Chapter 10: His Sneaky Sleepover

Part III: A Lovely Luna

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Jamie's POV

A delicious smell wafted through the house. I knew it was coming from Granny Clementine's Witching Room. I had been avoiding my parents and spending most of my time at home either hiding in my room or pretending to do witchcraft in the Witching Room. Things were a bit tense with my parents. We usually got along quite well. I had never actually broken any house rules before sneaking out for Jessie's alpha ceremony. It seemed as though my parents were still in shock that I was actually the future Luna. Even I was still in shock that I was actually the future Luna. I made my way to the Witching Room and peaked in. Grandmother Clementine was crouched over her cauldron. A dark liquid bubbled in her cauldron, its fumes filled the air. The aroma was mouthwatering.

"What potion is that?" I asked, intrigued.

"Soup," said Granny. I snorted with laughter. "Want some?" She offered.

The soup tasted as delicious as it smelled. I sighed looking at my reflection in the back of my spoon. Grandmother Clementine ignored me. I sighed even louder. She raised an eyebrow and chuckled.

"Your parents will come around," she said simply. "They're coping even better than I imagined. At least they agreed to let you get engaged."

I did not really need their permission because I was eighteen but I did want their blessing. I was not used to being uncomfortable at home and comfortable at school. It was usually the other way around. Jessie had literally turned my life upside down and inside out but I would not trade him for the world. Also, lunch with Jessie had given me an idea for my first mission as Luna.

That night, I actually took a bath instead of a shower. Being adored by someone made me want to pamper myself. I looked at the perfumed pink water. The bath bomb I had used was supposed to make me smell like roses. Jessie already thought I smelled like flowers. I smiled picturing his happy face. Jessie wanted to start planning the wedding already. "A year will fly by," Jessie had said. I tried to relax in the water. My anxiety was getting the better of me every time I thought of the wedding. I wanted to marry Jessie, but planning a royal wedding was a daunting task. A small nervous part of me wished we could skip town and elope.

My bath made me sleepy even though it was still early. Pink, blue and orange danced together in the sky as the sun made its slow descent. I drew my curtains to block out the fading light.

I woke up and got ready for school so quickly it all felt like a blur. At school, things were eerily quiet. No whispers about me and Jessie. Our first class was not together so I sat alone and stared out the window, daydreaming. That was when I spotted her. There was a tree with a swing tied to it in the middle of the school grounds. I could see it from the class window. There was a girl facing away from the me swinging slowly. She looked too young to be a student here. She could not be more than twelve. She stopped swinging suddenly almost as if she could feel my eyes on her. For some reason I felt afraid, I crouched a bit so she would not be able to see me looking out the window at her but she never turned around. She remained staring away from me. All I could see was her long dark curtain of hair and her pale hands clutching the ropes of the swing. Her nails were long and pointed, like talons.

I awoke with a jolt, feeling slightly unnerved by my strange dream. I almost expected to see the girl standing in the corner of my room. She had seemed so real in my dream. It was dark and I was too spooked to go back to sleep. My crescent moon night light was off. I darted across to it and flicked the night light's switch. It remained off. I tried it a few times. It was broken. I was not good at repairing electrical things with magic. I hugged myself. My room was extremely cold tonight. A tap on my window nearly sent me flying out of my skin. I clutched my hand to my chest. Vince was looking at the window too but he did not hiss or anything. I cautiously approached the window and opened the curtains to reveal Jessie crouching on the window sill. Relief washed over me. I quickly slid the window open. Jessie stepped into my room, his feet landing soundlessly on the wooden floor.

I felt nervous having Jessie in my room in the middle of the night. I wish I had known he was coming. I would have work a bra. I was pretty sure my night dress was see-through. Jessie was wearing dark blue jeans and a short-sleeved plain black t-shirt. He made such simple clothing look so good. He had shaved the stubble he grew after phasing. He flashed me a grin, his eyes lighting up. I rushed into his arms and he held me tightly, he lifted me off my feet. I stifled a giggle. Jessie put me down but kept his arms around me.

“What are you doing here?” I whispered.

“I had to see you,” he said simply. “I have a hard time sleeping since I've phased.”

