

Red Moon
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Chapter 1

The boy stared out at the empty street with no hope. He turned back to his room. It was a small room with only a bed and a desk with a chair. The only light in the room was coming from the streetlight outside. He sighed and sat down on his bed. He waited for what seemed like hours. Finally, he heard the front door burst open. From the sound of the screaming, he knew his father was home. He heard his father stomp up the stairs towards his room. The boy wasn't scared. He sat still and waited for his father to enter. The door crashed against the wall as his father barged in. The boy turned to face his angered father.

"Where the hell were you?" he roared.

The boy stayed quiet for a few seconds.

"I was at school getting help with math." the boy finally replied.

"Are you kidding me? I told you to be at the office right after school. I lost a deal because I couldn't explain your idea to them." His father slammed his fist into the wall.

The boy didn't say anything. He didn't need to. Either way his father was going to hit him. He waited for his father to make a move. He was used to being hit and it sickened him. His father pulled his fist back and threw it at the boy's stomach. The boy fell to his knees. His father kicked him in the face and the boy fell to the ground. His father kicked him at least ten times in the ribs and a couple more kicks to the face before stopping. The boy didn't cry out once. He held every scream in. He knew his father would hit him harder. His father picked him up by his hair.

"Next time you better be there! I will not lose another business deal because you need help with math." His father barked.

The boy gave a moan in reply and his father dropped him. He hit the ground and his father kicked him onto his back.

"You are useless. This is what you get for not listening. Now say thank you to me for teaching you a lesson!" His voice was harsh.

"Thank you...for teach...teaching me... a lesson." The boy stuttered weakly.

"Good, now get up. I need you in good shape for my next deal. We are going to the hospital. I wonder what we should say this time." His father started to walk down the stairs.

The boy followed quietly. He knew the drill. They would make up some lie about how he got hurt or got in a fight and he would be patched up and on his way. No questions asked. They both got in the car and drove to the hospital. The boy could tell something was broken. He felt wet blood on the right side of his shirt. He could feel his ribs moving. He was a lot stronger than his father realized. When they got to the hospital he looked at his father. His father's face showed concern for his son, but deep inside the boy knew there was none. Once they got in, he was rushed to a room and they replaced two of his ribs and put his nose back in place. He was bleeding on his right side from a broken rib poking through. They fixed him up and placed him in a room. Angry screaming woke him up.

He wasn't sure how long he had slept but he felt better than before. He sat up and looked around. As he glanced around the room he noticed two girls sleeping next to the window. One was a blonde and the other had black hair. He was about to speak when he saw a dark haired woman charge into the room. His father and a doctor were on her heels.

"I told you, I found him at home like that. He gets into fights all the time," his father said to the woman.

"Like I am going to believe that, you were always a liar and still are." The woman said in reply.

The doctor rushed over to him and sat down. He smiled at the boy.

"How are you feeling Sterling?" he asked.

The boy was shocked to hear his name. It took him a minute to really recover.

"I am fine. What is going on?" he said slowly.

Nobody spoke, but there was a thick tension in the air. Finally his father answered his question.

"They think I hit you!" he screamed.

"We think that maybe you should go and live with your mother for a while." the doctor said.

"No, he should stay with me. What has she ever done for him?" his father screamed.

Sterling laughed. Sterling didn't understand why he was laughing. Everyone stopped and stared at him bewildered. The two sleeping girls were awake now and looking at him confused. He laughed for what seemed like forever. He finally stopped and looked at his father.

"What have you ever done for me?" he asked in a harsh tone.

His father immediately dropped the concerned act and went to smack him.

"What? Are you going to hit me? Go ahead, it's all you do anyway," he said staring his father down.

Sterling could see his father was about to explode. His father raised his fist and hit Sterling across the face. Sterling's head was pushed to the left. Then the dark haired woman came out of nowhere and grabbed his father's hand.

"You ever hit him again and I swear it will be the last thing you do! Understand, Richard?" Her voice was sweet but harsh.

"Don't touch me!" he pulled away from her.

His father actually looked scared. It made Sterling laugh. He laughed until his sides hurt from the pain of his broken ribs. The doctor gave him a look that meant stop. Sterling stopped but still kept a grin on his face.

