

Chapter 15: Her Missing Mark

Part IV: Brynn from Below

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Jessie's POV

It took everything I had to keep in control last night. My little witch was really testing my limits. I was not a wizard or a human man. I was a werewolf, an alpha and the primal side of me was very powerful, overwhelming at times. I woke up. My morning wood was much stiffer than usual because of the events from last night. I groaned. My head was nestled against my little witch Luna's breasts. Her skin was so soft. My abdomen was pressing against her core. I did not want to move. I sighed.

I felt my little Luna stirring. She was a little tease and I would punish her one day for it. I smirked to myself thinking about it. The future could not come fast enough. Jamie stretched out underneath me. She yawned. Hey eyelids slowly uttered open. She seemed surprised, like she had forgotten the position we had fallen asleep in.

"Hi," Jamie said shyly.

I kissed her tummy. "Hey," I whispered, my breath ticking her tummy. She giggled.

I got up and pulled my mate up. I swung her over my shoulder like a sack of potatoes. She screamed and then started to giggle. I laughed.

"Put me down! Jessie!" She squealed.

I released her. She sighed in relief. She stood staring at me for a moment. Her eyes traveled downwards. She blushed and snatched up her nightgown and my boxers from the oor. She handed me the boxers and quickly slipped on her own nightgown. I put on my boxers and the rest of my clothes. I grabbed my car keys.

"Huh?" She said, surprised I was leaving.

"I have a lot of alpha duties pending, Jamie," I said gently. I knew she was frightened of that thing that tried to attack her yesterday but I actually had some of my werewolves who were out of school stationed nearby to keep an eye on things.

"Ok," she said, her face falling.

I kissed her softly and hugged her tightly. I was worried about leaving her on her own today.

"Promise me you'll stay with Grandmother Clementine, today," I said. "You need to work on your thirteen skills and train for being Mother of your Coven anyway," I added.

"Ok," she said.

"Ok?" I raised my eyebrows.

"I promise, Jessie," she said.

I kissed her forehead.

"I'll miss you, my big bad wolf," she said.

"I'll miss you, my little wicked witch," I teased.

"Wicked?!" She exclaimed, her eyes widening.

I ran out laughing before she could argue.

At the Gold Manor, my parents greeted me with raised eyebrows.

"We have a son?" Questioned my Father.

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes.

"We had a son," my Mother said. "He disappeared one day. Haven't seen him since."

"Mom!" I said. I did not expect that from her. She laughed and hugged me. Dad tried to join the hug but I playfully pushed him away. He pretended to wrestle with me.

"You've been alpha for ve seconds and you think you can challenge me?" He chuckled.

I ducked out of his grip, laughing. I missed them. Of course, I came home almost every other day but it felt as though I was spending a great amount of time at Jamie's house.

"Is it not an option for her to come here?" My mom asked, standing across from me in the breakfast room. We all sat around the large round dining table, the light streaming in the huge glass windows. Chandeliers hung overhead and priceless antiques decorated the mantle of a large replace.

"Um," I said, buying time. Explaining that Jamie's father would potentially try to stop the marriage if I pushed him too much would make my parents want to have another meeting with the Jaded family. I had not even explained about the hex or the demon thing haunting her. It was time to bring my parents up to speed.

Their expressions changed from amusement to worry to sheer horror as I explained about Brynn, the thing haunting Jamie. I told them about the black pouch Eva had put in Jamie's bag and that I was sure she was behind it. I told them harming Eva was denitely not an option. Jamie wanted to seal the demon.

"Jessie!" Cried my mother. "Why didn't you come to us sooner?"

"We're your parents, son. Being alpha doesn't mean trying to handle everything on your own. It also means knowing when to ask for help, for backup. Allies are important in any battle," lectured my father.

I looked down. They were right. I should have kept them informed.

"Jamie would be safe here," said my grandmother, entering the room. She was hand in hand with my grandfather.

"Dark magic does not work in this house. The Gold Manor was once a fortress for werewolves in a war against an evil sorceress. The house is fortified with protection spells and blessed," said my grandfather.

Why was I only just being made aware of this?

I remembered how Jamie's grandmother, Crone Clementine and my own grandmother, Titania, had been friends when they were my age. Maybe our grandmothers could work this out between them.

"Grandmother," I said slowly. "Would you talk to Crone Clementine about Jamie coming to stay here for a while? Just for safety."

"Oh, I haven't had a proper chat with Clem in years. We didn't even chat really at the engagement discussion," said my grandmother. "Do you think she'd listen to me?"

"She said she likes me because I'm your grandson," I said, grinning.

My grandmother's face lit up.

