

## Chapter 14: Her Dreamy then Dreadful Date

Part IV: Brynn from Below

Chapter 14: Her Dreamy then Dreadful Date

Fox's POV

Eva stirred in my arms. She opened her eyes slowly and blinked at me a few times. I pressed my lips to hers, kissing her gently, our rst kiss. She did not seem surprised. She smirked at me. I did not want to ruin the moment but I had to ask her something.

"Last night, I woke up and you were gone," I said cautiously.

She looked at me, waiting patiently.

"You weren't in the bathroom. Where did you go? You came back after about half an hour. I started to get worried. I wondered if you just went home without telling me but your car was still parked outside," I said all of this quickly, not looking her in the eyes.

"I sleepwalk sometimes. I woke up in a random part of the house and I was scared and ran back to you. I feel so safe with you," she said.

Before I could say anything, she launched herself at me, straddling me, wrapping her arms around my neck. She kissed me deeply. I opened my mouth and slipped my tongue between her lips. I found her tongue and caressed it with mine. When we pulled apart, we were both breathless. I rolled over, pinning her beneath me instead. It was half past seven in the morning already and class started at eight.

"Let's be late for school," I said, out of breath.

"Let's skip it altogether," she responded.

I grinned. I did not care if my parents found out I'd had a witch in my room anymore. Eva was worth the trouble.

Jessie's POV

Eva was not worth the trouble she caused but Jamie liked her and it was time for me to start really considering Jamie's feelings. She had so much to deal with. She was about to start training for the Mother Qualication Exam. I waited around the parking lot. Eva drove a red jaguar which was nowhere to be seen. The school bell rang. I supposed Eva would show up late to class.

As Alpha, I had power at school, even over the faculty. I had Jamie's classes as well as mine rearranged so that we were always together during school hours. Someone was targeting her and she needed my protection. To my pleasant surprise, Chloe, Zoe, Dalton and Zack all rearranged their classes as well to have as many periods with my mate and me as possible. We had Witch Literature rst. Even though I liked reading, I did not adore it as much as Jamie. Witches were really into the literary arts and many great authors were witches or wizards. There were not that many werewolf authors. We were reading a book called When A Witch Loves A Werewolf. Art certainly did imitate life. The book centred around a beautiful and powerful, young witch who fell in love with a rogue sigma werewolf. Sigma wolves were lone wolves so they could withstand loneliness better than alphas, betas, gammas, omegas and other pack wolves. I was sitting in the centre of the middle row with my arms around my Jamie who was studiously taking notes. Dalton was to my right, playing with Zoe's curls, and Zack was to my left, massaging Chloe's wrists. I kept looking at the door, hoping to see Eva walk in. She was in this class, and so was that guy she was always with, Tiger? He seemed ok. I actually felt sorry for him that he was caught up with Eva. Neither of them had arrived yet.

Professor Keiko was a very slender witch with long black hair who was admired by many of the girls at Ambrosia High for her fashion sense. She was wearing a green silk dress today that matched her green cat eye glasses. She was an attractive witch but I only had eyes for my little witch, Jamie. Quinn, who was still unmated, seemed to have a crush on Professor Keiko. He sat in the front centre of her class so he could be the closest to her in proximity. Quinn usually kept to himself at the back of every other class so for him, this was a big deal.

"The classic Witch novel, Which Witch, tells the story of a naive witch, Mina, who meets a wandering witch, Nina. Nina frames Mina for several murders and as a result, the innocent Mina is sent to prison. Mina breaks out of her cell. She exacts revenge on Nina by murdering her, thereby becoming a wicked witch herself. The moral of the story is pretty simple. Anyone cares to tell us what the moral is?"

No one cared to explain what the moral was. I slipped a note to Jamie. She picked it up smiling.

Professor Keiko frowned and said, "Jamie, since you are passing notes in my class, you must know the answer already, so please enlighten us."

I glared at the teacher. "Professor I passed her the note. She's innocent just like Mina," I said, eliciting laughter from the class.

"Bad association spoils useful habits. Also, it's about becoming what you hate if you're not careful," said Jamie.

