

When A Witch Loves A Werewolf

Joanna J

Chapter 1: Her Stormy Mood

Part I: A Storm at School

Chapter 1: Her Stormy Mood

Jamie's POV

The wind howled like a wolf in the presence of the full moon. The rain hammered against the roof. Thunder boomed in my ears and lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating my dark bedroom momentarily. I sighed. The weather matched my mood. Today was the first day of my senior year at Ambrosia High and I was less than thrilled about it.

In Ambrosia, werewolves ran the school. They were so naturally athletic that almost every single one of them was a star on some sports team or the other. Jocks, I grumbled inwardly. Humans adored them and in return, they were given protection. The Ambrosia Wolf Pack protected the town from any and every possible threat. Witches, on the other hand, were respected by humans out of fear. They were captivated and frightened of our magic simultaneously. I, as the Maiden of the Ambrosia Coven, was the most feared, which is ridiculous because I was the shyest and most introverted person at the whole school. I chuckled to myself. I was not looking forward to another day of people scampering away from me and whispering and exchanging nervous glances as I walk by. I had really enjoyed my time at home this holiday season. I spent almost all of it indoors, except when the moon was full. I could not resist a full moon. My mother would say I must have a little werewolf blood in me. I laughed at the thought. Witches observed the full moon too. The lunar phases corresponded with different spells. The wolves did not own the Moon like the owned the school.

I showered, letting the warm water run over my long dark brown curls and golden skin. I closed my large hazel eyes to shut out the water and the world. When I was done, I put on my school uniform. Yes. I said it. School uniform. Ambrosia High had a strict dress code. We were only allowed to wear our own clothes on Fridays as a treat and today was Monday. Fridays were also half day, ending at twelve. Every other week day dragged on from eight in the morning to four in the afternoon. At least the uniform was actually attering. It was pretty cute to be honest. Girls wore knee-length, pleated lavender skirts with light grey buttoned down shirts tucked in. The girls' skirts had puffed sleeves which I personally loved. The guys wore grey pants with lavender buttoned down shirts. No puff sleeves. They also had to wear grey ties. We all wore black socks with black ankle boots. I sprayed on my favourite perfume. It was a blend of roses, jasmine and lily of the valley.

I opened my umbrella to shield myself from the heavy downpour. I trudged to the car where my father, James Jaded, was already waiting in the driver's seat. My mother, Jacqueline Jaded, was in the front passenger seat. He looked cheerful. His green eyes sparkled as he laughed, tossing his head back. He had pale skin and blonde hair which contrasted my mother's mocha skin, jet black curls and dark brown eyes. They were both beautiful and outgoing. My mother had even been a beauty queen in her day, winning Miss Ambrosia before I was born. I looked like neither of them exactly with my golden skin and long brown loose curls and waves that always seemed windswept no matter how neatly I styled them. My amber eyes were large and heavily rimmed by long dark lashes. If you saw both of my parents together with me, then you could tell I was theirs. My parents were always telling me I was beautiful. I did not believe them. They were just trying to build my confidence so that I would come out of my shell more, but my shyness had very little to do with my looks. There were things about me even my parents did not know.

"Jamie, I can tell you're really excited for your first day back," my dad said, teasing me. He glanced back at my sullen expression. My mother looked back at me, frowning with worry.

"I'm ok, mom," I lied, perking up.

They now both looked suspicious but said nothing further as they drove through a the torrential downpour of rain to get to the school. I let my mind wander. I hated school but I was excited to see him again. I was sure he might have heard about me as I was the Maiden of the Witch Coven but we had never spoken. I sighed.

"If I didn't know any better," my father's deep voice interrupted my thoughts. "I would say you could control the weather with your moods, Jamie. This weather matches your expression, my little thistle-witch." My father chuckled lightheartedly. My mother, though, peered at me through the rearview mirror. She looked at me as though there might be truth to that joke.

I hurriedly kiss both of their cheeks and grab my huge purple fuzzy backpack and rush out the car. I had left my umbrella behind. I curse inwardly as I run as quickly as someone who hates every sport can. I was slim despite my distaste for sports. I splash through a few puddles as I run through the path to the double front doors. The path was lined with purple rose bushes that were heavily laden with thorns. The school building was boasted ve oors. Grey brick with stein glass windows on the outside. Hardwood oors and oral wallpaping on the inside. The stein glass made the light inside reect all the colours of whatever scene was depicted on each window. Every window told a story of werewolf or witch kind. I scrambled through the double doors, slipping on the wet oor. I could not catch my balance. I waited for my body to hit the hard wood but it did not. Someone caught me in their arms. It was him.

Thanks for reading! I love reading comments! It's so encouraging!

A/N: I have a F a c e book page now. It's Joanna J just like my name here. The username is @joannajwriter

:)