

## Her Unpleasant Return Chapter 5 - CHAPTER 5 -

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I felt around me. Sheets. I smiled and pulled the covers up to my chin. It was so cold in here, my hands were freezing. I yawn and rub my eyes, looking around. I was in my room. I didn't remember walking up here... then it clicks in that I had fallen asleep downstairs. One of them must have carried me up here. I looked down and noticed I was in a button up shirt, and my panties. Probably one of the guys put it on me.

I yawn again and walk out of my bedroom and downstairs to the kitchen. Cliff was sitting at the table with a large plate of food in front of him. I sit beside him, grabbing two pieces of bacon. "Good morning to you too, Kat." He smirks at me. "Morning." I mutter, taking a bit of one. He laughs and takes a bit of his food. "Good sleep?" He asks, his mouth kinda full. "Sure I guess. How about you?" I ask. "Not bad, dreamless sleep. What you planning on doing today?" He asks me, taking the other piece of bacon back from my hand and biting it himself. I frown. Ass.

"Well, I wanna go for a run by the lake. Did you wanna come?" I ask him. "Sure thing. Wanna invite Joel?" And I nod smiling at him. "We could go swimming!" He grins back. "Yeah, I'd like to see you in a bikini again." He winks. "Hm, looks like I'll be swimming in a long baggy shirt then." I tease and he laughs. "You'd still look beautiful." He smirks and I roll my eyes, grabbing a piece of his toast.

My chest started tightening just then. It was painful, really painful. I started screaming. I was knocked off my chair and was leaning on Cliff's lap, clutching my stomach and chest. "What's going on.. please.. stop.." I screech, my voice getting weaker. "Elijah!" Cliff shouted, pulling me into the floor with him.

"It's okay, you'll be okay, Kat." He mutters/ stroking my forehead. I scream again and see Elijah rushing into the kitchen. "What's wrong? He asks Cliff. "Katerina, can you hear me?" And his voice is so faint. "What happened!" I hear Elijah shout and I let out another scream, feeling his hands on my cheeks. "I don't know, all of a sudden she was in pain. Elijah, what's going on!" Cliff shouts at him. And things are becoming a bit more clear.

Joel pulls him into the corner of the room. I whimper and groan my head was starting to feel tight. "Can you hear me? Katerina count to ten... breathe..." Elijah tells me and I start counting in my head. One... two... I groan again, relaxing another scream. Please! I begged, my face and neck soaked with tears. "Start again, count again!" Elijah shouts at me. "One... two... three... four... five... six.." I was breathing heavy, my voice trailing off, my heartbeat slowing down before one last shot of pain runs through me.

I open my eyes slowly, no longer feeling any form of that pain. My eyes were stinging, I was wet from tears and sweat. "I don't..." I take a calming breath. "Elijah what just

happened to me?" I asked him with wide watery eyes. Confusion settling in my stomachs

"Katerina.. are you alright?" Joel rushes to me, kneeling at my side. I go to stand only to stumble down and onto his thighs. I wanted to get up. I didn't want to be on this floor. "I don't know what I am.." I look between Joel, Cliff and Elijah. "Kat." And I meet Elijah's steady gaze. "I hate to be the one to tell you this... it's your mate. He's just had sex with someone else only this time, he marked her." Elijah tells me. My face falls. My eyes rim with more tears but I didn't want to cry anymore.

I remember all the pain I experienced when Kol had sex with other girls, but it was never like this. Never that excruciating.

It must be because he bit her, marked her. That must be it I tell myself. "He's not her mate, and she's not his, they're potential mates. Their connection can be broken at anytime so long as either wishes it." He told me as Cliff wiped my forehead with a cold damp cloth. "I see." I muttered lifelessly.

I was trying my best to forget him Kol. It was hard. And painful, I'll admit that. But I was doing well until all this. I hated being constantly reminded that my mate was a fudging sex whore.

I wiped my eyes and forced a smile at my boys. I refused to be sad any longer. "Can I have more bacon?" I ask to no one in particular, each of them laughing in response. I grin and wipe my face with the back of my hand, accepting a piece of bacon with the other. "How can someone so damn small eat so much?" Joel mutters into my ear as he passes by me to take a seat. "Very happily, that's how." I grin and bite dramatically on my piece.

He rolls his eyes and I laugh. Cliff mutters something about me being bi-polar to Elijah, and he gets back handed for it. As he rubs the back of his head, he frowns. The reason I was upset earlier coming to mind for him. He turns and smiles sadly at me. I match his smile, showing him I'm okay.

Elijah helps me stand and kisses my cheek.

