

Chapter 11: Her Perilous Powers

Part III: A Lovely Luna

Chapter 11: Her Perilous Powers

Jamie's POV

I felt a little nervous in my bathrobe with Jessie standing there. Grandmother Alma had filled the bathtub with Himalayan pink sea salt, Epsom salts and various herbs for protection. She had blessed the water and left me with Jessie in the bathroom, shutting the door. I had my bathing suit under the bathrobe but I was self-conscious. I did not even wear bathing suits to the beach. I only owned this one because my mother had bought it for me.

Jessie's POV

Jamie stood before me in her bathrobe. She seemed nervous.

"Do you want privacy?" I asked, trying to be a gentleman but wholeheartedly hoping she allowed me to stay.

"That's ok, we're engaged," she said, wiggling her ring nger at me so she could ash me with her engagement ring. The diamond sparkled even in the dim light of the bathroom.

She let the robe fall and I took a deep breath. My mate was so gorgeous and she did not even realise it. She was wearing a dark pink bikini that looked perfect with her naturally golden skin. Her smooth skin gleamed. She had a perfect hour-glass cure. My eyes trailed over her curves. She had a slender waist and shapely legs. I checked out her butt when she turned around to dip her toe in the bathtub. She stepped in and sat down in the water, sighing to herself. I sat on the tiled oor near the bathtub leaning against the wall.

"I couldn't stop her," I groined. I was still furious about the her Eva had placed on Jamie. We still were not aware of what it did so we did not even know what to expect. I wished I had known what a hex even looked like.

"You didn't know, my Alpha," my beautiful Luna said. "Don't be so hard on yourself. I'm still not convinced it was a hex."

"You don't believe me?" I asked indignantly.

"Of course I believe you. If you say you saw her put a little black pouch in my bag then I believe that is what you saw. And the fact that I couldn't nd it afterwards actually means the curse must have taken effect. The pouch disappears if it worked. But what if she was just using a black pouch for a different spell," Jamie said.

"Like what?" I asked.

"I don't know," Jamie admitted. "It's the colour we usually use for hexes but it can be used for other things." Jessie was having a hard time accepting that Eva meant her harm.

"Jamie," I said slowly and cautiously. She looked at me.

"Eva is even newer in your life than I am," I said. Jessie and I had started spending time together just over a week ago. We had lived each other before that but had exchanged nothing more than glances. "You told me Eva started talking to you the day of my party. You barely know her. You can't trust her."

"I trust you," retorted Jamie.

I sighed exasperatedly. "I'm your mate. I would never hurt you. We are bonded for life. It's a werewolf thing."

Jamie frowned at me.

"You never had any friends before. Why did she want to be your friend all of a sudden?"

"Thanks!" Said Jamie sarcastically, her eyes sparkling with tears. I immediately regretted my careless words.

"I'm sorry, that was uncalled for," I said. The tears slid down my Jamie's cheeks.

(WARNING: From the author - This chapter contains more sexually explicit content than previous chapters. To skip that content just look for the end of warning in bold below.)

I stood up and stripped down to my boxers.

"What are you doing?" Asked Jamie, snling.

I got in the bath. Jamie scooted over. I sat down behind her and pulled her onto my lap, squeezing her tightly from behind. She stopped crying and put her head in the nape of my neck.

"Feel better?" I asked.

"Mhmm," said Jamie.

"That's cause we're meant to be."

Physical closeness with your mate actually helped werewolves to heal faster so I thought maybe a hug would make Jamie feel better. It was ridiculous that people had avoided my little witch for so long out of misplaced fear, but that did not mean that Jamie would accept any and every friendship thrown her way. It was important to be selective.

"Me being in here with you won't affect the curse-breaking bath right?" I asked. I should have asked that before I got in.

