

Chapter 106

Adelaide

"I'm going to fall!" Claire wobbled beside me, clutching my arms as she tried to walk in the heels I had lent her.

I laughed with her, trying to prevent her from slipping. "You'll get use to it."

We made our way down the Lunar hall, toward the bonfire. Claire's transformation was turning heads which wasn't a surprise.

She was pretty before, but now she was just breathtaking.

Only she couldn't see it yet.

After spending the day with her, I quickly realized we were as different as night and day, both in appearance and in the way we carried ourselves.

Claire's hair was platinum blonde, mine was black.

Her eyes were blue, mine were dark.

But most importantly, her energy was positive and bright, mine definitely wasn't...

I had only known her for a few hours, but she already had me. She had become a person I knew I would love and cherish.

"Claire Hastings," a woman called out as we turned a corner. Her hair was tied in a neat bun, and her dress hugged her body. "You look like a doll. I almost didn't recognize you."

Claire blushed. "Thank you, Mama Esther!"

Mama Esther?

The woman and I locked gazes, and I could instantly sense her power. It was something I couldn't quite sense with shifters, but for some reason I could feel hers—and it was strong...too strong.

She let out a chuckle, nodding slightly. "You girls have fun," she said, walking off. "Don't make it too late, and don't forget your curfew!"

"Who was that?" I asked, watching her disappear.

"That's Esther," Claire replied. "She's our RD and one of the healing professors here. She's really nice."

I hummed, focusing on holding Claire up again. We left the building and continued toward the woods.

"I had a really shit semester last time," Claire suddenly confessed. "I think you joining Starlight might actually be the highlight of my year."

I smiled at her, squeezing her arm. "How do you think your dad will feel about you hanging out with a witch?"

She shrugged. "We don't really care about stuff like that...well, my brother Fergus does, but I don't."

Of course, she didn't. Claire was good-hearted.

Other than being too kind, and weak-minded, she had no flaw.

After a while, we arrived at the bonfire, surrounded by students, music, and laughter, with lights hanging in the trees.

Everyone seemed to be having a great time, dressed in their best outfits. Back in the witch village, a bonfire meant offering someone to the anti-god and dancing around an actual fire, but this was so different...so much more fascinating.

Claire stopped in her tracks, instantly nodding toward a tall guy with black hair standing near one of the trees. "T-That's James."

James was talking to another guy who wasn't paying much attention because his eyes were glued to Claire. He had auburn hair, and a cute smile—looking just as adorable as her.

"Should we say hi?" I asked, nudging her.

Claire's face turned red. "We can't!" She hissed.

"Why not?"

"Because..." She breathed, wringing her hands. "That's my mate."

I raised an eyebrow. "Ah, right. You animals got mates," I muttered a bit too loudly.

Claire shot me a glare as I held up my hands in surrender. "Sorry."

I smirked. "But if he's your mate, then why is your neck still intact? And why wasn't he there to protect you this morning?"

Claire once again glared at me, this one strong enough to burn a hole through me. Even through that glare, she looked too adorable.

"Because I've been running away from him," she said.

"But he isn't even ugly, he's kind of hot," I tiled my head. "So what the hell were you thinking?"

She sighed, lowering her head. "His name is Greg. He's...amazing, honestly. He's popular, handsome, kind, deserves better—"

"Well, your Moon Goddess thinks he deserves you," I grabbed her hand, cutting her off. "I've decided you're going over there to talk to him, and by the end of the night, I better see those fangs in your neck."

Her eyes widened in shock. "What?"

I didn't give her a chance to argue, pulling her toward the guys without a second thought. I just wanted to get to James, but was willing to do her this favor in the process.

"Hey, what's up?" I called out as we approached.

"Hey, Claire," Greg immediately greeted, ignoring my existence. "Y-You look different...but beautiful as always."

I gasped at Claire, waiting for her to respond, but she didn't. Her face was so red, she looked like she might explode at any second. Meanwhile, James was too busy staring at me. Greg was interested in Claire, so I was just waiting for the right moment to get the two out of here.

"Claire's thirsty, Greg," I patted his chest. "Maybe you can go and grab a drink with her, hmm?"

A chuckle came from beside him. It was James.

"Oh no, I—" Claire started, but Greg cut her off.

"Sure," he said quickly. He placed his hand on her waist as he led her away, leaving me alone with James.

I cleared my throat, eyeing the tall guy in front of me. He ran a hand through his thick black hair, his piercing eyes boring into mine as if he were trying to figure me out.

"Smooth," he said, smirking.

"Yes, someone had to do it," I smirked back.

"Right," James nodded. Judging by his gaze, it wouldn't be difficult to get close to this guy. His eyes were filled with lust. He looked easier than the warlocks back home.

"I heard you're the star student," I said. "James?"

"And I heard you're the transfer student," he replied. "The witch—High Priestess's daughter?" He extended his hand. "Adelaide?"

