



Chapter 5: Her Fiery Fiasco

Part II: An Ill-advised Invitation

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Jamie's POV

I ran home in the rain. I tried to stop myself from swelling with hope but I just could not. My heart leapt for joy. Beta Dalton had invited me to the Alpha ceremony. The rain was slowly subsiding. It really was me. I could control the weather but it was mostly unintentional. It was my mood messing with my magic. The sun started to shine because my heart was happy.

I walked into my house, half-soaked. I had not bothered to shield myself from the rain with my magic or even an umbrella. I was greeted by my grandmother, Clementine, the Crone of the Ambrosia Witch Coven. I had already decided to tell her the truth. She was the most open minded witch in the family. The others were wary of wolves. Luckily, my parents were still at work.

"Home early from school," she said innocently. She knew.

"I know everything," she said, answering my thoughts. I sighed.

"Granny, I don't know what to do."

"Show me the invite," Granny Clementine said, a sparkle in her dark eyes. She was my maternal grandmother and resembled my mother with her dark eyes and mocha skin. Her curls were white in her old age. Witches in my Coven lived forever but our hair greyed or turned white or silver. Our facies and bodies remained young.

Granny regarded the gold envelope with a smile. She quickly read the parchment inside.

"You want to go." It was a statement not a question but I nodded anyway.

"But I'll be surrounded by werewolves," I said in hushed tones though no one else was home. "I'm pretty sure I'll be the only witch there."

And I'd have to be there when Jessie potentially found his mate. My chest hurt like my heart was already breaking but I still wanted to go so badly.

"You need a disguise. If only magic existed," my Granny said, teasing me.

"Ugh why didn't I think of that," I groaned. I missed the obvious at times. Granny led me to her Witching Room as she called it. There were shelves lining every wall, all cluttered with spell books, and bottles and jars lled with an assortment of magical ingredients for Granny's potions and charms. A massive cauldron, big enough to bathe in, stood dead centre on a grate, under which hot coals gleamed. From the ceiling hung pots and pans. Granny handed me a book and it opened of its own accord on the right page.

Shapeshifting Spell

Allows you to assume any form for a maximum of six hours.

"But the wolves will smell me. They'll know I'm a witch." I said.

Granny had an answer for that. "Not if you use a Concealment Charm for your aroma."

I did not need any further convincing. I gathered the ingredients listed in the spell: sea salt, rose oil, lily of the valley oil, oak tree bark, skin shed naturally by a snake. The list went on and on. This was going to take a while. I thought of Jessie's lips on my ear earlier. It was worth it.

The next day at school, Dalton kept shooting me conspiratorial glances. Zoe even tried to be nice to me, letting me cut in front of her in the lunch line. Chloe looked horried. The blonde she-wolf glared at me. They were surrounded by some of the other mates of Pack members. All she-wolves except Zoe the human. However Zoe was Beta Dalton's mate and none of the others dared to say anything. Wolves respected hierarchy with a great intensity.

"Go on," said Zoe, gesturing with her hand. I smiled sheepishly and stepped in front of the pack of angry she-wolves. I allowed the Lunch Lady, a human with a constant scowl, to pile stew onto my tray. I hurried away and in my haste, I tripped. The greyish green slop that was considered stew at school hit a tall student that had just walked in, ruining his school shirt. I looked up to see who it was. My stomach did backips. It was Jessie. I scampered to my feet. Dozens of eyes were on me and Jessie. It was silent.

"I'm so sorry, Jessie," I said. "Let me help clean that." I grabbed up a handful of napkins and tried to wipe the slop from his shirt. I only succeeded in spreading it. "Sorry!" I exclaimed again.

"Jamie," growled Jessie, narrowing his eyes.

"Yeah," I whimpered.

"Lighten up," he said, breaking into a smile. Relief washed over me. Dalton grinned at me from behind Jessie and Zachery just stared.

"Thanks, Jamie," said Dalton. "You saved my alpha all the trouble of lining up. What a good girlfriend you have, Jessie."

Zachery stiffened at the word girlfriend, as if horried at the thought. I could feel Chloe's eyes on my back. Jessie did not react to the word at all.

"Excuse me," he said politely, leaving the lunch room. Everyone was still staring at me.