"No," my mate chuckled. She dipped her head under the water and resurfaced. She leant back, sighing happily. I squeezed her waist. One of my hands slipped under her bikini top to cup her breast. "Jessie," Jamie whispered. I let the ngers of my other hand trail downwards under the water. Jamie gasped when my ngers reached their destination. I moved them against her through the fabric of her bikini bottoms. She moved her hips rhythmically, arching her back. I quickened the pace a little. She was moaning softly. I kissed her neck. I kept increasing the speed. She was gripping the sides of the bathtub with her hands. She was close. I sucked on the spot where I would mark her one day. I slipped my hand under the fabric, feeling her. She groaned. I found her most sensitive spot and focused my attention on it, caressing it in a circular motion. She squirmed, wiggling her hips. All her movements in my lap had made me extremely excited. Jamie whimpered. She tossed her head back as she reached her breaking point. Wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her and she became limp in my arms.

(END OF WARNING)

"You ok, little witch?" I whispered, my voice raspy.

"Uh huh," she said weakly.

That night I refused to leave the Jaded Residence. Not with someone out there trying to hex my mate. Granny Clementine warned Jamie that the purification bath would not work on a powerful hex. She advised that Jamie continue to perform the bath once daily for seven days. I Jamie was to tell the Crone immediately if any strange things happened. Knowing what the hex was for would help Clementine gure out how to break it. Jamie's parents allowed me to stay in the guest bedroom. Her mother was setting the bed for me.

"This might be an inappropriate question," I said, watching her fuck in the bed sheet. "But, why don't you guys have housekeepers? I thought the Mother of a Coven was like a Luna. Like witch royalty."

Jessie's mother smiled. "Witches don't have monarchs. We don't have royalty. The Crone is like a wise woman, an elder, leading everyone. What she lacks in vigour, she makes up for in experience. The Mother has the youth and power. The Maiden has the potential. The three stages of any witch's life. We are representatives, advocates for our people."

"But it runs in families," I said.

"Yes, my family has handed down those positions for centuries. Great magical ability is like an innate talent. The positions would only go to a new family if someone in the bloodline was incredibly incompetent. Our coven's founder was Crone Elizabeth, my foremother. Every girl in the bloodline has been a truly remarkable witch worthy of the Maiden, the Mother and the Crone positions."

"Hrm," I said. "Like how alphas always father alphas. Mothers always give birth to Maidens."

"Yes," Jamie's mother said.

"My son is meant to be alpha. Does that mean my daughter will automatically be Maiden and then Mother one day and well, eventually she'll be Crone?"

"Yes," Jamie's mother said.

"So Jamie's the rst Witch Luna, but my daughter will be the 1st Maiden, Mother and Crone with royal werewolf's blood," I said more to myself then to Mother Jacqueline. Jamie's Mom.

"She'll be the 1st Grand High Witch with any werewolf blood at all, royal or otherwise, as far as I know," Mother Jacqueline said, sighing.

"That upsets you?" I asked.

"That worries me," she admitted.

"Why?" I asked, trying not to feel offended. I was used to older women in werewolf and human families who would do just about anything to get their daughter with an alpha. I never expected to be an undesirable future son-in-law in anyone's eyes but I also never expected to fall head over heels for a witch. Sure, I had always thought Jamie was cute, even on our very 1st day at Ambrosia High.

I was not the slightest bit nervous about my 1st day at Ambrosia High. No one would mess with me. I was young still but I was to be the future alpha. That meant every werewolf and human had to respect me, regardless of my age. Ambrosia High spanned the entirety of our teen years, thirteen to eighteen. I was a little way of being around witches. They were wildcards, father had said. My future Beta, Dalton, and my future Gamma, Zack, were my best friends. I was in line with them and all the other year ones. I spotted a girl with her nose in a book, standing apart from everyone. My heart sped up a little. She had long curly brown hair, golden skin and big brown eyes. I felt like she was fake-reading. I wanted to tease her about it. I took a step towards her. Zack immediately grabbed my shoulder.

"What're you doing, bro?" Asked Zack.

