

Unscented Chapter 3 - Chapter 3

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

"I'll see you later Wesley," I spoke without turning to him, moving my feet as fast as I could without causing unwanted eyes on me.

I burst through the doors before I actually began sprinting to the stairs, halfway up them when I heard the doors slam open. "Wait!" "Fuck fuck fuck." I muttered, pushing my legs faster.

I climbed the stairs until I finally reached the hidden door that brought you to the roof stairs, smiling as I shut it behind me. For once, I was glad my mother got rid of my scent.

I climbed the stairs until I reached the room, opening the doors to the bright sun as the wind whipped around me. I slid down the brick wall, taking a bite of my apple before opening the book.

I did what I wanted to do in the cafeteria, bringing up the book to sniff generously. I spent the rest of the day thumbing the book, smiling at the little notes on the corners. His handwriting was messy, with a few ink splotches from broken pens.

The book had a note from his mother and the date it was given to him. July 23, 2007.

The Alpha's tenth birthday. I guess it made me creepy to know it, but I could care less.

I finally made my way back down right before the bell rang, passing the open door to my chemistry class. I made the mistake of looking in as I passed, my eyes catching the ocean blue of Wesley's. It was that trance everyone dreamed of, my lips parting just as the bell rang and knocked me out of my stupor.

"Shit." I ran down the halls, booking it to my bike. I hopped on and pulled out just as he walked out, his eyes catching the tail lights as I sped away.

My mother was not kind that night.

Just by Wesley touching my shoulder, his scent already began to mix with mine. Her bottle connected with my cheek, shattering my cheekbone and cutting it open with the glass. The alcohol in the bottle didn't help, although it stung like hell.

After she finished her abuse of me, I went upstairs to begin my own.

I stared at my body in the mirror, only wearing a bra and panties. I thumbed the blade, squeezing my eyes shut as I dragged it along my thighs.

They were too big, too fatty, not as small as they should be. Not as small as Paige's.

I couldn't help but wonder, would he accept me? I'm not a blonde, my family is so fucking insane, not to mention I hurt myself more than my mom ever could. I only knew the name of my father, but I had never once tried to find him. I only knew that his name was Everette Collins, and he was in the pack next to me. I didn't know if he had a family, but I had never really cared until now.

I couldn't help but wonder, maybe if I had a family I would've told Wesley I was his mate. He could've marked me by now, everything would've been so much simpler. I didn't bother cleaning my legs before I went to bed, the sounds of my mothers crying echoing through the halls. She still loved my father and watched him through her seer portals every time she could. After every time, she would hit me harder, so I just shut my eyes and waited for my punishment.

The cut along my cheek had healed, but I now had a bruise right along my cheekbone. The bone had thankfully healed, but it was still tender to my touch. I shut my eyes before walking down the stairs, holding my breath as I skirted along the wall.

I released my breath when I shut the front door, climbed onto my bike, and turned it on. I had been asleep for close to an hour before my mother staggered into my room, waking me up with her hands wrapped around my throat. I knew I had bruises on my throat as well, but thankfully I could wear a turtleneck to cover that.

As I drove into the car lot, it seemed the entire wolf population set their eyes on me. I sighed as I stopped my bike, turning it off before I swung my leg over. I heard their footsteps as I chained the bike to the rack, keeping my helmet on as Andrew, James, and Wesley himself walked over to me.

"Hey, Emilia." Andrew waved at me, Wesley somehow finding my eyes through the helmet. I breathed in deeply, reaching up as I took off my helmet. I heard gasps from Andrew and James, my hair falling to cover my cheeks.

A growl came from Wesley's chest, his eyes darkening as he stared at me. "Who the fuck hit you?"