Word seemed to be traveling fast around here.

I accepted his hand, but let it go limp, forcing him to kiss it. I could hardly believe my eyes as that idiot really did so. He was too easy.

But I didn't mind because this same idiot would lead me to Elyx, and the next idiot would lead me to Alaric.

James looked up with a hypnotized look in his eyes, releasing my hand.

I gestured toward Claire and Greg who were sharing a laugh. "Our friends seem to be hitting it off. What do you think?"

James glanced their way, then back at me. "I hope so. She's been running from him for a while now."

"And you've been watching and not did a damn thing," I placed my hand on my hip, calling him out.

"Is your mouth always this big?" James asked, watching me intensely.

"Yes, and it can get as big as you want it to be," I looked him up and down.

His lips curled into an eager smile. I had already figured him out and could tell this banter only fueled his attention.

"So, how are you finding Starlight?" he asked.

I pulled a disgusted face. "Honest opinion?"

"Yes, honest opinion."

"Absolutely hate it," I said. "It smells like shifters, and the guys aren't that cute—except for one."

His brow arched. "Oh? What's his name?"

"James," I said, fluttering my eyes innocently. "The star student."

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"You're just to perfect," James groaned as he moved against me, his hands gripping my thighs to keep me against the tree. I put on my best act and released a fake moan.

The bonfire was fun, but I had a goal to work toward, and James was going to help me with it. I did him a favor, and he'd return the favor—that's how it worked.

I held onto his shoulders, trying to keep myself steady as he thrust deeper, more desperate.

Pressing my lips together, I pretended to keep quiet as my fingers dug into his shirt.

"Tell me," his lips brushed against my ear. "Does this feel good?"

Well, no.

He was selfish, too busy chasing his own release, and it sucked.

"Yes," I breathed, my head falling back against the tree. "Don't stop."

Please do, because you have no idea what you're doing...

That's what I really wanted to say.

He didn't. He moved harder, faster, until I decided not to entertain him any longer. I faked an orgasm with a muffled moan, burying my head in his shoulders as I 'tried' to catch my breath.

James thrust a few more times before his body tensed and he released himself, letting out a low groan.

For a moment, we just stayed like that. Our bodies pressed against each other, my back against the tree until he moved to lean his forehead against mine.

I stared into a pair of brown eyes, caressing his cheek with my fingers. He stared at me like he was in love, and it terrified me.

It wasn't a big deal...to me.

It was just sex.

"You are so fucking perfect," he murmured, brushing a strand of hair from my face.

I chuckled softly, a smile playing on my lips.

"No, you are," I said, giving him a gentle push backward. I was going to tell him exactly what he wanted to hear—and then he would do the same for me.

He was a man, a Lycan, and an idiot who couldn't tell I had just faked my orgasm.

It couldn't get any worse than those three put together, so I knew he would do it.

He wasn't the first guy, and wouldn't be the last to experience this. To me, he was just another number.

We both took a moment to fix ourselves. I smoothed my dress with my hands while he zipped up his jeans. The whole time, James smiled to himself like he had just won the jackpot.

"So," I said, breaking the silence, "I've heard you're close friends with King Elyx of Lyperia?"

James glanced at me, frowning slightly as he tucked his shirt back into his waistband. "Oh, yes. I wouldn't say close, but—"

Close enough.

That was all that mattered.

"Do you think I can meet him?" I cut him off, keeping my voice casual.

He shot me a confused glance. "Why?"

"I-I've always admired Lyperia," I stammered, cringing at my own words. I'd rather blend my own shit and drink it than admire a Lycan kingdom, but I did what I had to do. "It's a strong kingdom, and I doubt a village girl like me would ever get another chance to meet an actual prince."

"Admired?" James nearly cackled. "You know Lycans hate witches—right?"

I stepped closer, giving him a sarcastic look. "Right, and that's why you were inside me just a second ago?"

James clicked his tongue. "You're sharp," he pointed out. "But fair point."

"So?" I pressed, shooting him a daring look. "Can I meet him or should I just ask someone else?"

James quickly shook his head. "There's no need, I can introduce you to him!" He stated. "I can't promise he'll like you, but I can introduce you to him."

See?

Too easy.

"James," I pouted, wrapping my arms around his waist. He looked at me with gentle eyes. Satisfied, I pressed my lips against his giving him a peck. "Thank you, I appreciate it."

"No problem," James said with a smile, brushing his hand over my arms. Him not knowing how to work his dick didn't take away from his kindness—because he was kind. I could tell he was a good guy with good intentions.

For a brief moment, I felt bad—but then I reminded myself that I was a witch. I wasn't supposed to feel bad or guilty. We weren't built like that.

I had a mission, one Mom said was important for the good of the witches, and I was determined to complete it—no matter what it took to get to Alaric.