I gestured towards the girl. Zack snickered.

"That's Jamie Jaded," he said.

"From the High Witch Family?" I asked, my face falling.

"Yep," he said.

"So?" Added Dalton.

"So, you can't fraternise with her. She just became the Maiden of the Coven. She'll probably turn us to frogs or make us vanish into thin air," said Zack.

Dalton laughed, shaking his head. Zack pouted. I did not go over to her.

Now, I was hoping for her mother's blessing to marry her. The more I examined my memories concerning Jamie, the more I realised my inner wolf recognised his mate long before I did.

"Having a half werewolf lead the Coven is a conict of interests. What's best for witches is not necessarily what's best for werewolves. She's undoubtedly be compromising on certain things."

Her reason was fair.

"The future half wizard alpha will also be compromising," I said.

"The compromising begins now actually," I added. "I'm a full-blooded royal werewolf but I'm biased because I'm in love with a witch."

Jamie's mother actually gave me a warm smile.

"Just take care of my daughter," she said.

"I promise you," I said. "Jamie is my Luna. I would defend her with my life if it came to that."

I was awoken by a frantic Jamie. She looked so small and frightened, standing in the darkness at the foot of my bed. I pulled her under the covers with me.

"Talk to me," I murmured.

"I had a nightmare," she said, snling. She was close to tears. Not again. My Luna was not having a good day.

"Wanna talk about it?" I asked. She launched into the story.

"Last night before you snuck in, I dreamt about a little girl with talons. I didn't get to see her face though. Tonight I did. I dreamt I went to the cafeteria. The werewolf table was totally full including the seat next to you. She was sitting there. Her back was to me like before. I saw her long dark hair and her taloned ngers resting on the table. She turned. You all turned actually. All the wolves turned to look at me. The girl's face, she was horrifying. She looked decomposed somehow. She looked evil. She smiled at me. It was the most malicious smile I had ever seen. You guys were all behaving like you couldn't see her. You kept asking me what's wrong and telling me to sit down. But she was already sitting there, just staring and smiling at me. Then I woke up and came straight to your room."

She hid under the covers.

"Jamie!" I said urgently.

"Yeah," she said, her voice mued under the covers.

"Could this be part of the hex?" I asked. I had a gut feeling it was and wolves were taught to trust their instincts.

"It could be," Jamie said. I pulled her out of bed.

"We're waking up Crone Clementine now!" I demanded.

Before Jamie could protest, I marched to Crone Clementine's room. Jamie followed closely behind me. She was clearly too frightened to be alone. Thankfully, I was sleeping over at her house. What if I had been at the Manor and she had needed me? I had to convince Jamie and her parents to have the wedding sooner. Before I could knock on Crone Clementine's door, it swung open.

"Come in," she said.

Jamie apologised for waking her Granny despite us nding her wide awake and then told her about the nightmares.

"So the 1st appearance of the girl was before the hex," said Clementine.

"Yeah," Jamie said.

"But Eva's rst appearance was before both dreams," I said. "I know it's her. She's just using Jamie."

Jamie's POV

"Jessie's just using you!" Eva snapped, standing nose to nose with me in the Girls' Bathroom at school. I had to confront her. I wanted to see her reaction. So I told her. Jessie saw her put a black pouch in my bag. I didn't mention him being invisible when he saw it or the nightmares.

"How could he be sure of what he saw from the window and why was he prowling around outside the window instead of being in class? I thought he had alpha business that day?" I had told her Jessie spotted her doing it when he looked in the window.

"He rushed his business and came to check on me," I said simply. "I thought you were excited for me and Jessie?"

"I was trying to be a good friend! I knew you'd be heartbroken if that werewolf ran off with some she-wolf so I was relieved you were getting the answer to your question!"

Eva folded her arms and huffed. And puffed and blew the house down. Just kidding she just huffed and that was it.

