

Chapter 3: Her Big Bad Wolf

Part 1: A Storm at School

Chapter 3: Her Big Bad Wolf

Jesse's POV

Even though I had left her in the entrance hall, my mind was with her still. I did not know what had come over me. Her little half-bow and thank you were so cute. It made something inside of my torso burn. I wanted to touch her. Somehow. My lips against her ear were the only thing I could get away with. I made myself leave before I did anything even dumber. I was not allowed to entertain this. My parents would be horrified if they knew I had a liking for that little witch. Not just any witch, I reminded myself. The Maiden of Witches. The future Mother of her Coven once she was matched with someone. Witches did not have denite, fate-chosen mates like we werewolves did. They had some witchy ceremony in which they "matched" with someone. This happened once every year and the "matching" was covertly decided by their parents and revealed to the respective witch and wizard at the ceremony. I did not know anymore than that. Just that it was not anything like the true love we had with our mates. It was basically an arranged marriage cooked up by the parents of the bride and groom. They decided who their kids could and could not marry. We wolves let fate decide. Witches could even divorce. Wolves mated for life. We did not need divorce. The mate bond was so unbreakable. I had never actually heard of anyone resisting the bond successfully. Why would anyone want to? To be with your mate was bliss, a heaven on earth so to speak.

Dalton and Zachary sat to my left. There were three people per bench in the high-ceilinged classroom. The roof was dome-shaped. The dome was made of glass. Not stein glass like the windows. Clear so we could see the rain make rivers down the sides of the dome as the lightning zigzagged across the sky. Amid the thunder, Zachary chastised me.

"What was that? What do you think you are doing?" He spat.

"Reading this textbook," I said innocently as I leafed through Charmed and Dangerous, one of the senior textbooks for our Magic Class. Ambrosia High curriculum matched the diversity of its students. We studied magic as well as lupine skills and even human subjects like mathematics. Just because I had super speed and strength did not mean I got away from learning calculus.

Zachary sighed. "Look. I know you have a thing for that little witch. You're my future alpha and I respect you but I can't sit by while you actually entertain the thought of fraternising with her. She's the Maiden of Witches. What if she puts a spell on you? What will happen to the pack?"

"Do you think our future alpha is not strong enough to ght off a spell," countered Dalton, surprising me by taking my side. Werewolves were about ten times harder to spellbind than humans. It was possible but the stronger the wolf, the stronger the immunity and I was to be Alpha, strongest of the strong.

Zachery smirked. "She's the Maiden so she's got powerful magic but she won't even need it. I see the way he looks at her. He's under her spell all right. She did not even need to cast it."

My face ushered. I buried my head in the book. Was it that obvious? She was cute. I was a man still. She was a woman. Werewolves and Witches acted like they we did not have anything in common. I knew a few Werewolves who had hooked up with Witches. They moved on when they found their true mates of course and the witches went their merry way after their matching ceremony. Relationships like that had to be kept under wraps but we all knew of them. He was right though. What was the point of irting with her? My birthday was Friday and today was Monday. In a couple of days, I would phase and my inner wolf would show me my mate. I had no inkling of who it was though and this worried me. Dalton and Zachery both had crushed on the girls they ended up being mated to even before they phased. Wolves usually felt a natural attraction to their mate before phasing. There was always a high chance your current girlfriend or crush was your future mate when you were a wolf. Every she-wolf that was unmated and every available human girl had their eyes on me but none of them drew me in. It was not like I had a thing for witches either. I did not know the name of a single witch at school besides Jamie.