Werewolves were accustomed to being with their mates twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. If I had been a she-wolf instead of a witch, I would have probably been staying with Jessie. As I had gotten to know the wolves, all the she-wolves I knew were pretty surprised I still lived with my parents. They had all moved in with their mates right after finding each other and then gotten married mere weeks to months after. Zoe was the only other mate who still lived at home. Her human parents adored Dalton though so he was allowed to stay over whenever he liked. So Jessie really had no one to talk to about how to deal with time apart.

“Hey kitty,” said Jessie to Vince. To my surprise, Vince let Jessie pet his fluffy head.

Vince walked towards the my closed bedroom door. Jessie went to open it for him but before he could, Vince passed straight through the door like a ghost.

Jessie stared at me. “He's magic. He's my familiar,” I explained.

I sighed. I really hoped my parents would not find out Jessie was here but I did not have the heart to ask him to leave. I could tell he intended on spending the night. He kicked off his sneakers and socks and hopped into bed getting under the covers.

“Goodnight,” he said, turning his back on me. I giggled.

“Ok, cool, I'm going to watch TV downstairs,” I teased. I turned my back, pretending to head towards the door.

In a flash, I was under the covers with Jessie. I laughed. He had gotten out of the covers, swooped me up in his arms and gotten back under the covers in the blink of an eye. It was never a dull moment having an alpha werewolf for a fiancé. Jessie spooned me from behind. I felt so warm and safe. Jessie had honestly picked the best night to sneak in. I had been freezing and frightened before he got here. I was a little surprised he had actually come to innocently sleep. I snuggled into him, closing my eyes. I felt his hand slip under my night gown. He trailed his fingers over my tummy. He had not come just to sleep after all. He kept sliding his fingers upwards towards my breasts. I jumped up and straddled him. I grabbed both of his hands by their wrists. He kept his palms facing me like he was under arrest. He chuckled. I dipped in for a kiss. Jessie returned it enthusiastically. I let his hands go. They held my waist while I put my palms on his chest. I could feel how excited he was underneath me. He pulled on my hips, pressing me against him. He rocked me back and forth, never breaking the kiss. I moaned into his mouth and he started rocking me a little faster. My heart sped up. Pleasure ran through me. I was shocked he could make me feel like this when we were both fully clothed. I broke our kiss, breathless. Jessie pulled me flat against him, squeezing me tightly. I could hear his heart beating rapidly too. I wondered if our heartbeats were synchronised.

“Sleep Luna,” he murmured.

“Sweet dreams, alpha.”

I awoke to Jessie gently sweeping my curls away from my face. I smiled up at him. He looked so cute in the morning with his hair all disheveled. He was so effortlessly handsome.

“I have to go,” he said softly.

“Mmmm, no,” I said.

He chuckled. “I have to go home, get ready for school and come back to pick you up.”

“Aww,” I said. “Get ready here.”

“Yeah, I’ll just walk around your house with a towel wrapped around my waist. I’ll say ‘morning Mom and Dad’ to your parents,” he joked.

“Did you drive here or phase?” I asked.

“I drove,” he said, raising his eyebrows curiously. “I packed a few houses down.”

“Do you have a clean uniform in your car?”

“Yeah,” he said slowly. “I have my gym bag in my trunk.”

“I can make you invisible,” I said to Jessie. “You can shower here, walk down the stairs and drive to the front of my house like you just arrived.”

Jessie grinned.

“Don’t tell anyone, I’m a witch,” I whispered conspiratorially. Jessie laughed.

“How come you don’t have a magic wand?” Jessie asked.

“Not all witches use them,” I said. “Some use staffs. Some just point with their fingers or concentrate with their minds.” I leafed through one of my grandmother’s old books.

“Your gym bag is the only thing in your trunk?” I asked.

“Yeah,” said Jessie, trying to get Vince to come to him. Vince decided to roll about on the floor instead, showing us his fluffy belly.

“Don’t!” I said as I saw Jessie’s hand reach for Vince’s belly.

Vince swiped. A long thin scratch formed on Jessie’s hand. “Ouch, Buddy,” said Jessie. “I thought he was a familiar.”

“Yeah but he’s still a cat. They don’t like their bellies touched,” I said.

Vince licked his paw not the least bit remorseful.

Jessie looked at his hand in shock. “It isn’t healing.” Werewolves typically healed in seconds.

“It’s technically a cursed scratch because it’s from a familiar so it’ll heal at a human pace. I’ll heal it now though.”