"He's using you, Jamie," she continued. "How are you sure you're his mate. Maybe he hasn't found the she-wolf or human he's meant for yet and he only thinks you're the one cause his feelings didn't fade after the phase."

That sliced through my heart and made me panic a little. My engagement ring felt heavy. I glanced at it.

"NOW IS NOT THE TIME TO CHECK OUT YOUR BLING OK," screamed Eva.

"Don't yell at me!" I said.

"Or else what?" She asked, rolling her eyes.

"I can't be your friend," I said, not even say you a question without you exploding." I said.

"It's an accusation," she said. "And I am literally your only friend. Jessie used to sneak about with you last week and you're his alpha this week. That's insane. Next week he'll be sneaking about with another girl and the week after that, he'll have to buy another engagement ring." She laughed.

I stormed out of the bathroom. I wanted to scream. The wind in the hallway tossed my hair about and rned my skirt. The wind was howling like a wolf, wailing like a banshee. It was so loud.

"Jamie!" Came a sharp voice. Chloe. Her blonde hair was being tousled by the wind.

I took a deep breath. The wind slowed.

"Better," she said.

"I," I began.

"Save it," she said, grabbing my arm and marching me down the hallway. She was more graceful in heels than I was in ats. "Jessie's looking for you," she said in a stern voice.

"I don't mean to make those things happen," I said softly, referring to the wind.

"I know but you don't see me bursting into my wolf form in class, do you?" She said.

"No," I mumbled.

"You have to learn to control it. Everyone has emotions. Conict is a part of life. You don't need to react to every little thing," she said. "That's what I'm always telling Zack. He's so hot-headed just like you're so panicky. Even Zack doesn't run around this place on all fours. Get it together. You're Maiden of your Coven and a Luna now. You have to keep your cool."

Chloe was actually making me feel better even though she was essentially calling me a crybaby. I had so many bigger things to focus on.

"Eva was my only friend," I said. Chloe stopped her march and turned to stare at me.

She would have been taller than me even without her heels. Her gaze was piercing. Her blue eyes scanned me like an X-Ray machine, like she saw through me.

"Very few people have friends," she said.

"You have tons of friends," I said.

"Like who?" She asked, folding her arms.

"Zack."

"He's my mate."

"Zoe."

"The Beta's mate and my Zack is the Gamma so we need to maintain good communication. We don't have sleepovers and braid each other's hair."

I blinked. "Dalton and Jesse."

"Beta and Alpha. Responsibilities."

"All those she-wolves who snicker at everything you say."

"I'm the Gamma's mate. They started snealing with whatever Zoe said after they got used to her being a human, and if they get over you being a witch, they'll be thinking you're a genius too."

Chloe was a bada**.

"Do I have varying degrees of love for all the people you just mentioned? Yes. But I have a say to myself and to others. I don't care who likes me. I can't buy food or designer shoes with their approval."

Chloe led me to Jessie. The werewolves were having lunch outside under the tree with the swing. My eyes widened. Why had they congregated at the scene from my 1st dream?

This was Jessie's doing. Chloe held my arm until she literally handed me over to Jessie who pulled me into his lap. They had spread a picnic blanket under the tree. Chloe sat in Zack's lap and he immediately started massaging her shoulders, sensing she was tense. She was tense after trying to snap me out of my almost natural disaster. I was glad the wind did not shatter any glass or damage anything or anyone. Zoe was half-asleep in Dalton's arms. The other wolves were busy unpacking the picnic baskets they had brought with them.

"Luna," said Beatrice, smiling. Her mate, Baxter, high-ved me like the last time. Quinn nodded at me respectfully. The grey twins, Erick and Maverick, said "Hi" in unison. Their mates, Summer and Winter smiled at me.

Jessie did not say anything to me despite the fact that I was in his lap. He seemed deep in thought. I had just fought with my only friend over him.

"Hey," I said.

"Hey, Chloe said you almost made a tornado in the hallway just now," said Jessie, nally looking at me.