"I don't understand why you would think this is funny?" the doctor asked with concern. He the more he thought about the question the more angry he got. Remembering past times he had been in this very hospital and the doctor had not even paid attention to him. Not even given him the time of day. The doctor had even seen Sterling's father hit him yet did nothing. He finally exploded.

"I have been coming here at least once a month, since I was five and this is the first time you really thought that my dad had hit me, or did you have ideas? Were you just too scared to act on them? Every time I came here, you turned a blind eye to what was staring you in the face because my father paid you off and now that this woman is paying you, you act all high and mighty and say it is wrong for my father to hit me. You make me sick!" His voice was rough and deep.

The doctor looked bewildered. The woman glared at the doctor and Richard.

"Both of you leave now, if you don't I will make you wish you have never been born. LEAVE!" her voice was sharp and cut through Sterling's laughter.

The doctor almost ran from the room with Richard following close behind. Sterling stopped laughing and waited for her to speak.

"I am sorry, if I had known what he was doing earlier I would have come to get you sooner. You must think I am a horrible mother." She was about to cry.

"I never knew you were my mother."

She looked up shocked.

"I sent you Christmas and birthday gifts. I sent you cards. How do you not know who I am?" she was confused.

"I never got anything from you. Dad said you didn't love me," he replied.

She sat there for a while. Sterling studied her intensely. She had dark hair that went down to the middle of her back and almost yellowish eyes. She seemed maybe late 30's or early 40's.

She stood up and threw open the door. She reached for his father. She had him by the collar of his shirt when a tall, gray haired man stopped her.

"Honey, this is not the place to fight. Not in front of your son." He spoke calmly.

She let go, but didn't take her eyes off of Richard. The gray haired man pulled her back into the room and closed the door behind her.

"I am sorry, she is a little upset right now. You must forgive her. You see, she finally gets to see you and you are in a hospital and it's all because of your father. Give her a minute to calm down," the gray haired man said smiling.

Sterling sat there and waited for her to speak again. He watched as the man helped her to a chair.

"Excuse me. I don't know where my manners are. I am William Bodark, your mother's husband," he said smiling.

For a second Sterling was silent, then replied strongly.

"Nice to meet you," he said nodding.

"Sterling, your mother seems too upset to talk right now. So I will tell you. We wish for you to move to our house. Your mother has custody, so there will be no legal problems. We believe it is best that you live with us. There are things we have to explain to you and it will be very hard to do so when you are at your father's house." His brown eyes flashed as he spoke.

Sterling was about to answer when his father threw the door open.

"He is going home with me!" his father roared.

Sterling couldn't control himself. He got off the bed.

"Like hell I am! I will never go back to that place. Never! I would rather die first." Sterling screamed back. His father's face turned red and he pulled his fist back. It came straight for Sterling's face. He caught it and hit his father in the gut. Richard fell to the ground in pain. Sterling had never hit his father before. His father stood up. He backed away but stayed inside the room. Sterling ignored him and turned back to his mother.

"If you really are my mother then I will go with you," he said in a soft voice.

She smiled and wrapped her arms around his neck. He hugged her back. He heard his father step forward. He pulled away from his mother and turned. He caught his father's foot just in time.

"Do you think I would fall for that?" Sterling growled.

"How did you? I mean you couldn't have... There is no way you heard me coming." His father stuttered.

"You think I am that stupid? I only took your beatings because I had nowhere else to go." He said throwing his father's foot down.

His father didn't move for a while. He stood there silently. Finally William grabbed Sterling's shoulder. He turned to Richard.

"I think it's time you leave. We don't want to make a scene." William's voice was sharp and steady.

"Fine, I will leave. You can rot for all I care." And with that, he walked out of the room.

"Well, good thing that's over... oh dear, we forgot to introduce you two," his mother said changing her tone.

"Sterling, this is Taylor and Ashlyn. Taylor is one of your sisters and Ashlyn is part of our... well our household. We have a few more people who live with us. About 6 people besides us four."

Both girls grinned at him. He nodded and waited for his mother to get up.

"Just a question. How old are you?" Taylor asked brushing her black hair out of her face.

"17." He replied.

His mother smiled. Then pulled both girls out of the room before Taylor could speak again. William laughed and dropped the bag that he had been carrying. Sterling never noticed it before now.

"In this bag are some fresh clothes and a pair of shoes. Put these on. Your other clothes aren't needed.

