

## Unscented Chapter 6 - Chapter 6

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She nodded timidly, her eyes shutting at tears fell from them. I walked forward, placing my hand on Wesley's shoulder. "It's okay, I'm okay. Don't worry about it, nothing I can't handle." He turned and wrapped me up again, sniffing me discreetly.

"You are not okay! She made you bleed Emilia!" I rolled my eyes, stepping awake from his warm embrace. My body felt cold being away from his touch, hurt flashing in his eyes. "I can stand up for myself Wesley, I'm okay. You need to go to class, and apologize to your teacher for whatever the hell you did." "But-" "Wesley! Go apologize! I'll see you at lunch, okay?" He nodded before lowering his head and walking out the door, muttering so low only wolves could hear.

"I'm an Alpha, we don't apologize."

"You better say sorry!" I shouted as he entered the hallway, smiling when I got a groan in return.

I settled back in my seat, looking up to see James looking back at me in awe.

"What?"

"Nothing, you'll just be great at running our, er-, our club."

"Club huh?"

I walked into the cafeteria to waving arms from Andrew and Wesley. I smiled as I walked towards them, the nagging feeling in the back of my brain pretty much assaulting me with every step I take.

Your mom will find out.

He doesn't really want to talk to you.

He is Paige's.

The last one almost made me want to stop and leave, but the way his face lit up stopped me. I smiled again as I stood in front of their table, chuckling as Wesley pushed Andrew over so much he fell out off the table and onto the hard linoleum.

I shook my head as I sat down, grinning while Andrew grumbled and sat across from us. I kept my distance from Wesley, his hand kept on inching closer and closer before backing up and restarting again. I watched as they all devoured their food, at least three

burgers on each plate, plus fries and a bunch assortment of treats. God, I forget how much wolves eat.

"Aren't you going to go get something?" James asked as he took another bite of his burger, smiling sheepishly when the mayo squirted out and plopped itself on Andrew's phone.

"I'm not hungry, thank you for asking though." Wesley frowned mid-bite, his eyes trailing up and down my body.

"You should really go eat, you look way too skinny." I mentally scoffed, opting for shaking my head instead. I reached over and took one of his fries, popping it in my mouth as I smirked at Wesley.

"Why? Then I wouldn't be able to steal your food?" He rolled his eyes as he continued to eat, pushing the boat of fries towards me. I took one more fry before pushing it back to him despite his continuous protests. They all joked together the entire lunch period, making me realize two things.

1) These idiots really were the alpha, beta, and Delta to this pack.

2) Wesley was the only one that had found his mate so far, or at least I think.

I looked at Andrew and James and wondered what their mates would look like. I smiled at the thought of being their mates' friend, of having friends. I looked up to find Wesley's curious eyes locked on me, his hand outstretched towards my cheek.

"Alp-, Wesley." A pack warrior ran up, out of breath and covered in sweat. Wesley looked disappointed at being interrupted but looked at him nonetheless. "Yes, Brandon?" I watched their eyes glaze over before Wesley went rigid, meaning one thing and one thing only. Rogues.