That was why he looked far away. He had been mind linking with Chloe. I sighed, wishing I could answer with my mind instead of withn earshot of everyone.

Almost as if he could read my mind, he walked me inside and found an empty classroom. He stared at me, waiting for me to speak.

"I told Eva you saw her from a window putting the black pouch in my bag. I didn't tell her you were invisible of course. She denied it and we got into an argument. I was upset and the wind just sort of followed my lead. I want you to know that I don't even think about magic when these things happen. I just feel an emotion intensely and the weather just... responds," I said, my eyes pleading with him to believe me.

"Jamie, I know that but after the glass dome, the re in the sink and the wind in the hallway, Chloe thinks you're a danger to the Pack because of how emotional you get. As Alpha I have to help remedy the situation somehow. I can't just shrug and act like it's ne," he began.

Was Jessie breaking up with me?

"And what remedy is that?" I asked, tears forming in my eyes before I could stop them. I started to talk deep breaths. I started to freeze out of fear. I was not offering get emotional while he was chastising me about getting too emotional. I needed to think.

"Well," began Jessie. I summoned my magic intentionally this time. I had to get out of here. I was not going to stand here and listen to this. I knew whatever he had to say, I could not handle it in the state I was already in. I released it and for the 1st time, I teleported.

Jessie's POV

I was so worried about Jamie. How was she going to handle the pressure of being Maiden and Luna? I had to take some form of action. Jamie needed to learn to control her emotions, her powers or both. I had to admit that Jamie's youthfulness was part of what attracted me to her initially. It was exciting and I was young and hormonal but now that she was my life partner, I had to help her nd a solution. I wanted to suggest we let Crone Clementine teach her how to actively control the weather so she could undo things her emotions did naturally and we take her to human therapy for the emotional part. Zoe started therapy when she became my Beta's mate. Dalton told me about it. Maybe human girls and witches were just more fragile emotionally. She-wolves scared even male werewolves with their cool demeanours. I thought of my mother crying tears of joy when I became Alpha. My mother was actually the most emotional she-wolf I knew. Maybe, we should talk to my parents too. I had to pause a bit, picking my words carefully because I could see Jamie was almost wound up. Before I could suggest any of my plans, Jamie literally disappeared. My blood ran cold. I grabbed the spot where she had been thinking of the invisibility spell. She was not there. I sniffed. Her smell was gone so she really was not anywhere nearby. I growled.

I ran back to the tree. I had set up this picnic there so Jamie would see there was nothing frightening there in reality. It had just started to rain but the wolves stayed waiting for me in the rain. They actually seemed to be enjoying the downpour.

"Jamie's missing!" I announced to the group.

Chloe rolled eyes. I ignored her.

"What do you mean missing?" Asked Zack.

"She disappeared!" I said, waving my arms around.

"You mean she teleported," stated Zack.

Huh. Zack was the least open-minded when it came to witches but he actually knew the most about them because he feared their magic. His father was always warning him about their various powers.

"Did you guys have a ght?" Asked Dalton.

"Maybe she was just trying to get some space," said Zoe, gently.

"That's smart actually," said Chloe, shocking the entire group by complimenting Jamie. "She got out of there fast rather than freak out and potentially hurt you or damage the school."

The group murmured their agreement.

"Ok, but now she is somewhere freaking out where I can't help her!" I exclaimed. "Fan out and look for her," I commanded. "Do not approach her on your own, under any circumstances, just mind link with me and I'll go to her." I did not want Jamie or any of the Pack members getting hurt.

"Zoe, you stay at school," I said. Zoe sighed. She could not mind link with me anyway even if she found Jamie and she was human, the most fragile of all in my pocket. It was kind of like snelling salts. I emptied a classroom with our clothes. He gave her a towel he got from the school nurse to dry off with.

