

## Chapter 13: Her Devious Deception

Part IV: Brynn from Below

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Fox's POV

Her red hair was fanned out all around me. Eva was so pretty. I held her tightly. She had come to my house to vent about a ght she'd had with Jamie. Jamie had accused her of putting a hex on her based on something Jessie saw. Eva sobbed into my shirt. I had no idea she was so sensitive. I continued to hold her, soothing her and rocking her. It was so late. Almost midnight. I doubted Eva could drive home in this state.

"Want me to drive you home?" I said. "We can organise getting your car home tomorrow."

Eva snied. "Can't I just stay here?" She mumbled in a small voice.

"Sure," I responded, hoping my parents would not realise I had a witch in my room.

"You sleepy?" I asked. Eva yawned as on cue. "You take the bed, Eva. I can sleep on the couch." I had a small couch in my room.

Before Eva could protest, I lifted her up, bridal style, and put her down on the bed. She yawned again. She had been really chummy with me since that day she introduced herself to me at the beach. She always seemed so unshakeable in her condence but here she was sobbing over her friend.

Eva shifted around, trying to get comfortable. "It's too cold under these covers without you," she whined.

I glanced around my empty room, half-expecting to see my father or mother. My parents were the type to hover. That lifeguard duty was my only freedom. Everything else was dictated by my parents or other elderly people in my family or our witching community. I slipped under the covers, wrapping my arms around Eva. She snuggled into me and soon we were both fast asleep.

Eva's POV

I pretended to be asleep, hoping Fox would fall asleep soon. It worked. I felt his arms around me slacken and grow heavy as he drifted off. I slid out from under him and looked around his room. I had put on quite the show and he bought it. My plan had not gone as smoothly as I thought it would have. Somehow, Jessie spotted me hexing Jamie. I tried to plant the seeds of doubt in Jamie's mind about Jessie but it was futile. The werewolf-mate bond was so strong and to resist it was almost impossible.

Nevertheless, I still had a handle on things overall. Jamie was so upset running away from me that she called forth a violet wind and one of the she-wolves spotted it. That should cause some trouble in paradise. The Witch Luna who summoned natural disasters every time she got emotional. That would unnerve the wolves for sure. The more the hex took effect, the more unstable Jamie would become and when she was at her worst, I would make my nal move.

I found what I was looking for in Fox's room. His house keys! Fox lived on hallowed ground. The witching family to whom he belonged had something of great importance on their premises. A portal. I used his keys to unlock the door that led down to the basement. I walked down narrow winding stone steps in the darkness. His family was in charge of keeping this particular portal sealed. The portal looked like a perfectly circular small pool of water right on the oor of the basement. The black liquid in it bubbled and rippled. I could hear unintelligible whispers emanating from the other side.

I had used all the strength I could muster to invoke the entity that would haunt Jamie's dreams, turning them to nightmares. Sleep deprivation was ideal in getting her to c\*\*\*k under all the pressure. However, nightmares alone would not do the trick. It was time to make those nightmares a reality. It was time to bring forth Brynn from below.

I drew sigils all around the portal. I placed an offering for Brynn, my own blood, by slicing my palm with my athame and leaving a bloody handprint near the portal. I recited the invocation. This would be the third time I had invoked the demon, Brynn, and this time, I would bring her out of the spirt world and into the realm of esh and bones, our realm.

Jamie's POV

I was back in the woods outside the Gold Manor. Jessie was dancing with me again in the moonlight. He was so handsome. He bared his canines but I was not afraid. He sank them into my neck, marking me as his. The pleasure that course to me made my legs give out underneath me but I did not fall because Jessie was holding me up. He pulled away and smiled at me. Before I could say anything I was wrenched from his arms. An invisible force dragged me along the forest oor. I opened my mouth to scream but no sound came out. The force stopped dragging me when we reached the entrance of the Gold Manor. I got to my feet, frantically searching for any sign of who the assailant was. No one was in sight.

"I'm here," came a hoarse whisper.

I awoke with a start. What I saw in the darkness almost made my heart stop. For a split second, standing at the foot of the bed, was the girl from my nightmares with her dark hair and taloned ngers. Her face was obscured in the darkness but I could see her outline clearly. I screamed, a blood-curdling scream that pierced through the night. Just as soon as I spotted her, she vanished.

Jessie jumped awake beside me. "What? What's wrong? Jamie?" He said, pulling me into his arms.

The door to the guest bedroom burst open. My parents and Granny were standing in the doorway. They icked the light on.

"I thought I heard you scream Jamie but it wasn't coming from your room!" Bellowed my father. "What are you doing in Jessie's room?"

He was furious. Jessie held me closer to him.

"Why are you screaming?" My father yelled. He yanked me away from Jessie. Jessie growled and snatched me back.

"What have you done to my daughter?" My father demanded. I felt his energy. He was about to strike out with magic against Jessie.

"Nothing, Daddy!" I shrieked. "Nothing! Jessie didn't do anything! I sleep with Jessie because I have nightmares. I just had another one."

"This isn't the rst time?" My father yelled.

"The rst nightmare?" I asked.

"The rst time sleeping with Jessie?" He bellowed.

I blushed furiously. "Sleep next to," I corrected my earlier statement. "I sleep next to him because I have nightmares. This is the third time. Nightmare wise and being next to Jessie."

My father stared at me. "I am so disappointed in you."

That stung. "You're not even out of high school," he said. "You've been with the guy two weeks. That's not how we raised you."

Tears welled up in my eyes. He was right. It was strangely rebellious behaviour for me but he did not understand the wolf bond. It was not a ing.

"I'm engaged," I said weakly.

