

# Unwished Bonding Chapter 15

## Chapter 15

Zoe's Pov Do you know how hard it is to sit in a car with the one person you want to hate but find it impossible to do so? I doubt it, because if you did you would know it was like hell. I want to hate him, to loath him after the harshness of his first words to me when we first met, but I was finding it impossible to do so. Not only was my wolf pleading and begging me to forgive him and allow us to be marked, but the more time I spent with him the more I was realising just how nice of a guy he really was. Not only was he hot, he was sweet, smart and I hated to admit it but he was adorable! Just looking at him made me want to go all gooey eyed and I hated it, what right did he have to make me feel this way? "What are you thinking so hard about?" Hunter asked curiously, bringing me out of my thoughts as I removed my gaze from the car window to gaze in his direction. "Nothing" I breathed, not wanting to admit the real issue which was on my mind. I didn't need him gloating about the effect he had on me, I had enough on my mind as it is without adding to my current list of problems. "You know I am really sorry about what I said to you Zoe, so sorry" he admitted, sounding pained as he did so. I didn't like it, I didn't like how much he was effecting me! I couldn't help but purse my lips, and against my better judgement I found myself looking in his direction only to frown at the painful expression on his features as he recalled that day. It didn't suit him, seeing such a strong person break down. "I know" I mumbled. However much I wanted to I couldn't help but forgive him. It wasn't just what he said to me though, and while it hurt even to remember it, I knew he regretted his actions. I mean I had heard that he wasn't taking enjoyment in my humiliation and pain, rather seemingly distracted so the fact that I couldn't blame him continued to nag away at me. "You know, as in you forgive me?" he asked, the pure hope in his tone making me want to cry. I nodded numbly, staring back out the window before I frowned, taking note that this wasn't the direction to the school. "Where are you taking me?" I demanded as I glared in his direction, the sigh from his lips meaning he obviously expected things to turn this way. No shit Sherlock, what do you expect when you kidnap a girl, a bunch of bloody roses! "Look I'm sorry but I was wondering if you wanted to spend the day together?" he asked, his voice getting gradually quieter and quieter until he was literally mumbling. Aw he looks so sweet! FUCK! Why did I keep thinking that about him? Bad Zoe, bad! "You what?" I asked dumbstruck, what the hell was he playing at? "Well, urm...I thought...that" he stuttered, obviously losing his nerve as his fingers clenched and unclenched on the steering wheel as he made a sharp right turn. See, now why did I have to think that was cute? What the hell was wrong with me? "That." I trailed off with a wave of my hand, struggling to keep the smile off my face as he continued to stutter while blushing a light shade of red. Aw! "Look...shit ok do you want to go get something to eat with me?" he asked nervously, not looking me in the eye as he did so. I didn't answer straight away; rather letting my choices run through my mind. It couldn't hurt could it, to just go and have something to eat, since it definitely was NOT a date. Just a rouge having lunch with the alpha of the pack, yea, that doesn't sound strange at all... O "Just this once" I stated, biting my lip hard enough to leave

a sting when a bright grin formed on his lips, lighting up his already handsome features in a way that made me want nothing more than to grin with him. The familiar feeling of warmth ran through me, causing me to shiver in delight as my wolf purred at how we were pleasing our mate. I wanted to scowl but just couldn't bring myself to do so, the fact my mate didn't stop grinning when he pulled up at a fancy restaurant not helping with the fact I was trying to concentrate on my so-called hate for him. "Here we are" he beamed, making a move to open his door before I gently gripped his wrist causing him to freeze. I tried to ignore the sparks as his head snapped in my direction, his eyes sparkling with a number of different emotions. "Can we, can we go somewhere less..." I stated, trying to find a word to describe the restaurant he picked. I frowned when I watched his expression fall, nervousness taking the place of his excitement. Did he think I was joking, I may be a rouge but I would never get someone's hope up like that only to shatter it for a laugh. It wouldn't be funny. "Less...?" he asked confused, aw he looked so adorable when he was worried.

Just, don't ask me how a 18 year old alpha werewolf could look adorable, just don't. "I'm not good with high standard places; can we go someone more low-key?" I asked, knowing there was no way in hell that I was going into a place like that. I wasn't like most girls, I didn't like people spending money on me and I certainly didn't do posh restaurants or expensive meals. It just wasn't me. I watched relived as a killer smile replaced his worried expression, his nervousness gone as he breathed a breath of relief. I couldn't help but take note of how handsome it made him look, I had to bit my bottom lip as not to comment that he should smile more often. "Sure, how does ice-cream sound?" he asked nervously, my already small smile widening even more. "Ice-cream sounds perfect" I grinned, showing my pearly white teeth as I smiled wide. Hunter mirrored my suddenly excited mood, quickly putting his belt back on before pulling out of the car-park and heading to another destination.

The short ride was quiet but in no way uncomfortable, the radio playing low until Hunter pulled up at a small but nice looking diner. It looked sweet; it was the sort of place I would come to on my own. "This alright?" Hunter asked hopefully as he opened my door for me, the smile never leaving his lips as he did so. I had to shake my head amused, the fact I felt on top of the world in his company making my head spin. "It's fine" I stated as I hopped out, grabbing my bag before he shut the door. As we made our way into the small diner his large hand found its way to the small of my back, the movement cautious on his move. When he realised I wasn't going to pull away, finding the feeling enjoyable, he grew more confident in his actions and applied more pressure as he held me in what some would say was a possessive manner. My head was spinning, and while I remained cool and collected on the outside, inside I was a mess. Why was I doing this, letting him get so close to me? I mean I had always dreamed I would find my mate, and how Hunter was acting right now was what I had always craved in my soul-mate. If it wasn't for the bad start I think I would have already jumped him, but what I couldn't get past was how he said it in the first place. It was true wasn't it? I was a rouge; I wasn't exactly worth his time so why was he giving it to me? He couldn't possibly care, could he?