Zoe's POV

I waited for all of the wolves to transform and run off in different directions, the water drenching their fur. I was supposed to stay in this class with the pile of my clothes. I slowly got to my feet. I knew disobeying the Alpha directly was a big deal but my Dalton was his Beta and best friend. I knew Jessie could never hurt me. I found Dalton's school pants and took his car keys from the pocket. Werewolves had such a strong resolve about everything. Humans and witches had something in common. We were more malleable and we were creatures of habit. I knew exactly where Jamie was, in the most obvious place.

I parked Dalton's Ferrari as well as I could. I was a terrible driver. I was scared the whole time I was going to scratch or dent it. I ran through the rain up to the house. I had never actually been to the Jaded Residence before. The house looked so creepy from the outside. There was a door knocker instead of a doorbell. Old school. The knocker was shaped like a gargoyle holding a ring in its claws. Before I could knock, the door just creaked open. A call of lightning accompanied by a roar of thunder made me jump.

"Jamie!" I asked, like one of those silly girls in horror movies, investigating something she should leave alone.

"Jamie," I whispered, stepping into the house. The entrance room led me to a drawing room lined with dolls. Great. Creepy dolls. Eventually, I found a staircase. I went up the stairs. I hear someone crying. Another aoor of lightning illuminated the dark house. I crept down the hallway towards the sound. A door was ajar. I peaked in.

I relaxed, my shoulders sagging. It was Jamie, just lying in a fatal position on her bed, sobbing her little heart out.

"Jamie," I called softly.

She looked up, her eyes were puffy. She snled.

"What are you doing here?" She asked.

"I came to look for you. What happened?" I asked. I walked over and sat at the edge of her bed. The door to her room swung shut. I jumped at the noise.

"Sorry," said Jamie. I had always thought magic seemed so cool and wonderful even so. "She got out of there fast rather than freak out and potentially hurt you or damage the school."

"Jessie sounded like he was gonna break up with me," Jamie said, snling. "I couldn't take hearing it so I just teleported him. I didn't wanna wreck the classroom or hurt Jessie unintentionally. Even if he doesn't want me, I can't stand to see him hurt, especially if it were my doing."

I snorted with laughter. Break up. What planet was she on?

"Werewolves don't break up with their mates," I said.

"I'm a danger to the whole..." started Jamie.

"It doesn't matter," I interrupted her. "Trust me, Jessie could never abandon you. Why did he form a search party of werewolves looking for you if he was gonna break up with you?"

Jamie shrugged.

"Wolves mate for life. Breakups and divorces are like unheard of once they nd their mate," I explained. "Everyone in Ambrosia thought a witch could never be a Luna. But once Jessie phased and realised you were his mate, did he ever for even a second think of rejecting you?"

"No," mumbled Jamie.

"So why would he break up with you now after proposing, and over what? A howling wind?" I said. "That doesn't make sense."

Jamie wiped her tears.

"How are we gonna nd the others? We can't mind link," I said.

"I can summon Jessie," Jamie said.

"He's Alpha. You'd need incredibly strong magic to do that, not that you're not..." I trailed off awkwardly.

"I know," sniffed Jamie. "But I cast a spell on him before. It's weirdly easy because he's my mate. I could have never cast a spell so easily on a werewolf otherwise."

Jamie actually perked up. "He really is mine," she said to herself. "My spells work easily on him. In fact they stick even."

I had no idea what she was talking about but it was cheering her up so I rolled with it.

"Yeah! Seal Exactly!" I said. Whatever. We needed to nd the boys. They were out there in the storm needlessly.

Jamie took a deep breath. She found a piece of chalk in some art supplies she had in her desk. She had a literal school desk that could open in her room. Jamie was dorky and I liked that. She drew a circle around herself and another in her room. She looked so creepy from the outside. There was a door knocker instead of a doorbell. Old school. The knocker was shaped like a gargoyle holding a ring in its claws. Before I could knock, the door just creaked open. A call of lightning accompanied by a roar of thunder made me jump.

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