"Fine," said Professor Keiko. "I don't want any secrets in my class so let's read your note, shall we."

Since when was Professor Keiko such a b\*\*\*\*h? She unfolded my note to Jamie and read it: "Dear Jamie, would you like to go on a date with me? Check yes, sure or absolutely."

The class laughed again. Jamie blushed.

"Is class the appropriate time to ask this? Do you have anything to say for yourself, Jessie," Keiko said. She was one of the few professors who did not give me special treatment.

"Jamie, will you go out with me?" I announced.

The class erupted into laughter. Keiko looked extremely annoyed.

"I'd love to," responded Jamie. My eyes lit up. Keiko crumpled the note and threw it away.

Jamie's POV

I was so excited for my date tonight with Jessie. I wore a pastel pink pleated mini skirt with a grey crop top with lantern sleeves and a sweetheart neckline. My shoes were open-toed sandals with clear heels and clear straps. I left my curls loose and did my makeup. They looked as though they were made of glass. I opened the door before Jessie could knock. He seemed surprised.

"Intuition," I said, witches had a knack for knowing when someone was coming.

"You're beautiful as always," Jessie said, his eyebrows arching upwards.

"Thanks," I said, blushing.

Jessie grinned. He was in dark blue jeans a grey shirt. He was holding a huge bouquet of pink roses. I smiled. I had never gotten owers before. I thanked him and quickly put them in a vase. Jessie drove me to a colossal carnival with rides and games. He opened my door for me and held my hand, ngers interlaced. He bought our tickets and we walked through the huge iron gates into a whirlpool of colour, noise and bright lights. Children were shrieking excitedly and laughter led the air. There was upbeat music playing. I smelled a variety of savoury and sweet aromas. Carnival food was supposed to be really good. Jessie insisted I try the clown face ice cream sandwiches. I took a bite of one as Jessie led me to the ferris wheel.

When we reached the top of the ferris wheel, I gasped. It was a beautiful view of the town. The ferris wheel stopped for a while with me and Jessie at the top. Jessie handed me a small pink box. I opened it to nd a gold necklace like the one I had given him. It also had a J pendant. I glanced at Jessie and he was wearing his.

"The J is for Jessie because the J around my neck is for you, Jamie," he said.

"Thank you," I said softly. He moved my long curly hair to the side and put the necklace on for me.

"If I'd known I would be your rst kiss, this is how I would have planned it," said Jessie.

The night sky with its crescent moon and twinkling stars above us, the blinking lights of the carnival and the rest of Ambrosia below us, Jessie softly caressed my cheek. He tilted my chin upwards gently, leant in and pressed his lips to mine. The kiss was soft and short and sweet. He kissed the tip of my nose, my eyelids, my forehead and my cheeks. I giggled. Jessie gazed at me lovingly. He pulled me closer so that I was almost sitting on his lap.

"Jamie," he whispered in my ear, "I'm so happy I found you."

"I feel the same way," I said, resting my head on his shoulder.

Jessie held me by the waist and led me to the haunted house next. It was a complete joke. Nothing in there was scary. We ended up laughing the whole time. Jessie was laughing so hard he fell over and because he was holding me, I toppled to the ground with him. Jessie pinned me to the carpeted oor. He trailed kisses from my forehead down to my bellybutton. I was panting. Jessie continued to rain kisses on my exposed midsection.

"We should stop," I murmured faintly. Jessie had turned his attention to my thighs, placing kisses all over them while his hands massaged my calves.

At my suggestion, he picked me up and placed me gently on my feet. He led me outside. I clung to him happily. We played a couple games and he won everything easily, being an extremely powerful alpha. He won at ring toss, knocked the metre off the charts with the mallet at the strength o' metre and hit the bullseye every time at darts. My arms were full with three giant teddy bears: one polar bear, one panda and a brown bear. Jessie put the bears in the backset of his car and buckled all three of them in like they were passengers. I giggled.

"We need to get you some real food. All you had was that ice cream," he said. He drove me to one of his favourite restaurants. The pasta there was delicious. I had way too much garlic bread. My skirt felt tight at the waist.