She entered the classroom just then. The thunder seemed to grow louder and the lightning brighter. The rain was falling in sheets now. Was she responsible for this? I pushed the thought out of my mind. Witches always got blamed for everything. I did not want to be like that. There had been witch hunts in Ambrosia centuries ago before the treaty. She kept her gaze on the oor as she walked in. Whispers greeted her entrance. She was nearing my bench. Humans and Witches craned their neck to look at her. The humans regarded her with fear and the witches, with respect. The wolves pretended to take no notice but I could feel them collectively stiffen. My heart went out to her. She must be so lonely. Everyone was the opposite with me, warm and welcoming. The classroom was chilly. She hugged herself to keep warm. My little witch. I would keep you warm. I silently cursed myself. What had gotten into me? It felt like I was even crazier about her this school year. I thought my feelings would fade as I got closer to my phasing but they were growing. She sat in the only empty seat left which was directly behind me. I stiffened. Dalton smirked. He was amused. Perhaps, Dalton was less annoyed than Zachary because Dalton's mate was human. Wolves could be mated to humans. It was not common but it did occur naturally and was accepted. The human would not get any special powers but would be granted with immortality when marked and mated by the wolf who was bonded to them. The gift of immortality could only be bestowed upon a human mate by his or her wolf mate. We were not able to hand this out freely. Otherwise, every rich human would have bribed their way to immortality by now.

The bench Jamie was at was empty but the two other seats had backpacks placed on them. Dalton and Zachery were saving those two seats for their mates. Chloe Harper and Zoe Vale walked in and my boys' faces lit up like children on Christmas morning. I grinned in spite of myself. It was always funny to see how much these big bad wolves softened when their mates were around. Both girls were around Jamie's height. Why couldn't I stop thinking about Jamie? Chloe had wavy light blonde hair down to her mid-back, alabaster skin, and astonishingly blue eyes. Zoe had a caramel complexion with big brown eyes and ebony curls. Both girls were movie-star beautiful. Chloe was a she-wolf and Zoe was human. Zachary pulled Chloe into his lap when she reached him.

"I saved the seat behind me for you but there's a seat for you right here as well," said Zachery, suggesting Chloe remain on his lap. She giggled and pressed her lips against his. I heard Zachery growl a little. This made Chloe giggle even more. Zoe was also in her mate's lap. Dalton had his arms around her from behind. He was whispering something in her ear. Zoe was smiling and biting her lip, clearly listening intently. I saw Dalton lick Zoe's ear and then nibble on its lobe. I could smell both girls were getting excited. I groaned to myself. Sometimes, it was torture being around the guys and their mates when I had no one yet. Both Chloe and Zoe had been marked and mated. Zoe had been gifted with immortality by Dalton. She was still human but now she could remain young and unchanged like Dalton indefinitely. Wolves could not stand to lose their mate once they've already found them so human mates had to become immortal. Otherwise, their wolves would suffer the rest of eternity alone once the humans aged and died. Dalton still treated Zoe as though she were made of glass despite her newfound immortality. He was now gently pulling on one of her curls and watching it spring back into place. I suddenly wanted to touch one of Jamie's curls again. I looked back at her before I could stop myself and Dalton and Zachery were too absorbed with their mates to notice.

Jamie met my eyes again. I smiled. That was when it happened.

