

Unscented Chapter 2 - Chapter 2

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

"Stupid, stupid, stupid." I muttered, shutting my eyes.

"Why would you think that?" My eyes shot open as I looked up to find Wesley's best friend, and Beta, Andrew standing in front of me. Wesley and Andrew were the complete opposite of one other.

Where Wesley was the jock, all around football star, Andrew partied and fucked as many girls as he could. Where Wesley gave a shit about his grades, Andrew barely studied and passed because of the fact he was just plain smart.

"Messed up in class, I'm sure you'll hear about it later today." He nodded as he sat down in front of me, his black eyes staring at my green ones.

"I'm already here," Stupid mindlink.

"You do know she's partnering the people in that class, right?" I groaned, shutting my eyes. I shook my head, running my hands through my hair.

"Any idea who my partner apparently is?" I looked up to find that glazed expression on his face, the obvious sign he was mindlinking someone. The wolves seriously need to learn how to hide that.

"You're with Alp-, I mean, Wesley." My eyes shot open, his face scrunching at my look of panic.

"Fuck, I gotta go." I scrambled up, grabbing my bag as I hightailed it to the closest bathroom. I stared at myself in the mirror, rubbing my eyes until I saw stars.

"It's okay, just don't touch him. Stay a foot away at all times, don't even come close to touching him when you're handing him things, everything should be alright." 'Even I know that's bullshit.'

I rolled my eyes as the bell rang, grabbing my bag as I made my way to my next class. Thankfully I didn't have this with him, but I couldn't help my mind wandering. I could smell his faint scent, wafting off of his Delta, James.

I discretely smelt him, the smell of coffee grounds and mint and the salt from the ocean drove me mad. I don't even know what I smelt like to the wolves' sensitive snout, probably alcohol and cigarettes. My classes droned on until lunch finally came and saved my ass.

I walked into the cafeteria, eyes darting my way as I walked to the lunch line. I took out a five dollar bill, my last five dollar bill, and bought a water and an apple. At least I'll be skinny. I made my way to the doors, walking past the wolf table.

"Emilia, wait!" I turned to Andrews waving hand, a few curious glances castes to both him and I. Guess they would finally hear the mysterious Emilia Marsh speak without a sarcastic remark.

"Yes Andrew?" "Wesley wanted to talk to you about your project, he had to go deal with something real fast but he should be back soon." I knew exactly what he was doing, but I didn't say anything. The pinpricks in my chest had grown way too familiar, to the point that they didn't even effect me anymore.

The first time I felt them was agony, but I had grown to deal with them. After all, it been two years of stupid fucking pinpricks.

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"Emilia, hey." I looked up to his blue eyes, something clicking in my head. I felt my wolf stirring, begging to be released to touch him, but I shoved her into the back of my head as he walked to me with a ruffled up Paige at his side.

"Hey, er-" "Wesley." I knew that.

"Sorry about being partnered with me, is there a play you wanted to do it over?" He reached down into his bag before taking out a worn book, the spine cracked and reeking of his scent. It took all it had in me not to inhale that book, to not shove my nose in it and sniff.

"Taming of the Shrew sounded good when you said it in class." I nodded as I flipped the book over, my fingers smoothing down the messed-up cover. I spun around with the book, the apple in my hand.

"Okay, see you later."

"Wait!" I was reading the back cover when a warm hand gripped my shoulder, sparks erupting against my skin. I paused, my eyes wide as I heard his breath hitch behind me.

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Shit.