Jamie's POV

Was I co-dependant? A demon was after me, I had a magical exam to train for and I had to be strong emotionally as the new Luna but all I could think about was how much I missed Jessie. Eva wasn't talking to me anymore and I had promised Jessie I would stay close to my grandmother for safety so I called Zoe hoping for someone to talk to about this. She had calmed me down when I thought things were ending between Jessie and me. I also called Chloe who seemed shocked that I even had her number but agreed to come over anyway. Chloe had snapped me out of my panic attack when I almost summoned a tornado in the school's hallway.

Zoe sat cross-legged on my bed, eating potato chips. She was in a mini mint babydoll dress with matching ballet ats. Chloe was wearing her signature designer heels and a form-tting mini red dress with puff sleeves. I was wearing a mini pleated baby blue skirt with a white crop t-shirt and clear heels.

"So, is it crazy that I felt so upset that he had to go do alpha stuff. I mean that's perfectly reasonable. Why do I always feel like my heart is breaking if I'm away from him or the slightest change happens?" I said, hugging myself and looking at the empty pint of vanilla chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream regretfully. Why did I eat all of it in one sitting?

Zoe looked at me and then she leant closer, staring at my neck. Chloe leant forwards too. She even sniffed me. They both gasped and exchanged a glance.

"He hasn't marked you yet!" Zoe said.

"Not only has he not marked you," said Chloe, "he hasn't mated you at all. I smell him on you but it's only on the surface."

I blushed so furiously, I literally covered my cheeks with my hands.

Chloe snickered and Zoe giggled.

"I...don't have any experience," I mumbled defensively.

"Zack was my rst, too," Said Chloe nonchalantly. I was really starting to like and respect Chloe. She had the condence I wanted.

"Same with me and Dalton," said Zoe, nodding. Zoe had the composure I wanted.

Maybe it was important to work as a team with Chloe and Zoe like Jessie did with Zack and Dalton.

"Dalton marked me the same night he phased," Zoe explained. "I'm human so we were both anxious for me to become immortal and marking me was the only way. And...when a werewolf marks his mate it's really dicult to not...nish the whole process."

Chloe explained it more matter-of-factly, "Marking means he bites your neck, leaving a permanent mark or scar. It's his mark and deters other werewolves from bothering you. It also binds you to him as his mate, meaning you can sense what is going on with each other. Because I'm a she-wolf, I marked Zack too. Humans like Zoe can only be marked."

"Does it hurt?" I asked.

"No, it feels amazing," they chorused. I giggled. Both Chloe and Zoe had said that so excitedly. I was anticipating being marked now. I would be able to feel as though he were always with me.

"Also, that crazy feeling is a combination of regular old love and lust mixed in with the fact that you have found your mate but remain unmated. The mate-werewolf bond is trying to get you to hurry up and you know," said Chloe.

It was nice to know there was a reason behind it.

"Zack marked me right after he rst phased too. We had been dating on and off from before, hoping to be each other's mates. He came to my room after he rst phased," Chloe said, ushering a bit as she remembered whatever happened between them.

"When you get marked you have to mate too?" I asked.

"No," said Chloe and Zoe in unison.

"I was marked and then we...mated right after," said Zoe.

"Zack technically marked me right after we mated. Then I marked him," added Chloe.

I was never one to succumb to peer-pressure. I never had friends to pressure me anyway but hearing that Chloe and Zoe were marked and mated immediately after they guys rst phased made me worry. Did Jessie love me less than Dalton and Zack loved Zoe and Chloe? I reminded myself that both couples had gotten to have proper quality time before the guys rst phased. Jessie and I had only had the rst ve days of senior year. Also, I was sure Jessie could sense how hesitant I was long before my mother told him about my lack of romantic history.

"So I can be marked now and lose my you-know later?" I asked.

Both girls nodded. I remembered something.

"Jessie proposed to me the morning after he rst phased and he tried to...get intimate," I said, remembering the rst time he ever saw my room. "But, I told him no. Technically, I've refused twice, including last night" I admitted.

"And then Jessie left to do alpha stuff this morning," I said. "Do you think he's secretly upset?"

Zoe and Chloe looked at each other and then at me.

"Everyone is different, Jamie," Zoe said kindly.

"Yeah, Jessie will get over it," said Chloe. "But, is there any particular reason you don't want to?"

I thought about it.

"I had to try not to even hope that Jessie and I could be together. It was something everyone thought was impossible before he phased. So when I nally found out I was meant to be his Luna, I had this feeling as though the rug could be pulled out from underneath me at any moment," I said, hoping that made sense.

"You're still insecure about it?" Chloe asked.

"Yeah," I said.

"It seems too good to be true," said Chloe.

"Yeah!" I said.

I was scared to give everything to Jessie. I spent my whole life thinking a werewolf could never have a witch for a mate because there was no record of it happening before. I was the rst as far as anyone knew. I got exactly what I did not dare to hope for and I was afraid to enjoy it too much less it be snatched away. It was time for me to have more faith in Jessie and in myself.

"I'm gonna ask Jessie to mark me," I said.