Chapter 6: Stalking

Adam's P.O.V.

I saw my mate about to enter the main o ice, but my image of her was gone once a figure stepped in front of me.

"Hey." She purred. I cringed in disgust. We were never a thing, Veronica is just desperate. She told rumors about having a 'wild' night with me. Be being them, believed them. How could they believe them? They don't see us kissing or other ho a couple would usually do.

I was brought back from my trance when she started leaning forward, as ing out her lips and closing her eyes.

I grabbed hold of her shoulders, and pushed her back. She pouted and stomped her foot like a little four. Just before she was about to try again, the bell rung. I silently cheered, stepped aside and walked to my first class.

Cameron was besides me laughing. "Dude, that was not funny." I said, annoyed. "Yes it was! Did you see how her lips looked? She thinks pouting make her look more 'sexy' I think it makes her more ugly."

He sighed still laughing, "I wish her mate would come up soon, feel sorry for him." He paused, "What if he rejects her?" I got his back, "We could only hope."

"If he does, I wouldn't feel sorry for him." Cameron said as he opened the door for me. I thanked him and found my seat taken by my mate.

I sat down next to her, she didn't bother looking up. Hasn't she a couple years younger than me? Why would she be in a senior year class?

Once everyone was here, the teacher started teaching. In the middle of her lesson, she asked someone to go in front of the class to show how they did their work.

No one raised their hands. She gave us annoyed looks until she looked at Penelope. "Penelope, would you please come up and show how you found your answer?"

She looked up and slowly walked up there. Penelope went up to the board and shakily did her answer.

It took her at least five minutes to write down her answer. She quickly went back to her seat with her head down.

"Good job, Penelope. That is the correct answer." The teacher said. Some people mumbled under their breathe and said, "least."

I growled lowly at that but no one questioned. The class ended and my mate quickly walked out of the class.

I walked out of the class just to see her walk into her next class, which we didn't share. The day continued fast as I have classes with my mate.

It was lunch time, my friends were waiting their hands calling me over. Most of my friends had mates except for Cameron and I.

I looked over the cafeteria looking for Penelope. I didn't see her and that brought down my mood. "I'm going to go look for someone." I said blumfy. I walked out of the cafeteria and searched for my mate.

I walked out of the school building, looking around. I saw my mate on a bench, with her head down. She had a packed lunch but the looks of it, she hasn't eaten any yet.

"Adam's stalking his mate." I heard someone say behind me. I turned around and saw my friends, including Cameron.

"Am not." I defended myself. "Are too." They said simultaneously. "Who is she?" Charlie, Gamma female, said. "It's Penelope, and Adam is already whipped." Cameron smirked.

I turned around, not wanting to hear any more of the conversation, but I didn't see Penelope anywhere.

The bell rung, signaling that the period is over. "C'mon lover boy." Mason, Gamma, said. I growled at him, but he just laughed.

STORY CONTINUES BELOW

We all had gym together, Charlie separating ways to the ladies' locker rooms. The coach decided to combine the boys with the girls, to get to know each other more. I saw my mate come in with a long sleeve shirt and leggings.

I stared at her in confusion, but she wasn't looking at me. "Boys, girls, please pair up to the opposite gender. We'll be working on some teamwork skills."

I looked over to my mate who was sitt ing weight on each foot from time to time. Veronica was coming up to me, but I quickly walked up to Penelope, "Will you be my partner?"

"Ok Okay." She said, never looking into my eyes. Veronica glared at me mate and walked o the find a partner.

"Okay the game is simple. Each pair will receive one bandanna, one person will protect the bandanna while the other tries to take other people's bandanna. The pairs will always be in touch, holding hands, whatever way possible and never let go."

What's the point in this game? I thought to myself. "The point of this game is try to trust your partner and doing your parts. It's a teamwork skill." She walked to each pair and gave us a bandanna.

I held out my hand for her to hold, she hesitantly placed her small hand into my hand. The sparks was tingling my skin, but I didn't mind. Penelope gazed as she felt them.

"You'll protect the bandanna, and I'll take them, alright?" She nodded. "Now, let's begin!" The coach blew the whistle and everyone started moving. Our bandanna was tucked in her pants, with her shirt also on her waist. Everyone else did the same.

She let me lead the way, I was practically dragging her. We encountered Veronica many times, but every time she would, I stole a bandanna from her partner.

We didn't win, but it didn't matter. The bell rung, my mate quickly goes to the exit and leaves. I stood there and sighed. What will it do to make her notice me? Right now, she's just ignoring the mate bond.

"Ouch, someone got rejected." I turned around and glared at Cameron. I stormed in the locker and went to my next period.

He least we got a matelly wall said. I agreed with him, he doesn't know the feeling of your mates' rejection. Though she didn't say it, it seems like it.

I walked into the Art room, my last period. I was here early by five minutes, but slowly the room began filling up with my pack members and other packs that are nearby including Penelope's.

I inhaled the air, and surprisingly, I smelt my mate. "Is Alpha boy smelling his mate?" Charlie said. Mason just shoved him.

Dang, forgot they had this class with me. "I ma go sit next to her!" Charlie exclaimed. I was about to stop her but she was already at Penelope. She didn't look at Charlie, Penelope nodded her head and sat in her seat.

"Okay class, today we are going to go outside and paint any scenery you choose." The teacher said. Everyone started packing what they needed and went outside.

Once everyone was outside, Penelope went up to the teacher, with much hesitation, and asked him something.