Tomorrow we will stop by your house and get your backpack and other things from your home. Then we will go shopping to get you some new things." William said as he walked out.

Sterling waited until William had closed the door and he got dressed. As he took the blue robe off, he noticed his sides weren't hurting as much. The pain was dull and didn't bother him as much as past injuries.

He pulled up the fresh pair of boxers. He then slipped into the dark blue jeans and put on the black shoes.

As he was reaching for the shirt the door opened. It was Taylor and Ashlyn.

"Sorry. We wanted to tell you that dad and mom went to get the car. We are meeting them outside." Taylor said smiling.

Ashlyn blushed and looked at the ground. Sterling turned to the mirror. His short black hair was messy. He had a white bandage over his nose and his eyes seemed pitch black. He was in some shape, not a perfect body, but he was working on it. He also saw the many scars that seemed to lighten his tanned skin in many places. He remembered wanting to work out so he could protect himself from his father, but never had the time to. He pulled the blood red shirt over his head and then turned around.

"Let's go," he said smiling.

They walked out of the room and down the hallway until they reached the front door. Sterling figured they had already signed him out. He stepped out into the cool night air. He followed the girls into the black Lexus. For a while no one said a word. Sterling stared out the window and watched the stars. Taylor gasped and everyone, but William turned to her.

"Sorry, I just realized that we don't know anything about you. What do you like to do?" she giggled.

Sterling didn't speak. He was having a hard time thinking of something. Finally he found the answer.

"I like to exercise and read." he said and shrugged.

"That's it?" Ashlyn asked.

"Well, I like to work on cars too. I didn't really do much at home." He shrugged again.

"Didn't you hang with your friends?" Taylor asked.

He looked away. He only had two friends, Eric and Melody.

"I didn't have many friends." was all he said.

Taylor frowned.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," she said.

"No, you didn't hurt my feelings. I really only had two friends, but we have not hung out in a while."

Ashlyn looked at him with a sympathetic smile. He looked away. He hated pity.

"Well, don't worry you will have lots of friends at the house and at your new school." His mother's voice cut through the silence.

After that they stopped talking. They pulled up to a huge, old Louisiana mansion. It was black with big red double doors. There were many windows of the same color. They stopped to pull up to the gate, that was at least twelve feet high. He watched William type in the code and then do an eye scan. He was surprised to see how much money they must have. The gate opened and they drove through. They parked in front of the house and got out.

"Your mother and I have something we need to talk to you about." William said opening the door.

"We want to be there too." Taylor said.

Sterling didn't understand. He followed them inside.

"Fine, but lets try to do this calmly and try not to freak him out." William said.

It was dark but Sterling could see the outline of room. There was a huge grand staircase in the middle of the large room. It seemed like a greeting hall. There were several doors to the left and right.

William led them through the darkness until they got to a door. He opened it and turned on the light. It was a big office. There were bookcases everywhere filled to the brim with many books. In the middle was a desk with a computer. To the right of the desk was a huge flat screen T.V. on the wall. There were a couple of chairs to the left. William went and sat at his desk. Sterling's mother followed, but stayed standing. The two girls went in and sat down in two of the three chairs. Sterling closed the door behind him and sat down by the girls.

"Tell me Sterling, has anything weird happened to you before?" William asked.

"Like what?" Sterling asked confused.

"Black outs, nights you can't remember, or maybe things you have done that you can't explain."

Sterling's eyes got wide. He had been blacking out at least two or three times a month. He remembered times where he woke up and he was in the middle of his back yard or near the forest covered in dirt, naked. How did William know about his black outs?

"It's all right. Don't be scared. We know what is happening. It was only a matter of time before you started to understand what you are," his mother spoke softly.

"What I am?" he asked.

Ashlyn sighed heavily and Taylor stared at the floor.

"You have been having dreams right?" William asked.

Sterling's body tensed. He hadn't told anyone about his nightmares.

"Yes. Almost like nightmares."

"What were the dreams like?"

He remembered them clearly.

"I am in the forest. I'm a wolf, running through the night. Chasing after something unknown. It's peaceful. I feel free, like I am where I belong. I almost catch whatever it was I was chasing, then I wake up."

"Finally you are ready. Sterling, the wolf from your dream is real. The wolf is you...you are a werewolf."