

Unscented Chapter 4 - Chapter 4

Chapter 4: Chapter 4

I shook my head, pulling my bag up further on my shoulder. "No one, now I have to go."

I walked around them, spinning around when his hand grasped my wrists. The shocks spread up my arm, my eyes staring at his hand wrapped around my arm.

The shocks felt amazing, little kisses that shocked the hell out of me.

He smiled wildly, my heart racing in my chest. I stared at his ocean eyes, my lungs catching the longer he held my hand. But like everything in my life, it crashed and burned right in front of me.

"Wes!" I stuttered out of his grasp when Paige ran to him, jumping up and wrapping herself around his torso. Andrew stepped forward like he expected me to be like every other she-wolf and rip her off of him, but instead, I just felt broken. I clutched my eyes shut before spinning on my heel, and walking away in spite of Wesley's shouts. I drowned him out as I made my way up the steps, making my way to my locker.

I took out my books, sighing before shutting it and making my way to English. I passed a sympathetic-looking James and Andrew, ignoring the looks as I stepped into my English class. Class started shortly after, Wesley's seat empty. The teacher began to write on the board, writing the word PROJECT before underlining it twice.

"Get in with your partners, I'll be passing out the papers with the questions you ask to get to know them." I furrowed my eyebrows, raising my hand slightly in the air. "I thought this was over Shakespeare?" She smiled slightly before shaking her head, making her way closer to me.

"If you had been listening and actually in class, then you would've learned this is a project on how to actually interact with the real world, but with a Shakespearean twist. You have to include the play somehow, go see it performed, and preform it yourself! Something along those lines." I nodded my head, confusion clear upon my face. The door swung open, a flustered-looking Wesley standing in the doorway. His eyes landed on me, his blonde hair messy as he strode in.

I shut my eyes before facing down, opening to look out the window as clouds began to darken over the sun.

"Mr. Jones, mind telling me why you're late?" My ears perked up as I heard his footsteps walking my way, his scent invading my personal space and wrapping itself around me.

"I was breaking up with my girlfriend." Someone in the room gasped, causing me to roll my eyes at their antics. I looked up to find him sitting in the seat in front of me, his blue eyes boring into mine.

"That isn't an excuse, next time you come in late you have detention." Perks of being an Alpha. A piece of hair stuck out on his cheek, and my eyes trained on it. My hand shot out against my will, brushing the blonde piece back. His breath hitched as my fingers grazed his cheek, fireworks erupting from my sheer touch. I took it away, placing it under the desk as my face reddened. I don't think I've ever actually blushed before.

"We have to answer these questions, and we should probably think about how we want to add a Shakespearean twist." I said absentmindedly, looking back up to find Wesley staring at me. He finally noticed he was staring at me, looking down at the paper on my desk as the tips of his ears reddened. I smiled as I took out a pen, noticing the way Andrew wiggles his eyebrows in my direction. His eyes glazed over, the same look on Wesley's face.

I sighed as I looked over the first question, writing my name at the top. "Favorite movie?"

"Huh?" I shook my head, muttering under my breath as Wesley looked ashamed.

"What's your favorite movie? It's a question on the page."

"Oh! My favorite movies is Furious 6." I scrunched my eyebrows, rolling them to the back of my head.

"That's such a typical boy movie." He grinned before laughing, his booming laughter filling up the room. I suddenly became aware of the stares his pack members gave us, my eyes averting themselves from the eyes trained on us.

"Okay princess, what's yours?"

"Oka. First off, that was so fucking cliché it isn't even funny, and secondly, this doesn't have anything to do with that stupid nickname, but Princess Bride." He cocked an eyebrow at me, shaking his head.

"That's such a typical girl movie, princess." I rolled my eyebrows, writing down our answers. "What are your hobbies?"

He looked at me thoughtfully, his hands running through his blonde hair. 'Running my hands through his hair could be a hobby.'

'Alicia hush!' "Football, but I sorta lead a club, so that takes up a lot of my time." The corner of my mouth quirked, I wonder if the pack knew he just called them a club.

"What about you?" Oh you know, the usual. Getting hit by a drunk witch, cutting my wrists for the hell of it. You know, the usual.

"Not much, I paint a lot." His eyes brightened, a toothy grin playing on his face.

"Really? I'd love to see your paint sometimes!" I chuckled, writing down the answers slowly.

"I don't really have many supplies, I never have time to go get them. You'll have to wait Romeo."

That's a lie, I do have time we just never have the money. Whatever money I have I use to keep our house afloat, or my mom uses it to keep herself drunk.

"That's a shame, I have a lot at my house though. You should come over sometime, and teach me how to paint." I cocked an eyebrow, I come over to the pack house.

That'll be a fun conversation with my mom. 'You belong in that pack house!'