The teacher nodded his head and Penelope started walking towards the forest. She went in the forest, but I could still see her.

I picked a spot near her, wanting to make sure she will be safe. I watched Penelope as she pulled out her needed stu ffs for the scenery, and started roughly outlining what she sees.

I watched her as I drew what I saw, but mostly just watching her. The whole period, she was only just rough drawing. I never once saw her move from her place, she always stuck with her pencil and eraser.

I craned my neck to try to get a better view of what she was drawing. I could make out the ground with little dots it looks like and some trees. I could see the leaves, the bark with details, you could tell how it would really feel just by the drawing.

The art teacher told us it was time to go. He told us we needed to do as much drawing and painting done to our projects.

Penelope chose a big canvas, so it was hard to carry. She placed the stu ffs she needed on the canvas and carried it the best she could.

I followed close behind her, making sure she gets into the art room safely. Penelope packed all her stu ffs she needed from the rest of her classes and headed out of the building.

I packed my things in a hurry, trying to catch up to her. "Alpha boy going to stalk his mate?" I heard Mason say.

I continued packing, but answered, "I'm not going to stalk her. It's called making sure he gets home safely."

"Yeah, yeah. Well, you gotta hurry up. She walks fast for a small person." Charlie said. I slung my backpack around one shoulder and in my friends with a 'goodbye'.

I tried finding Penelope and she was already at the forest. I followed her at a distance, she was going the right way if I remembered correctly, but she turned a right too early.

I continued to follow her until she reached an opening. It was an oak tree, a big one. She walked towards the tree and sat down.

I notice that she had her hood up, I couldn't see her face, but her chai ie is out. She stayed there for a couple of minutes before she got up. I quickly hid in the trees before she saw me. I watched her as she came by me and kept walking.

A or five more minutes, she was at her house. I continued to stay until Phoenix scolded her for staying at tea long before he hugged her. Phoenix let Penelope in before shutting the door.

I looked at my wrist watch, it was 5:13 P.M. It was going to take at least an hour to get back to my pack house.

I ran all into my wolf and ran back.

I opened the front door and went in with only basketball shorts. I was about to go up the stairs until I was tackled in a hug by my little twin brothers, "Hi Adam!" They said in sync. "Hi." I said, smiling.

"Mom is going-" "To kill you." The twins said, looking at me. "It's fine. She's not going to kill me." I said.

"Yes she will." A feminine voice said. "Hey mom." I said nervously, turning around. "Young man! You had us worried!" She said while hugging me.

"Why were you late?" My mother asked. I was about to lie when Mason and Charlie showed up. "Yeah Adam. Why are you late?"

They were looking directly in my eyes, I sighed and mumbled, "I found my mate."

My mom's mood instantly went up, "Who is it? Is she pretty? What's her name? Is she human? Does she rear? Does she love horse? Is all -aired pack? When can we meet her? Can she come over for dinner anytime soon? When will I get grandchildren?"

She continued her questions until my father came down. "What's going on?" He asked. "Our baby found his mate!" My mother replied hugging me.

"Who is it dear?" My mother asked. "She's from the other pack that we share schools with." I said. "What's her name?"

"Her name is Penelope."

"How old is she?"

"I don't know. One day she's in a junior class then next she's in a Senior class."

"Is she pretty?"

"Beautiful." I said, thinking back on how she looked like.

"Will we be able to meet her soon?" My mom asked.

"I don't know. She's really quiet. Her brother said he hasn't had a friend in a while." I said softly. "She doesn't look healthy either, her skin is pale, she has bags, sometimes yu r uts."

"Oh dear. You'll get her soon. Just don't give up on her." My mother said. "I won't." I said with determination laced in my words.

I saw Cameron walk in with ice cream in his hands, stu ing it in his face. "Um. Hi, Mr. and Mrs. Young." Cameron bowed.

"You know us better than calling us by our last names!" My mom said. Cameron just smiled before showing more ice cream in his face. "Good a ernoon, Ophelia and Thomas."

"So yo friend your mate?" Cameron said, wiggling his eyebrows. I nodded my head, "It's Penelope." Cameron smiled, "Good job finding your mate. I need to talk to you. Alone."

He went upstairs and I followed him. We went into my room before he sat down on the chair, eating more ice cream. "What do you want to talk about?" I asked.

"It's about Penelope." He sighed. "On the day of the Moon festival, I arrived with her." That made me growl, he put his hands up, "Don't worry. I didn't do anything with her. I picked her up, nod wanting her to get lost through the forest. I leaned through the bedroom window, don't worry, I didn't see anything, but I saw scars going up her arms." Cameron said worriedly.

"Some of them looked rea, but most of them were old."

"Why are you telling me this?" I asked. "Penelope seems like she doesn't know how the world works. I see her spend her time alone rather with people. Heck, she even asked to make sure I was still her friend!" Cameron said.

"Do you see her talking to anyone besides you?" I asked. "Veronica. She keeps giving Penelope these papers a er her classes, I don't know what though."

"Do you know anything about her? How old she is?" I asked again.

"Yeah. We played twenty questions, She's 18 turning 17 in December. She's in Senior year now, took extra classes so she can graduate early. She likes the colors green, red, blue, black and white. Likes to draw, likes nature, taking walks, and reading."

That's why she's Senior year. "When's her birthday? I know December, but what's the date?"

"I think she said the 24th? Yeah, Christmas Eve." I nodded my head, "Okay, thanks for the information."

"Anytime."

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