

## Unwished Bonding Chapter 7 -

### Chapter 7

Zoe's Pov I could already feel the pull in my chest, the pull a wolf like myself would feel when they were away from their mate for a large period of time. The separate was never nice I had heard, and from the one rouge mated pair I had come across in my travels they had stated that unless you with them you could never feel whole. I didn't like the feeling, though I would take it over having him break my heart again gladly. It had only been three days but it felt like a life-time had passed, the way my wolf would howl and whimper at how we had been treated, yet even so she craved to be loved and accepted by the one we were meant to be destined for. I sighed as I rubbed my face with my hands, I was sitting in the middle of my small apartment as I felt my breaths come out in short, sharp pants as I thought about the boy who invaded my thoughts constantly. I hadn't even gotten a good look at him, only that his hazel eyes haunted my dreams and nightmares whether I was awake or asleep. 2 I shook my head, never had I felt so weak and out of control and I cursed the bastard who made me feel this way. As if I wanted to be with him anyway, why would I want anything to do with a pack who got pleasure in bullying a young girl who was trying to keep to herself? It was disgusting and I couldn't believe there alpha had allowed it, then again I knew he was a jerk. Getting up I stormed into the shower, I had had enough time to lick my wounds and it was about time I went back to face my problems head-on. I would just ignore him, I could do that I thought as I put on a determined expression before getting ready for bed. I would just blank him out, as if he didn't exist. The following morning I reluctantly got ready for school, straightened my thick raven hair as I bit my lip nervously as I stared at my reflection. All my previous determination seemed to have run off somewhere last night when I slept, since I was feeling nothing but nervousness as thought of the day ahead of me. 2 I decided to dress simple today, slipping on grey pleated skirt which hugged my hips and flared out mid-thigh. I matched it was a black tank-top and a loose cardigan, I wasn't a slut, it was just wolves tended to run on a high heat meaning wearing thick or a lot of clothes could get extremely uncomfortable. The last thing I needed to add to my list of problems was having a heatstroke in the middle of the day, even if I thought of a few who would probably love to dance on my grave. I shivered at my depressing thought, lovely. A Snorting to myself I slipped on my battered converse before grabbing my bag and music, I had a horrible day ahead of me and I wasn't exactly raring to go. Throwing some lunch into my bag, not wanting to have to suffer going to the canteen I grabbed my keys and phone before I made my way to the bus stop. The journey was...irritating to say the least, the looks I got and the whispers was enough to already put a damper on my day. It wasn't until my phone beeped that I frowned and fumbled to find it, my brows raising when I took note of the fact it was from my brother. Hey Z, u cumin in 2day? I huffed as I read it, I couldn't believe I missed him yesterday. It was the only excuse to why he would be texting me, I mean he must have known that I was at his school now and I couldn't help but shake my head as I realised how quickly news seemed to spread. 3 Surprisingly yes, cu there bro Was my short reply before my put my phone away, the journey was almost over and I couldn't help but feel my hands start to shake with my nerves as tried to steady them. I hated how he had me affecting this way, I didn't even know his name for fucks sake and here I was

practically shaking as I tried to settle my nerves before anyone could see me acting weak. As soon as the bus stopped I again waited until the other rouges got off, the humans on their practically fanning themselves as they stared outside at the male wolves walking around. It wasn't a secret that we were a good looking race in general, though each of us still had our own unique look about us. O Getting off I breathed in as I scented the hair, feeling a frown forming on my lips as I picked up the scent of my so called mate. My wolf was purring in delight though I couldn't deal with this so early so I quickly, subtly dashed into the school as I made sure to miss him as I made my way to my first class, god I felt like such a coward. o The first thing I noticed when I walked into English was the stares I got, it confused me some of the reactions I seemed to elicit from them. Some were looking at me with sympathy or pity, I hated pity, while others were looking at me in awe, confusion and jealousy...ok what the hell? I grunted, I know how lady-like, as I made my way to the back corner before dumping down my things, glaring at the teacher who seemed to stare at me nervously. What was it with everyone staring at me?