as the rest of the class slowly trickled in. I was aware of someone taking the seat beside me, but I refused to look up and see who it was.

When the teacher walked in, I finally glanced up. I noticed a few people looking in my direction, but I didn't pay any attention to them. Instead, I focused on the teacher as he started the class. It was an English class, and I had always loved this subject.

The teacher's name was Mr. Meyer and I immediately liked him. He was fun, but he didn't let the class get out of hand.

"Okay class, I want you to pair up with someone and learn three things about them. This will give you the chance to get to know your classmates."

Crap. Maybe I didn't like this teacher so much after all. I remained in my seat as everyone shuffled around, finding partners. I was hoping that there were an odd number of students in the class and I could get out of doing the assignment.

But I wasn't that lucky. Mr. Meyer approached me after everyone else had settled. "Ms. Olson, you can pair up with Mr. Macdonald." He indicated the person in the chair beside me and then left.

I slid my gaze to the person beside me. The first thing I noticed is that he was large. Not in an obese way; on the contrary, he looked like he didn't have an ounce of fat on him. But he had broad shoulders and large muscular arms that were displayed by a black t-shirt. My eyes traveled up to see that he had very dark brown hair and hazel eyes that were currently glaring at me. "Are you done staring yet?"

I flinched at the harshness of his tone, but at the same time, it sent a pleasant shiver down my spine. I didn't say anything, though. Instead, I looked away without meeting his eyes. I stared down at my desk, not sure what to do now and silently hating myself.

I heard him sigh beside me. "Do you not talk?" When I didn't say anything, he cursed under his breath. "Look, let's just get this stupid thing over with, okay?" I still said nothing and that obviously annoyed him, because he slammed his fist down on his desk.

I jumped at the loud sound and then cowered in my seat. I closed my eyes tightly, waiting for something to happen.

I was surprised when nothing happened. After a moment, I cautiously opened one eye and looked over at him. He was looking at me with an odd expression on his face. I couldn't quite decipher it. There was annoyance, confusion and... pity? The first two I understood, but the third one I didn't like.

I straightened in my seat and opened my other eye, looking down at my desk once again. But this time, I spoke. "S-sorry, let's just do this," I whispered. I hated myself for being so weak, but I no loner had control over it.

"I didn't mean to scare you," the guy said, his tone a lot softer now. "My name is Ryan."