

Unscented Chapter 1 - Chapter 1

Unscented by Aria Carter

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

I woke up to the sounds of my mother shouting, never a good sound. I dressed quietly, afraid to notify her I was awake, even more, afraid of the bottle she would be grasping in her hand.

My mom wasn't always like this. She never lay a hand on me until I turned 13, and changed into a wolf for the first time. She blamed my father, a man who slept with her once before leaving her pregnant and alone. She was a witch, and how she never figured out he was a wolf was beyond me.

The only perks of it is she hides my scent. We live in a small house right on the border of a pack, the Alpha of which is my mate. He doesn't know that, and I don't exactly plan on telling him anytime soon.

His name was Wesley Bynes, and he was a god.

He was your cliché jock, football captain and dating the head cheerleader. It pained me every time he would kiss her, but I thank god he never took it farther than that.

I was slowly drowning, and I could never take him with me.

My name is Emilia, a stupid name for a stupid girl. Or at least that's what my mom told me.

Once John Green wrote the book, the name skyrocketed. I was asked left and right if my mom met her, never mind the fact it was published way after I was born.

I drove too fast, and was too sarcastic to my teachers. It wasn't my fault they were stupid, but it was my fault I could never keep my mouth shut. It was just easier this way, easier to hide the bruises from my mother's hand, easier to hide the cuts by my own.

That's another reason I can't get caught up in actually having a mate. He can't be in this, having a drunk witch makes your injuries even worse. I used to have friends, but once I shifted she scared them all away.

Let's say they had such vivid nightmares of me killing them, they cried for the longest time when they even saw me.

The reason my mom despises my shifting so much is because it's another thing to remind her of him. He was her mate, but rejected her as soon as he fucked her for someone of higher power. It broke my mom, and in turn, my mom broke me.

I passed a mirror on my way out, a bruise formed on my jawbone creeping its way up my cheek. My mom always made sure to hit hard enough that even with my wolf healing, it'll be there for a while. I sighed as I got out of the house without any yelling, climbing onto my bike as I sped off to school.

High school. In other words: hell.

Willowbrook High was the most cliché-ridden school you would ever see. The wolves mingled with the humans nicely, but it was still obvious that the jocks made fun of the nerds, and the nerds cowered from the jocks.

I was the school's residential drug addict. Even though I never actually took drugs.

I guess because I smelt like alcohol a few times when I came to school it went around I drank a lot. In reality, my mom crashed a bottle over my body and I didn't have time to change. If I do much was late to school, let's just say my mom gets worse at home.

I pulled into the parking lot and sighed, my eyes immediately darting to him. Wesley fucking Jones. He doesn't even notice my stare, his blue eyes locked on the girl in his arms.

Paige Amorta.

Incredibly beautiful, and incredibly kind.

She wasn't the type to bitch at you for talking to Wesley. Word is they were best friends as children, and if neither of them find mates by the time they're twenty she'll become the Luna. Fine by me, even though I still yearned for him.

'Well if you would fucking stop hiding, then maybe he'll accept you.'

I rolled my eyes at my wolf's voice. It was the same thing every time I saw him, although she understood. Her name was Alicia, and anytime we think of bringing him home, she growls and flips out.

She doesn't even want to think of what my mother would do to him. A wolf, and an alpha nonetheless!

I breezed past them, not daring to send them another glance. My combat boots hit the pavement as I strode up the steps, my wild black hair flying behind me. His scent hit me full force, the ocean and mint and freshly brewed coffee. Sweet salt and the tang of mint, the smell of raw coffee grounds.

I heard his laughter mixing with everyone, my heart clenching as I was still right in front of the door.

That should be me.

But it's not.

I walked down the hallway and placed my bag in my locker with my helmet, slamming it shut as I made my way to my English class. I sat in the corner by the window, shutting my eyes as I felt the sun on my face. I kept that way long after the bell rang, not even moving when the roll was taken.

"Ms, Marsh, care to join us in the conversation?" I peeked one eye open, and the entire Class's gaze on me, including him.

"Not necessarily, but if you remind me of what the conversation is, I might." The class erupted in laughter at my lame joke, a small smile playing on his face. God what that smile does to me.

"We're speaking about Shakespeare, and the project we have coming up over him. If you had to recite a play of his, which would you recite? Or do you even know one of his plays besides Romeo and Juliet?"

I clenched my jaw, my eyes darting back to hers. "I'd do Taming of the Shrew, or maybe Macbeth, or hell why not Hamlet!"

I was shouting by the end of my sentence, her eyes wide as I growled at her. I quickly realized what I had done, my eyes darting around the room as all of the wolves stared at me.

I quickly grabbed my bag from the ground, mustering an apology as I bolted out of the door. I sighed as I leaned against my lockers, five minutes into class and I already fucked up.

I slid down the cold metal until I fell to the ground, hitting the back of my head against the lockers multiple times.