

Chapter 5

"Wolfe your on the other side "

I cursed silently then headed to their side, but as far as I could. It was hard since more and more people kept leaving throughout lunch and I started getting nearer and nearer to their table.

"Yo, Lunch Maid! " someone yelled.

I ignored them, and continued to wash down the table I was at.

"Lunch maid!" The guy yelled again.

I gritted my teeth, restraining myself from turning to him and throwing the nasty wash rag so he could clean his own table.

"Lunch maid! Im done with my lunch" He yelled again. "Isn't this what you're suppose to be doing?"

I took a deep breath then stomped over to the jock table.

The guy was actually John Hillary, a football player in my English 4 class. He mostly just fooled around in there, of course being a jock he thought his grades would just magically remain an A without having to do any work.

He was built like a machine with short brown hair and green eyes. He grinned as I rolled over the trashcan.

"Took you long enough!" He scowled "My trash was getting cold!"

I couldn't keep my mouth shut anylonger, someone should teach this prick a lesson.

17:59

"Well if you would shut the hell up for a second maybe I would've come quicker!" I gritted out through clenched teeth.

His eyebrow raised as if surprised I had the nerve to talk back. His eyes narrowed to little slits as all his friends laughed their ass off.

He grabbed his open bag of chips and dumped it all on the table.

"Go on clean it, bitch!" He gave a twisted smirk.

My teeth scraped together as I tried to get a hold of my temper.

What was up with me lately? It was as if the old me had been replaced with a much braver me.

"John clean that up!" Chris's voice rang out from my right.

I turned shocked.

I had seen him get up but I assumed he had left.

Next to him was Don, another soccer player.

"It's not my duty to clean, it's hers!" John scowled deeply, his face twisting up.

Chris's eyes narrowed to slits, and his nostrils flared.

Fear washed over me, as at that moment he looked a lot like my father.

I took a step back, and his eyes flickered to me but I looked away.

"Clean it up!" He said gruffly.

It looked as if they were having a silent conversation as they stared each other down.

17:59 

Finally John grabbed a few napkins and started cleaning up his mess, grumbling the whole time.

I was surprised he had even done it, without much of a fight.

John sent me a glare, but I didn't stay around long enough to wither in it.

I turned on my heel, and walked away as quickly as I could.

"Sam" I heard Chris yell after me.

I continued to walk through the tables, acting as if I didn't hear him.

I felt him grasp my arm and I winced as he touched a part that was bruised.

"Sorry" He grimaced as if he saw my wince.

I stepped back, finally noticing how intimidating he looked.

His mouth turned down at the corner as a look of puzzlement overtook his expression.

I looked at anywhere but at him.

"What do you want Chris?" I finally said trying to make the already awkward moment less awkward.

He cleared his throat and rubbed the back of his neck.

The day was full of surprises.

Chris Wayne was nervous!

"I'm sorry about back there, John can be a dick sometimes. But really he's not such a bad guy..."

There were a few seconds of silence.

"Shouldn't he be the one apologizing, not you?" I asked

18:00 

confused.

"Well as future leader of the pack.."

I stared at him, like he was crazy.

B"Now the jocks are a pack? That's a bit self-centered don't you think?"

He stared at me for a few minutes his face full of confusion.H
is stare was unnerving me and I twitched in place.

"Look thanks for the apology, but I can take care of myself."

I turned and walked out the cafeteria doors, away from him
and his 'pack'

Confused

Chris :

During 6th period, a million questions ran through my head.

Why did Sam look scared for a second when I was telling John
off?

Why did she act like she doesnt know about the Moonlight
pack?

I could clearly smell the wolf in her, yet she denied all ties to
my pack.

She wasn't a rouge, I'd be able to smell it.

Something was off here.

"Yo the bell rang" Don slapped me on the back.

I gathered my things and we started walking to 7th period.

"Are you okay you seem off?" I shook my head and just walked

18:00 

in, leaving Don standing alone.

I didn't mean to be rude but I was so confused right now.

The first thing I noticed was her distance.

My wolf whined at having her so far.

I stood back, waiting for everyone to enter before I walked in with Don.

I sat down, and looked at the board.

"Class today you will do an experiment, if you are having trouble don't hesitate to come and ask."

Mrs. Spencer spoke up.

"Record your observations, and you may begin. The kits are in the back of the room and don't forget safety."

I got up and got the goggles as Sam got the kit.

I handed her a pair of goggles, our fingers touching. Our eyes met briefly before she looked away quickly biting her lip.

I stared at her a moment before spreading out the kit which consisted of a tube rack, two tubes.

Plus a bottle of liquid and two tablets that looked suspiciously like mentos.

"It says pour 5 mL of the clear liquid into a tube." Sam spoke softly.

I looked over, my lip quirked up when I saw her hair sticking up.

She looked so cute.

"Are you going to pour it or not?" Her lips pursed in annoyance.