"Excuse me," I said, getting to my feet, a little off balance on my heels. Jessie had gotten us a bottle of wine and I was not used to drinking even though the drinking age in Ambrosia was only seventeen and I was eighteen.

I stumbled into the bathroom. The tiles were pale pink in the ladies' room and the sinks all had oval mirrors framed by twinkling pink fairy lights. It was so pretty. The long row of stalls were all occupied. Weird. There had been no one in the restaurant itself beside me, Jessie and an elderly couple celebrating their 50th anniversary. I looked at the stalls. There were no feet in any of them but they were all locked. When I turned my back to go fetch a worker, I heard a click behind me. I spun around. The last stall opened. I really needed to use it. I walked towards the stall. It seemed to get further and further away. The row of stalls, mirror, sinks and twinkling lights extended endlessly. I looked the other way and saw the exit was no longer in sight. The stalls continued indefinitely that way too. I began to panic. Something was very wrong. The twinkling lights all ickered off. Then, the uorescent lights overhead hummed loudly, sparking, before they shut off, plunging me into darkness. I screamed.

I looked in the mirror straight head of me. The mirror cracked in half, then shattered completely, pieces of broken glass falling into the sink. Behind the mirror was an oval shaped hole in the wall. A taloned hand reached out of the whole. I ran down the line of stalls, looked back every few seconds. The girl was contorting herself so that she could climb out of the small hole. I heard her bones c\*\*\*k in and out of place.

"Who are you?" I shrieked "What do you want?"

The girl appeared out of thin air, right in front of me. I halted, skidding a little on the tiles. Her face caught me off guard. She looked like a normal little girl all of a sudden. She kept her hand behind her back so I could not see if they still bore talons.

"My name is Brynn," said the girl, her voice soft.

"Where did you come from?" I asked. My face was wet. I realised I had tears running down my cheeks.

Brynn removed one of her hands from her back. Sure enough, it was the same taloned hand. She pointed with her index nger to the ground.

"From below," she said, her voice deeper than before.

"What do you want?" I whispered, already knowing the answer.

She pointed her talon at me and then smiled that malevolent smile.

I mustered all my strength and teleported, appearing in the middle of the restaurant, near the elderly couple's table. They jumped. Jessie spotted me and sprang to his feet. He rushed to my side, pulling me into his arms.

"What happened? Are you ok?" He said, surveying me. He wiped my tear-streaked cheeks with his hands.

The waiter came over to us.

"Is everything all right, Miss?" Asked the waiter.

"The girl, she was here, in the bathroom," I managed to splutter. Jessie rushed to the ladies' room with me and the waiter close behind him.

He threw the door open. No one was there. All the stalls were unlocked and vacant. The lights were all on. The mirrors were all whole. My breathing slowed a little. Was I hallucinating? Was I that drunk? I felt sober now.

Jessie quickly paid the bill and tipped the confused and concerned waiter. He rushed me to his car and sped to my house. He took me straight to my Grandmother. He explained what happened. I added the details about the girl's name, where she was from and what she wanted.

Grandmother Clementine wore a grim expression.

"She's being haunted," Jessie said.

"Not exactly," said Granny. "She's being terrorised but Brynn is no ghost. She's a demon.

"So what do we do? An exorcism? She's not possessed," Jessie said, wanting an immediate solution.

"Brynn would not come for you on her own," Granny said. "She must have been sent to do the bidding of another. An evil sorceress."

"Yeah, Eva," Said Jessie, as though it were obvious.

"Eva could not pull this off on her own. She must be acting under the direction of someone older and more powerful. You told me she is your school friend. She would not have this kind of power," said Granny.

"So what next?" Insisted Jessie.

"The demon will only leave it if either completes its task or the person who summoned it dies. The third way is to seal it away. That would be the most difficult. Summoning a demon is intense magic but sealing one is ten times as tricky," Granny said.

"So either we kill Eva or seal the demon away," Jessie said.

I gasped, shocked to hear him say that. We did not know for sure that she had anything to do with this.

"What if it's not even her doing?" I yelled.

"Oh, please, Jamie, how naive can you be?" Retorted Jessie.

