

Unwished Bonding Chapter 5 -

Chapter 5

“She’s not a shifter” Jack stated causing us all to scoff, of course she wasn’t! ? “State the obvious” Josh snorted, punching him on the shoulder as he did so. “I know, but just look at her.... Wow” he stated in awe, didn’t he have a mate | thought bitterly as I stifled a growl which worked its way from my throat. Where did that reaction come from, and why was my wolf growling inside of me? I shook my head, clearing my thoughts.

“Don’t let Hannah catch you saying that” I chuckled which immediately got the reaction I expected. “Oh shit, look you can’t tell her. Her favourite punishment is withholding sex” he stated, actually whimpering at the thought of being denied her causing me to chuckle humourously at his expense. I got a glare in return but it only increased by mood.

“Follow her” I stated to Liam and Josh, giving them a look which stated to keep an eye on her but stay out of sight. As the rest of the rouges got out | couldn’t help but think back to the girl, what the hell was she doing as a rouge? Females were respected in a pack, even the ones that didn’t shift since it was an extremely high chance that they could have been mated to another shifter. Shaking my head I made my way into school, my closest pack mates following since they would normally wait for me to make a move before they did, a show of respect on their end. I could hear the whispers which went around the school already about the female rouge, their comments ranging from ‘poor thing, how has she survived’ to ‘stupid bitch, getting everyone’s attention’. The last one was obviously from the jealous unmated females who had taken in her rather...

appealing appearance. I growled aloud at the thoughts, a few of the students around me flinching before rushing off to class causing me to smirk but roll my eyes. Getting to class slightly late, not like the teachers cared I felt myself stop and stand rigid as the most amazing smell filtered into my senses...oh god my wolf was screaming at me to follow the delicious trail of what smelled like mangoes strangely enough. Entering history i saw Collin, Josh and Liam sitting in our usual seats, my nostrils flaring as I tried to figure out what the hell the scent was. I could hear them all talking as I approached, not being able to stop asking the question

which was at the forefront of my mind. “Any you guys smell that?” I asked, my eyes widening when I took note of the slightly husky quality which had seemed to sneak into my tone. My question had immediately got all of their attention, their eyes sparkingly as amusement flickered through their gazes. “Probably the rouge, filthy things” Josh stated though he made sure to keep his tone quiet enough for her not to hear. I didn’t know why he bothered; he hated them more than I did since he had nearly lost his mate when we had an attack a few months ago. Ever since he had harboured a huge hate for them, which was understandable. “She looks hot though, for a nomad” I found myself saying, my eyes trailing towards her huddled figure in the corner. It was when they asked would I seriously bang her I tried to keep the pure lust as I imagined it out of my head as I replied, successfully making it sound like I would rather be sick than touch her. It wouldn’t do me well to be caught lusting after a rouge, not good at all, especially when Stacy would catch wind of it. I may dislike rouges, but I didn’t want any harm to come to the girl who obviously didn’t want to be here just due to a few stupid feelings which he placed down to the fact he hadn’t gotten laid in a while. When Josh asked amusingly to try and tempt her to see how long it took her to snap I found myself replying, my

thoughts elsewhere as I attempted to put together my feelings... and why was my wolf literally purring as we moved closer to her? I didn't pay attention as they seemed to be enjoying themselves, the teacher glancing in our direction only to give me a respected nod before ignoring our antics like she always did. "Why won't she do anything?" I found myself mumbling, ignoring how enraged my wolf seemed to be as I let my pack mates have their fun. It didn't help that I felt a pang in my heart as I watched her stare out the window, I had yet to her face but I knew she would most likely be pretty if her body was any indication. "I have an idea" I heard Josh mumble, quickly rising from his seat as he made his way to the small sink which was placed in the corner of the class room. I felt my brows frown as I realised his train of thought, it was a bit much wasn't it. It was when he walked back to the girl I found my back straightening, my wolf trying to rise of the service as I gripped the table to stop pouncing on one of my best mates. What the hell was wrong with me? I felt my anger, confusion and frustration rise, and as the class laughed at the now soaked girl as she made her way out of the room I couldn't help but feel it increase, fueling my next comment. D "Aw, is the little rouge wet? Why don't you go bitch, no-one is ever going to want you, I mean who would? Look at you! I pity the fool who gets a skank with a face and body likes yours as a mate, imagine waking up to that every day of your life?" I laughed with the class, though there was no humour in it. I had to practically force the words out, and while they seemed to amuse everyone else I found myself clutching my heart as it clenched painfully. My comment which I had immediately regretted as it fell from my lips seemed to be her breaking point, her strides stopping as she got to the door and what happened next I knew would change my life. As she looked my way I was immediately sucked into her deep emerald eyes which shined almost too much as she looked at me with pure pain and agony. I felt my face fall, my body going slump as surveyed the damage I had done to the girl who I was meant to love and cherish. "Where's the fun it that?" she asked, her tone sounded... dead. I felt myself flinch at not only her tone but the look in her eyes, the look I put there. I was frozen in my seat, not being able to move as she fled the room as I finally put it all together. The scent which made my body yearn to be near, how each comment him or his friends throw at her seemed to painfully clench at his heart, how he had lusted after her the second he saw her and craved to be near her presence. 6 He had just found his mate...and lost her all in one day.