"You're sure you're okay?" He asks gently. I nod up at him and smile. "I'm sure. Thank you."

I was currently in my room searching for a bathing suit. I wasn't chubby anymore, I had absolutely no fat. I was pure skin and muscle, and yet I was still self-conscious.

After years of being called a cow, a waste of space, a fatass, well it shouldn't surprise me how insecure I get.

But there's even time's when I try not to eat, thinking that it would help me lose weight like it had before out in the woods.

Each and everytime I try, I get caught and growled at by either Eilijah, Joel or Cliff. My weight is my blind spot acording to them. I find myself shaking my head dismissively at the thought. "Aha." I say suddenly, reaching for the smooth fabric of my navy blue bikini. I wiggle my hips in victory, a smile printed on my face. I close the bathroom door behind me as I step onto the cool tiles of the floor.

I slip the T-shirt over my head and slip on the bikini top. There was no design on it, just like the bikini bottoms I slipped on. I bundled my previous clothes in my hand and walk back into my room, throwing them on the bed and grabbing a towel.

"You guy's ready to go?" I ask, meeting them in the living room. There was loud wolf whistles and I blush, sitting beside Elijah. "Don't get too comfortable, we're about to head out. As soon as Rebekah gets here!" Joel yells the last part. I roll my eyes. "Nice. Could you be any nicer to the girl? You're just mad because she beat your ass her first try." I scowl at him. He scoffs. "She's a girl, of course I should be mad. I'm that childish." He says and it was his turn to roll his eyes. "I won't hesitate to hurt you if you're at all mean to her today." I smile at him . "Hey, be nice.

He'll behave I'm sure." Cliff tells me, glaring at Joel and then grinning at me. I laugh shaking my head. Rebekah came downstairs in a bright red two piece bikini, and a black towel hanging from her arm. "Ready to go?" She smiled. I ran up to her and linked arms. "Let's." I said and glared at Joel as they all stood up and followed us.

"No no no! Put me down!" I scream. And then the cold water splashes up and over my skin. I stood up gasping for air and smearing my eye's free of water. "Jerks." I shout and climb up the muddy side of the lake and to the surface again. Cliff was laughing with Joel leaning on his shoulder, and Rebekah was laughing as well. I glare at the three of them.

I watched as Elijah swung on the long tight rope dangling from the tree and plunged into the water. As Cliff grabs Rebekah, her screaming away at him to let her go, I start to laugh. He throws her into the water, one of her arms tucked around her knees, the other was holding her nose as her blonde hair flies straight up in the air and she crashes into the water. I slowly step back and hide, creeping up behind them because using all my strength to chuck both Joel and Cliff in the water. It's a lot Hardee's using only one hand on each of them.

I snort, seeing heads pop up glaring. Rebekah still in the water, laughing just to their left. I ran and took a jump off the edge, landed close enough to them that they get a hide splash of water. It wasn't long before they wiped their eyes clear and started to splash me back.

Smiling at Elijah, he lifted me onto his shoulders and I laugh, watching as Rebekah climbs on Joel. Cliff stood to our right, reffing the chicken fights. "Alrightie, one... two... three!"

I was sitting on the grass when Rebekah came and sat down beside me. "Hey, having fun so far?" I bumped her shoulder. She laughs and smiles at me. "Yes. It's good to get out of the house, ya know?" She half frowned for a second. My brows furrowed. "What's wrong?" I turn to face her better. She takes a sneak breath before saying, "I sorta found my mate." And I raise an eyebrow, "What do you mean sorta?" I ask. "I mean he hasn't realized it yet." She told me, frustration clear I'm her voice. My lips form an 'o' shape. "It's not like they'll be blind forever.

They bound to find out, something one person just discovers it before the other." I tell her and her eyebrows furrow. "Who is it anyways, why can't you just tell them?" I ask her. She looks at me with sad eyes. "Because it's Joel..." she trails off and I mumble "Oh shit," before I can stop myself. "Yeah. He practically hates me.

Men don't take well to knowing their women are at all more successful than them... I guess I'm afraid he won't accept me." She tells me and I nod, understanding. "Don't worry. I promise you, Joel isn't like it." I assure her. "I have no way of knowing when he'll figure it out. That's got to be the worst part." She mutters and bump her shoulder again. "At least you know you've got some pretty good back up if anything goes to shit..." I admit and we both start to laugh, knowing just how true it really was. We turn to watch the boys.

They're climbing out of the water and up the rocks toward us, ear to ear grins on their faces and their hair soaking wet.

Elijah met my eyes and gives me a wink. I quickly turn my head and stare out at the view.

It was such a beautiful day.