“Stitch by stitch I do appeal

Make it mend, let it heal.”

The thin angry line disappeared.

“Let what’s far become near,

I will it now to appear.”

The due bag appeared on the bed. Jessie grinned, unzipping it and pulling out his uniform.

“Awesome,” said Jessie. “I’m so excited to be invisible now.”

I took a deep breath. This one was trickier.

“See through what is really there,

Make him seem thin as air.”

I had my eyes shut and my hands over Jessie. I opened one eye. Jessie had one eye opened and one closed too. We burst into laughter.

“Ok, sorry, one more try.”

“Before me he doth appear

Shroud him safely

Now disappear!”

Jessie vanished. I quickly felt the place he had been sitting on the bed. Nothing. I panicked. I felt a pair of arms snake around me from behind. Jessie chuckled in my ear, “Sorry I couldn’t resist.”

“I did it!” I squealed.

There was a knock on my door.

“Yeah,” I answered.

My mother opened the door. “Who are you talking to?”

“Myself.”

She looked concerned.

“And Vince,” I added quickly.

Vince meowed. My mother shrugged her shoulders and walked away. My parents had stopped dropping me to school now that I had Jessie to do that. I wonder if that upset them.

After invisible Jessie showered and put on his uniform, the clothes also vanished.

“That’s not supposed to happen, only the clothes you had on at the time of casting should be invisible. Anyway, I’ll make you visible and transport you outside so you can ‘arrive’ here,” I said, putting air quotations on the word arrive.

“Before there is nought but air

Make the hidden re-appear.”

I waited. Nothing happened. Jessie remained invisible.

“Try again. It didn’t work the first time when you were making me invisible. Probably you just need to warm up,” came Jessie’s voice, encouraging me.

“I vanished you into thin air

I command you now to re-appear!”

After three more failed attempts, I started to panic. Jessie calmed me down.

“Your Grandmother seems really understanding. Maybe she can fix it,” he said soothingly. He was not even mad at me. Being a werewolf’s mate was amazing. The love was so selfless and intense.

“She’s at a meeting with the Witch Council today,” I said, “But we will get her on it the moment she’s back this afternoon.

“Meanwhile,” purred Jessie, squeezing my waist, catching me off guard, “I’m gonna have a fun-filled day.”

Jessie drove us to school despite being invisible. I did not have my driver’s license and being invisible technically was not a crime even if the police stopped us. Thankfully though, we were not pulled over. I walked into school alone. I just told everyone he was absent, sorting out Alpha stuff. Jessie was standing right there when I told them. He said was the perfect opportunity to see if he could actually trust his pack to take proper care of me if he actually did get called away on Alpha business. He was sure Dalton and Zoe would be there for me but he had some doubts about the others. I did not have class with the wolves or Eva in the morning. I noticed Fox was in my class: a double period of Green Witchcraft. He motioned for me to come sit with him. A tiny witch with deep brown skin and light brown eyes sat next to him. She had her hair in dreadlocks down her back. She introduced herself as Indigo. What a pretty name.

Green Witchcraft encompassed using nature in magic including communicating with animals, growing magical plants and even using seemingly nonmagical plants in potions and spells. Today we were learning how to cast a spell that would let us see through the eyes of an animal. Jessie was a little annoyed at how attentive Fox was being but I was sure Fox wanted to be in my good graces so he could get closer to Eva.

“Congratulations on your engagement, by the way,” said Indigo enthusiastically.

“Yeah, I heard the wedding planning has started already,” said Fox. Jessie stiffened next to me.

“Yep,” I said, smiling.

“Is Eva gonna be your maid of honour?” He continued.

I had not actually thought about that. Eva and Zoe were the only girls that were kind to me. The truth was that I hardly knew either of them well. My life had gotten a bit complicated overnight.

“Um, we’ll see,” I said, smiling. At the mention of the wedding prompted Jessie became more relaxed.

At lunchtime, to my surprise, Chloe and Zack insisted on organising my food while I waited. I wondered if they could smell Jessie around. I longed to cuddle him properly. Lunch was Shrimp Alfredo Pasta with garlic bread. A small part of me wondered if they had poisoned it. They really were not my biggest fans. I wished Dalton and Zoe had been the ones to organise my food but they were noticeably absent from the werewolf table.

“They’re looking at houses,” Chloe answered my unasked question.