"We'll start charging you guys. Entertainment like this can't be free, you know," said Dalton loudly. A chorus of giggles erupted. The students went back to eating.

"Bye," said Dalton to me, smiling. Zoe came over and Dalton enveloped her in a bear hug. I left the lunch room. I was not hungry anymore. I wanted to nd Jessie. I scanned the hallways. I went to the nearest Boys' Bathroom and peaked in. Jessie was trying to clean his shirt. The faucet was running. He dampened a paper towel and brought it to the huge stain.

"Wait," I said.

Jessie looked around, genuinely surprised to see me peaking into the Boys' Bathroom.

"Sorry," I apologised.

"Is that your favourite word, little witch."

"No," I stepped into the room. "I should have done this back there when it happened but I was ustered." I motioned in his direction with my palms outstretched.

"Done what?" Asked Jessie, wetting another paper towel. He brought it to the shirt only to nd it was spotless. The stain was completely gone.

"What a clever little witch you are," he said, breaking into a grin. I smiled.

Jessie closed the distance between us. He towered over me. I drank him in with my eyes: his broad shoulders, his strong arms, his powerful legs, his chiseled jaw. Stop it, I commanded myself.

"Your moods really mess with your magic, huh?" Asked Jessie.

"Yeah," I said sheepishly. "I'm a hazard."

"You're not," he replied gently. The air between us felt charged. Jessie tucked a stray curl behind my ear. I shivered as his ngertips brushed against my skin.

"Did you cast a spell on me, little witch?" Asked the future alpha.

"No! Of course not. Why would you say that?" I said indignantly. Bending the will of others with magic was a serous accusation.

"You occupy most of my thoughts," murmured Jessie so quietly it was almost to himself but I heard him and my spine tingled.

"That's not witchcraft," I whispered, matching his hushed tone.

"I could have dodged that stew easily," he revealed.

Had he led me here on purpose?

"Why didn't you?" I asked, my eyes wide.

"I like being a part of your mess," he said with an amused smirk.

"I won't make any more mess," I promised, thinking of the shattered glass and slop.

"Don't make promises you can't keep," warned Jessie, narrowing his eyes. His gaze was so intense. I wanted to back away and step forward at the same time.

Jessie was mere inches away. He touched the tip of his nose to my forehead. I bit my lip. He inhaled deeply. He slid his nose down to mine and nuzzled me. I had seen Dalton do that to Zoe before. It was a wolf thing. I giggled and blushed. I realised I was gripping his tie. Before I could talk myself out of it, I placed a kiss at the corner of Jessie's mouth, as close as I could get to his lips without touching them. Jessie turned his head slightly and caught my lips with his. Heat coursed through me. The bathroom felt like a furnace. Jessie pulled me into his embrace. His hands were gripping my waist. I knew his ngers would leave marks at my sides. I stood on tip-toe and wrapped my arms around his neck. He began massaging my back with his hands causing goosebumps to erupt all over my skin. I tangled my hands in his hair. He broke the kiss and trailed kisses across my cheek and down the side of my neck. I tightened my grip and Jessie responded by lifting my feet off the ground. I wrapped my legs around his waist as he pinned me to the wall. I felt the tiled wall against my back. I squeaked and Jessie laughed. He resumed the kiss, deepening it. This was too much. I was on re. I heard a strange crackling but I ignored it. Jessie bit my bottom lip. He growled. His blue irises were gone. They were black. Strangely I was not afraid. He released me and turned around. My eyes fell on what had disturbed him. The wet paper towels he has been using earlier were lying in the sink and impossibly, they were on re! The ames danced, blackening the bathroom mirror. The re alarm went off before either of us could out it and the sprinklers came in, extinguishing the re and soaking me and Jessie.

"Mess," muttered Jessie.

Rather than get upset, I retorted, "You needed to cool down anyway."

Jessie raised his eyebrows, looking somewhat impressed by my quip. I tried to walk off but he grabbed my hand and pulled me back. His damp shirt was clinging to his muscles. He caught me staring.

"Maybe it's you who needed to cool down," he said. I scurried away. Jessie's laughter faded behind me. He knew well enough by now that I did not do any of those things intentionally. My face ushed as what had just happened hit me. I had just made out with the future alpha.