"Engaged is not married," my father said. "You're still a teenager. We even let Jessie stay at this house and you sneak around behind our backs."

"Mr Jaded," said Jessie, his voice strained. He was struggling with his inner wolf because he was so angry but he did not want the ght with my father to get ugly.

"Jamie and I don't mean you any disrespect. She's young but eighteen is an adult."

"This is my house," said my father. My mother and grandmother were searching for the right words to say.

"Honey, please calm down," my mother pleaded, her voice soft and soothing. "You're right. Jamie is young. And she's never been a troublesome child. Eighteen years with no complaints. This is her rst real offence."

"Second," insisted my father. "She snuck out the night of the alpha ceremony."

"Ok but she's young and hormonal," said my mother. "She's never had a boyfriend before or even so much as a date or a kiss. Her frustration has probably been building up."

My blush deepened. This was so embarrassing. She just announced to Jessie that I was a loser. He had already spotted that I had no friends but I had not told him about not having any experience prior to him.

Granny put a stop to all the arguing. "I remember catching a certain young wizard with my darling daughter years ago and they were in a much more compromising position than these two," she said.

Jessie snickered. I gasped. My father blanched. My mother stiffened.

"At least Jessie and Jamie have their clothes on," added Granny.

Jessie was beside himself. Werewolves loved a good laugh no matter how awkward the situation. I was too mortied to be amused. My father sighed.

"If I nd out anything more than sleeping is happening in this room, he will be banned from this house and there will be no engagement and no wedding," said my father.

Jessie stiffened. I squeezed his arm so he would not say anything. I was an adult so my parents could not legally stop me from marrying Jessie. However, they could make me have to choose between them and Jessie and I was too fragile these days to even comprehend that. I needed my family's support and I needed Jessie.

My father stormed out. I heard his bedroom door slam. My mother stood there.

"He's just terried of losing his little girl," she said apologetically. "He can't see you as a young woman. You're a little girl in his eyes still." She left.

Granny winked at me and teleported before I could tell her about the girl being in my room.

Jessie got up and closed the door and locked it. He was furious now too.

"The only reason dads freak out like that is because they know how they acted when they were young," Jessie said. "I've been a gentleman, sorta."

Sorta. I remembered the incident in the bathtub. Jessie denitely had a lusty side but he was doing a good job at being patient. I waved my hand, causing Jessie to levitate.

"Whoa!" He exclaimed, caught off guard.

I smiled and brought him towards me, plopping him gently down next to me.

"I saw her in real life," I said, before anyone else could interrupt me.

"The nightmare girl?" Jessie said.

"Yeah, she was standing at the foot of this bed. That's why I really screamed," I said, shuddering at the implications of this. The girl was after me. What did she want?

"It's the hex," said Jessie contently. "Eva is using some kinda ghost or something to haunt you."

"But why?" I asked.

Jessie thought about it. His face became very grave but he did not say anything.

Jessie's POV

I was scared for my Jamie. I blamed Eva but I was worried Jamie had more enemies. Witches who were angry at their Maiden for being with a werewolve. Werewolves who were angry their alpha made a witch their luna. Anyone who did not want to see a half-witch half-werewolf rule. I needed to investigate this but Eva was still my top suspect. I saw her curse Jamie.

I pulled Jamie into my arms. She was too scared to go back to sleep so we made out for a while. She was under me. I tried not to put my whole body weight on her but she kept pulling me downwards. She squeezed my butt cheeks. I was stunned. She giggled. I growled playfully and tickled her mercilessly. She struggled to stie her laughter so she did not wake up her family again. I nally relinquished her and she crawled away to the other side of the bed, opping onto her back, exhausted.

"You're pretty," I said simply, looking at her.

She smiled but said, "I'm in marshmallow patterned pyjamas with no makeup on and my curls are in a messy bun."

"And I'm all about it," I said. She laughed softly.

"How would you react if I actually wore lingerie or something?" She asked.

"You'll nd out," I warned, my eyes darkening as I thought about what I would do to her.

"So I'm your rst kiss, rst boyfriend, rst everything?" I inquired about what her mother had said. I gured Jamie was a virgin but I did not know about her never kissing anyone.

"Yeah," she mumbled sheepishly, looking down.

Whoa. That meant her rst kiss was me pinning her to the wall of the Boys' Bathroom and grinding on her. I wish I had known. I needed to approach her differently. It hit me that this meant Jamie had never been on a proper date and I had proposed to her already without taking her on one.

"I've never taken you on a proper date so that means you've never been on one," I said, the guilty feeling growing. What kind of mate and future husband was I? The only gift she had from me was her actual engagement ring and the only time we'd been out together besides school was my alpha ceremony. I really had not romanced or wooed her. I just kind of inserted myself into her life. I played with the J pendant on my necklace she had given me.

"Well, yeah, I haven't been on a date," she said, still averting her eyes and dgeting.

"Little Luna, you really don't ask for much, huh?" I said. She deserved the whole world and all I'd given her so far was anxiety.

She was quiet. I promised silently to give her the courtship she deserved.

"We should tell your grandmother about the girl right away. We hardly got a word in when everyone came to your room," he said.

We went to Crone Clementine's room and explained the situation.

"It is possible to brier hallucinate after or before a nightmare. They're called hypnogagic or hypnopompic hallucinations. But you're the victim of a hex so we have to treat everything as more of a threat," she said.

Clementine drew a circle around my bed and then lined it with salt. She whispered an incantation that made the salt gleam. She told us to avoid displacing the salt circle by stepping across it carefully. We slept in the protection circle. I had not told Jessie this but I was going to start my investigation tomorrow at school and I already had several people in mind.