

Chapter 2: His Little Witch

Part I: A Storm at School

Chapter 2: His Little Witch

Jesse's POV

I was over the moon about my rst day of senior year. I leapt out of bed that morning and showered in cold water to perk myself up even more. I ran down the stairs and into my car. Since I turned seventeen, my parents had been allowing me to drive myself to school. My eighteenth birthday was only a few days away. I would nally be able to phase and could take over the Ambrosia Wolf Pack, which was thought to be the strongest wolf pack in the world. My father, Henry Gold, and my mother, Henrietta Gold, waved from the driveway, seeing me off. They were both tall, olive-skinned, black-haired and blue-eyed. My father stood at six feet and six inches. My mother was ve feet and eleven inches. I looked exactly like them but did not keep my hair short like my father. Mine was shoulder-length and slightly wavy. I was six feet and two inches and constantly telling my father that I was going to be taller than him after I phased. After phasing at age eighteen, wolves increased in height and build in their human forms, especially the new alpha. My father and mother were the current Alpha and Luna of the Ambrosia Wolf Pack. They were also called the Alpha King and Luna Queen because of our lineage. We were descended from the very rst werewolf, Bastion and his mate, Reina. My birthday was Friday which could not come fast enough. I was already faster in my human form than most even in their werewolf forms. I could not wait to inherit all of my powers. I loved Ambrosia and was excited to protect her. I call the town a she by the way. Most members of the Wolf Pack referred to the town this way.

I sped through the rain. I was not worried about getting a ticket. Being the future Alpha in Ambrosia had its privileges. My future Beta, Dalton Drakes, and my future Gamma, Zachary Stronghold also took advantage of their privileges. They had already turned eighteen and phased but they were waiting for me, their future Alpha before they ocially took their fathers' posts. They were also my best friends. We were like brothers. We had been raised together as our parents knew we would one day take over the pack and would need to have a good bond. Ever since, they had both phased, they were able to speak to each other telepathically. I had to admit I felt a little left out. I was impatient to feel like the trio we had always been again. I knew they were anticipating it too. I heard my phone pinging constantly in the passenger's seat. I knew it was our group chat, messaging excitedly about my eighteenth birthday party on Friday. My parents were planning it with my two best friends help and they enjoyed teasing me about not knowing any of the details. I pulled into Ambrosia High. The huge grey building loomed before me. I parked in my spot. Yes. I had a reserved parking spot as the future Alpha and thereby protector of this town. I thought it was overkill. I was still just a teenager and a student here. However, on this Monday, with its heavy rain and murky puddles, I was glad for it. I was parked close to the school doors. I ran into the building. Almost as if I had summoned them, Dalton and Zachary appeared before me, walking down the winding staircase in the entrance hall. They were both a few inches taller than me post-phase and they were lean but muscular. Dalton Drakes, my future Beta, was pale as the moon with hooded grey eyes, sharp cheek bones and a chiseled jaw. His hair was shoulder-length like mine but his was a medium ash brown. Zachary Stronghold, my future Gamma, was blue eyed, olive skinned and black haired just like me but he kept his hair cut short. People thought we were brothers sometimes or at least cousins but I was an only child and I liked it that way. Although, I was outgoing, I did enjoy my alone time on occasion. Both guys grinned wolshly at me. Pun intended. I saw them icker their eye colours momentarily from blue and grey respectively to the pitch black of their inner wolves.

"Awesome," I said, not able to hide my jealousy. They both burst into raucous laughter. A group of junior human girls nearby giggled and whispered excitedly, eyeing the three of us. We were well-liked at school. Dalton raised as eyebrows at the girls, smirking at him. They squealed and ran off in a t of giggles. Okay. Well-liked was an understatement. The Pack Members especially if they held special positions were the heartthrobs of the school and their respective mates were the envy of every girl. I grumbled to myself. Dalton and Zachary had both found their mates right after they phased. I had yet to nd mine. It was not possible to know with any real certainty who your mate was until you had phased the rst time. After that, your inner wolf could communicate with you and your eyes would be opened to who she was. She could be right under my nose and I would not even know because I had yet to phase.