I left the Witching Room and ran up to my own room. Before I could slam the door, Jessie rushed into the room. He was lightning fast. I groaned and threw myself on the bed, face down in a pillow. Jessie sighed. I heard him close the door and lock it. I felt him unbuckling the clear straps of my shoes and sliding them off. I snied, looking up from my now mascara stained pillow.

Jessie had one of my face wipes in his hand. He wiped my eyes and my cheeks and lips. He rummaged through my drawers and found a nightgown that I literally never wore. It was a present from one of my aunts. She had been married three times, each wizard richer than the next. The nightgown was short, pink, lacy and slightly see-through with.

"We'll get through this together," Jessie said softly. "I'm not gonna hurt anyone you care about. I'm not a monster."

I felt guilty instantly. I did not think of him like a monster. Some witches thought of werewolves that way but not me. Jessie was my everything.

He made me raise my arms so he could pull my crop top off over my head. I stood up and he unzipped my skirt, sliding it downwards. I stepped out of it. I stood there in just my underwear. I thought I would pass out when Jessie unhooked my bra. My whole body was tingling. He took my bra, skirt and top and put them in the hamper. I hugged my arms to my chest to cover up but Jessie was not actually trying to look. I was slightly disappointed. He put the nightgown he had picked on me and tucked me in.

"Do you want to sleep together or separately tonight?" He asked. Both my bed and his guest bed already had protection circles cast over them but I could not bear to be alone after what I had just experienced.

"What do you want?" I asked hesitantly.

"You," he said matter-of-factly.

"You have that already," I said.

Jamie smiled. He stripped down to his boxers, too tired to fetch any night clothes from the guest room. He turned off the lights and crawled into bed. My whole body felt ultra-sensitive. The fabric of my nightgown was so thin. My breasts and tittle were visible and Jessie was just in his boxers. He had never cuddled wearing this party before. The date had really been wonderful before that thing ruined it. I remembered how Jessie's kisses on my tummy and thighs felt earlier and I shivered at the thought. Jessie pulled me towards him, thinking I was cold. I didn't protest.

My head was lying on his bare chest. One leg was over his waist. His arms were around me, one hand running through my hair and the other stroking my back. I wanted more but I did not know how to ask for it. I did the only thing I could think of and I began softly kissing his chest and abdomen. Jessie groaned. I kissed his thighs and squeezed his calves like he had done to me earlier.

"Stop it, little Luna. I'm trying to maintain control of myself," he said, his voice husky.

"Don't," I said simply, rubbing my cheek against his lower abdomen.

Jessie did not need to be told twice. He pulled me upwards to straddle his waist. Then he rolled over so I was pinned underneath him instead. The nightgown was so short that it got kicked up easily. There was nothing but my thin cotton underwear and his boxers separating us. Jessie grinded his hips against me, making me moan. He had given me an o\*\*\*\*m once before in the bathtub. He pushed the nightgown further upwards so that my bare breasts were revealed. Both n\*\*\*\*s were already painfully hard but Jessie pinched them anyway. I squealed. He silenced me, crushing my lips with his. He nibbled my bottom lip and then explored my mouth with his tongue. He grinded against me harder. This was the more I wanted. But it still was not enough. I felt a strange feeling, like a physical emptiness that I wanted relieved, lled somehow. He pulled the nightgown all the way off, letting it fall to the oor. My heart was racing. Jessie slipped my underwear off. I clamped my thighs together.

Jessie stood, slid his boxers down and stepped out of them. It was huge and I could tell he was extremely aroused.

"What do you want to do, little witch?" He murmured, climbing back into bed with me.

Suddenly, I lost all my nerve.

"Can we just cuddle?" I said. I felt like a complete i\*\*\*\*t. I wondered how angry he would be with me.

He just chuckled.

"Sure, but we're gonna sleep without pyjamas from now on, the way werewolves do," he said, tracing patterns on my bare tummy with his ngers.

"Ok," I said meekly.

Jessie parted my legs so he could lie between them, his abdomen pressing against my most sensitive area and his face nestled between my breasts. I could tell he was listening to my heartbeat. I cradled his head, running my hands through his silky, dark hair. I fell asleep and all my dreams were of Jessie and no one else.