Jamie's POV

When the bell rang, I scurried down the hallway and into my first class according to my senior year schedule. I was not expecting all three of those wolves to be in my class. I tried my hardest not to look at Jesse or his friends, keeping my eyes down. I walked up the stairs. The class was built like a theatre with each bench a step higher than the next. There were three chairs per bench. Only the back bench still had room. It was a full class. I sat directly behind Jesse. The other two chairs had backpacks on them. He was probably creaped out by me. All the classmates besides the wolves were whispering about me. My stomach was in knots. The rain became heavier and the thunder roared. The lightning illuminated the dim dome again and again. I was wringing my handkerchief nervously between my hands. The whispers seemed to intensify and the stares became more blatant. They were enjoying the show. The Maiden Witch was sitting behind the Alpha Wolf. Chloe Harper, a blonde, pale she-wolf, and Zoe Vale, a caramel complexioned human with jet-black curls, walked in. Oh no! These two seats beside me were being saved for the mates of the Beta and Gamma. Zoe was Beta Dalton's human mate. She had recently become immortal. Chloe was the mate of Gamma Zachery. I was relieved when both girls ended up in the laps of their mates instead of next to me. I knew they would have to stop the PDA and sit in their seats when the teacher came but at least then class would be in session and I would not have to sit in awkward silence among wolves. I watched Chloe and Zoe both getting cuddled and kissed and caressed in the middle of class. Wolves were so open with their love. I usually found it inappropriate but today I felt something else. I felt envy. Jessie was as still as if he had been turned to stone but I knew he was aware of everything. I saw Dalton licking Zoe's ear and then he began to play with her hair. I was reminded of Jessie touching my hair earlier. I turned instinctively to look at his back only to find that he had turned around. Our eyes met. I wish I were on his lap. He would find his mate Friday and it could not be me. I was a witch. It could be a she-wolf or even a human but not me. That was the first time I let myself think about was his birthday really meant. By next Monday, I would be in this same class watching him kiss and caress his mate on his lap. I had not exactly admitted that so plainly to myself before. Something inside me snapped as the realisation hit me. He would not look back at me like this next Monday. He would only have eyes for her, whoever she was. I screamed inwardly and it happened. I really did not mean to do it. I should have known better as the Maiden of Witches. My essence lashed out of its own accord. As a witch, one should always remain calm but I was having a panic attack and the storm raged reaching a crescendo. The rain was so heavy it was as loud as the thunder. I heard a cracking sound. Everyone looked up. The glass dome had a crack in it. The c***k widened a sickening and looked at the students wisely started running out of the classroom. All except me. I stood there staring at the widening c***k watching the glass dome split apart. I was trying to calm myself. The Beta and Gamma practically carried their mates out of the room. The Alpha would be obsessed with his mate's safety by next week. My blood boiled. I saw red. The glass shattered. I heard a gasp. Jesse was still in the room. How had I not noticed that? I screamed not for myself but for him. I could no longer stop the glass from crashing over him.

Jesse's POV

The glass dome had a crack in it. Everyone panicked. My Beta and Gamma took their mates to safety. Everyone but Jamie and I had left the room. I glared at her. Was she doing this? Was she insane? Even if this was her doing, why was she not getting herself to safety? I thought about just scooping her up like my friends had done with their mates. That might terrify her momentarily but would keep her safe. Unfortunately, there was no time left. The glass shattered. Jamie screamed. My body reacted. In a flash, I had her in my arms. There was not enough time to exit before the glass fell but I was able to shield her body with mine as I pulled both of us under a bench for cover.

Jamie's POV

Jesse ew into action. One moment he was standing staring upwards, the next he was holding me and pulling me under a bench. Good idea. I had a better one. I cast a forcefield with my magic over the bench we were under so all the falling shards of glass just bounced off of it. We were left completely unscathed. After the downpour of glass, I had to drop the forcefield because I was exhausted from all the magic I had just expended unintentionally and then intentionally. We began to get wet in the rain which now fell freely into the roof-less classroom. The bench provided some shelter but the rain was still very heavy. Jessie had me cradled in his arms holding me from behind, his body covering mine. He sat under the bench and spun me around to face him. We were nose to nose cramped under the bench. The realisation that he had just put himself in harm's way for me hit me. It seemed the realisation that I had shielded both of us with magic hit him because he was grinning from ear to ear. He seemed impressed.

"Good job, my little witch," he almost purred. "You can handle yourself." He sounded so proud.

I beamed at him. "Thanks my big bad wolf," I said, laughing.

Jamie looked astonished at my nickname for him. His face broke into a grin again. He pulled me into him, wrapping his arms around me, holding me tightly against his chest. He was so warm. His body felt so strong. He could break every bone in my body but he held me so delicately. I put my arms around him, nuzzling into his neck. Why was I trying to break my own neck now? This could not continue. But it did. My body felt like it had caught on re when Jessie pressed his lips against my ear. He licked and kissed the tender skin on my ear and neck. Goosebumps sprang up all over my body. He sucked and nibbled my earlobe. Shivers ran through me. This was getting out of hand and I was thoroughly enjoying every second of it. Another storm was brewing. This one was not just in Ambrosia or at school. This storm was inside me.