The doors of the entrance hall burst open before Dalton and Zachary could respond. They did not even inch. They had probably heard the person approaching even through the rain and thunder with their heightened senses, another benet post-phase. I turned away from them to look at her. I knew who it was before I turned though. I knew that smell anywhere. She always smelled like a meadow brimming over with owers to me. I knew I should not take so much notice of her. She was the Maiden of Witches after all and I as the future Alpha should have kept my distance but I could not help myself for some reason. She was a feast for my senses. Her dark brown curls were tousled from the wind and the rain. I loved the way she looked, the way she smelled, the sound of her voice - high-pitched and melodious. She spoke so infrequently so it was a treat for me whenever I got to hear her speak in class. We had never spoken directly. I had never touched her but I assumed her golden skin would soft and smooth. That left one nal fth sense. Taste. I looked at her small doll-like mouth with its full pink lips. I tried to snap out of it. I knew the guys were smirking at me knowingly.

Mere moments after she entered the entrance hall, she slipped on the wet oor. She was several feet away but I was there in a ash. I caught her, my hands gripping her outstretched arms. I was right. Her skin was soft and smooth. It was cool to the touch compared to my warm skin. The look of panic in her eyes was replaced by one of confusion. She looked up at me. She could not be more than ve feet and four, maybe ve inches. She took a step back breaking the contact between us. I felt a bit disappointed but this was the rst time our eyes had met so I perked up again. Her amber eyes looked like a warm brown in this dim light. She seemed stunned for some reason.

Jamie's POV

It was him. I felt his strong, large hands grasp my arms to prevent me from falling. It was effortless for him. He supported my weight like I was a rag doll. Noticing our height difference, I was a doll to him. He towered over me. I needed to take a step back just to be able to meet his eyes without awkwardly craning my neck. I drank him in with my eyes. He was gorgeous, broad-shouldered and lean with muscles even though he was yet to phase. Everyone in the school was aware of the future Alpha's approaching eighteenth birthday. A new Alpha was a big deal for the entire town. Even the haughtiest of witches were aware of him. My amber eyes met his blue ones. They seemed to soften as he looked me over. We had never really acknowledged each other like this before. I wondered what he thought of me. He was probably shocked at how clumsy and quiet I was for the Maiden of the Ambrosia Witch Coven. I had turned eighteen during the vacation before senior year. My eighteenth birthday was not a big deal. I had become the Maiden ocially since my thirteenth birthday. Witches got their powers much earlier.

"Sorry," I managed to make myself say. "The oor is a bit wet." I paused, trying to think of something more to say. I broke eye contact and stared down at my wet, muddy boots and then I looked at his pristine boots. How did he manage to keep so dry in this rain? Was he faster than the raindrops or something? Good grief.

"Don't apologise, Jamie," he said politely, he turned his back on me and returned to his friends, the future Beta and Gamma, who were both giving me weird looks. I squirmed under the heat of their gaze. I was embarrassed at how quickly he turned his attention away from me, like I was nothing. I was meant to lead the Coven just as he was meant to lead his Pack. My parents sometimes met with his parents at Ambrosia's Hall of Justice along with the human Mayor and his wife. However, he and I did not attend those meetings. The Jaded Family and the Gold Family had to be courteous with each other. Courteous but not friendly. Lines were drawn in the sand. Witches and Werewolves did not get friendly so he was not behaving unusually but I wanted more for some reason.

"Wait!" I exclaimed like a complete i****t. Even Dalton and Zachary were startled by my outburst and nothing startles them. Jesse stopped in his tracks and turned towards me again.

"Um, yeah," he murmured, his eyes lled with surprise and something else. Was that hope in his eyes? What was he hoping for?

"Thank you," I said. I literally bowed with a ourish of my hand before I realised how ridiculous that must look. I cringed inwardly. What is wrong with me? Dalton and Zachery seemed to share my sentiments. They looked at me as if I had grown a second head and a literal third eye. Then, they began to dget. I could tell they were trying hard not to laugh. Even if they thought me strange, they were not bold enough to laugh at a future High Witch. I knew werewolves felt witches could turn on someone at any moment. They feared our magic and we feared their strength.

Jesse's face broke into a huge grin. He chuckled. Dalton and Zachary looked at him, mouths agape. They were shocked at how openly he had laughed. He was about to shock them further. He bowed deeply and with a ourish of his hand said, "You're most welcome." He straightened up and laughed wholeheartedly. He was making fun of me but it did not seem mean-spirited.

In spite of myself, I smiled, returning his now intense gaze. He bit his lip. I noticed how full his lips were. He bent towards me so that our noses were mere inches apart. He extended a hand and touched one of my curls, tucking it behind my ear. This gave me chills. The good kind. He lent in even closer until his mouth was so close to my ear that I could feel his hot breath and his lips grazed my earlobe when they moved as he whispered, "Be careful next time, my little witch."

After that, he and his friends disappeared like nothing earth shattering had just happened and I remained standing there spell-struck until the bell rang.