Zoe and Dalton and Chloe and Zack were engaged also. Zoe and Dalton’s wedding was only a few weeks away and the two planned to move in together after their honeymoon. Chloe would definitely be Zoe’s maid of honour or at least bridesmaid. I wondered if I would be included in the bridal party to appease Jessie. Eva appeared and sat next to Fox.

“Where’s lover boy?” She asked.

“Away on official Alpha business,” I said quickly hoping the quicker I said it the more legitimate it would sound. I was wrong. Eva looked like she completely did not buy that but she did not press the issue. The werewolves were extremely excited about Dalton and Zoe’s upcoming nuptials. Chloe was throwing her a bridal shower and a bachelorette party. Zack was throwing Dalton a bachelor party.

“It’s going to be wild,” warned Zack. The guys all grinned. “Sorry, Quinn, you’re still seventeen. You’re barred from this one. Only for the big bad wolves, the big boys.”

Chloe rolled her eyes. She noticed I was not eating the food she had brought me. She glared at me. I took a bite and smiled. I would be really easy to poison. I just got peer pressured into eating pasta. Jessie squeezed my shoulders every now and then. I had to keep my face under control. He even squeezed my butt when I got up to go to the bathroom. He followed me into the Girls’ Bathroom of course.

“Let’s christen the girls’ bathroom. We already had some fun in the boys’ bathroom last week,” he said. I chuckled.

In my last class of the day, Eva was the only person I knew there.We were watching a movie and the lights were all off and everyone was focused on the projector. This was perfect. I could cuddle Jessie without it looking too suspicious. The movie was about the Salem Witch Trials, an important part of Magical History. I started to feel a little nauseated. Seeing people suffer always unnerved me so much. I was an empath. I ran to the nearest bathroom and vomited. I flushed the toilet. The bathroom was empty and strangely quiet.

“Ugh, so happy this is the final class of the day. We’re gonna get you visible and then I’m gonna have Granny teach me how to make things invisible and visible,” I chuckled.

Jessie did not say anything. He had not followed me when I ran out. This irked me a bit. I marched back to the dark classroom and found my seat. Eva seemed engrossed in the movie. I reached out to the “empty” seat next to me. Jessie squeezed my hand. Ugh, I was annoyed he had not ran after me in concern. Was he fed up with me already?

The moment class was done I dodged Eva’s request to hang out with some ridiculous excuse. I hurried to Jessie’s car. He had parked outside school grounds about a street away so people would not recognise the car and wonder where he was. The immense grey clouds overhead meant rain was imminent. Jessie raced to my house.

“I’m starving,” he muttered. I felt a pang of guilt realising I had forgotten he had not been able to eat at lunchtime.

Jamie raided the fridge and then watched mounds of food she had put out for invisible Jessie disappear into thin air. Granny Clementine seemed amused by the whole story. Jamie conveniently left out the part of about Jessie sneaking into her room last night to sleep. She told her grandmother that she had just wanted to practice the spell this morning. She knew Granny would probably sense she was lying but she took her chances. Granny restored Jessie’s visibility with a simple wave of her hands, no incantations, no potions. Jamie squealed, thrill to literally see him again, even thigh his mouth was stuffed with donuts. She threw herself into his arms and he bear-hugged her.

“Oh, I almost forgot. Eva left a present in your school bag while you were in the bathroom. I was gonna chase after you but I was curious to see what she was doing with your bag. She started unzipping it the moment you left.”

“A present?” I said, rummaging through my backpack to find it. I went through all the compartments. Nothing. I dumped everything out and checked again. Still nothing.

“It’s just a tiny pouch,” Jessie said, helping me look.

“Wait what?” I asked, starting to worry.

“A little pouch, about this big,” he said, putting an inch of distance between his thumb and index finger. “It was black.”

“A hex,” stated Grandmother Clementine, raising her eyebrows in concern.

“What?” Growled Jessie.

Witches often sewed spell ingredients into pouches and put the pouch in the intended target’s bag. The colour dictated the type of spell. Red or pink for a love spell. Yellow for friendship. Gold for luck. Black for curses and hexes. I shuddered to think Eva had put a curse on me.

“We need to bathe you in saltwater, right away, to cleanse you,” said Grandmother sternly. “This Eva person is your enemy?”

I was silent. I thought she was my best friend.