

CHAPTER 9

Jonathan POV

God, I've been at school for not even two minutes and everybody is sucking up to the big bad Alpha. Do they not realize how embarrassing that is? All I want is to be left alone. Not gushed over. Girls are flocking in from everywhere and it's all I can do not to get crushed by the crowd, or suffocated. God, I'm annoyed. This happens at every school and I'm so sick of it. I start to glower at everyone but no one seems to get the hint. I sigh. At this rate, I'm going to have to use my alpha tone on everyone if it doesn't stop.

One girl, in particular, approaches me and I look at her bored. Clearly, she's oblivious to my feelings and even the scowl I direct her way. She looks like all the other barbie doll cheerleaders, with long blonde hair and big blue eyes that she's batting at me so hard it's almost comical. "Hi, there," she says, touching my arm as I try not to flinch, knowing it would offend her, part of me not caring if it did. If it wasn't for my mother, I would be a hell of a lot ruder. I fight the urge to walk away.

"Hello," I said tightly, wanting nothing more than to shove past her. Clearly, she thinks I'm playing hard to get because she invades my personal space even more. I try not to gag at her heavy perfume. Does she bathe in it for heaven's sake? It was pungent.

"I'm Jessica" she breathed, tossing her head, and I fought the urge to laugh. Did she not realize her efforts were wasted on me? That I'm anything but impressed by her? I can see right through her.

“Johnathon”, I growl and go to move when she grabs my arm. She actually grabs my arm as though we are friends. I can’t believe her audacity. To dare put her hands on an Alpha! She has a death wish.

“Please remove your arm,” I say gruffly and her eyes widen in disbelief as she drops it, a confused look in her eyes. Clearly, she wasn’t expecting such a reaction. Good. It would take her down a peg or two.

“I have to get to class,” I tell her snidely and watch as her mouth gapes open and she splutters at me, speechless, her whole body suddenly stilling.

“Are you gay?” she asks me suddenly and I stiffen, unable to believe she just asked me that in a hallway full of students. I have nothing against gay people but didn’t appreciate being loudly asked about my sexuality in a hallway full of curious students. That was going a step too far. In fact, daring to so much as question me was a step too far.

I pick her up and slam her head against the locker as she wiggles in my grasp. I could care less that she’s a female or weaker than me. What she had done was disrespectful and she would know it. I smiled into her terrified eyes. Finally, she realized her mistake, a little too late.

“For the record” I growl as she claws at my hands which refuse to let go, “I’m not, I’m just not interested in you” I spit out and let her fall to the ground, her face now an interesting crimson red color as her hand goes to her throat, gasping wildly for air as her cheerleader lackies gather around her gossiping and glaring daggers at me for daring to injure one of their own.

I glare right back and they look away, their noses in the air, and hastily leave, the Jessica women surrounded by them all. I scoff. Pathetic girls. Too shallow and vain for their own good. The rest of the students are busy getting their stuff out of their lockers as the bell rings for the next class.

I go to walk away from everyone, when I’m stopped in my tracks, the most mesmerizing scent drifting towards me of apples and cinnamon, so

strong that all my feet can do is walk towards it. So strong and yet so sweet. My mouth drools. It smells like the world's best apple pie, my favorite dessert. What is this scent and why was I drawn to it? The answer came to me and I still, my feet refusing to move. I'm completely horrified.

This smell could only be the smell of my mate and I felt my hands shaking. I feel sick in my stomach, a pain in my chest. I had been hoping that she wouldn't be here, that I would never really have to go through with a rejection. Why this school of all places? Why now I groan. My wolf was going crazy in my head, refusing to ever speak to me again if I went through with it, sending me threats and all sorts of insults my way as I ignored him. I close my eyes feeling forlorn, the scent slowly fading away. Did I try to follow it, or avoid it in the hopes of sparing my mates' feelings? I could wait until later, but part of me desperately wants to get it over and done with before the mate bond becomes even stronger than it already is.

Either way, she would be hurt though. It can't be avoided. Perhaps it was best to get it over and done with, I thought to myself, and let her come to terms with it. I didn't believe that my mate would ever forgive me for this though, and I didn't blame her as my feet reluctantly walked towards the scent, drawing me to her, as I began to sniff and find the source of the smell and the person it belonged to. I'm sorry I think to myself, but I just can't have a mate. I'll only fail them as my father failed my mother and to have someone special like that only makes you vulnerable. I refuse to let myself become that and have someone rely on me. I don't even know if I'm capable of loving another person, not now or in the future. It was time to sever the bond before I talked myself out of it.