Chapter 9: Her Difficult Discussion

Part III: A Lovely Luna

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Jamie's POV

Word had spread through Ambrosia like wildre. A phone call woke me up. It was Eva.

“You’re dating Jessie,” she stated in an accusatory manner. “That’s what the dress was for. His birthday party.”

“Yes,” I admitted, knowing denying it was futile. Eva hated the wolves based on what she had said yesterday and now she would probably avoid me. I had nally made a friend only for her to slip right through my ngers. She was silent on the other end. Suddenly, Eva squealed. I almost dropped the phone.

“That’s so cool,” said Eva. “A forbidden romance. How long have you been sneaking around with him?” I told her about the glass dome shattering and Jessie shielding me and then I described our kiss the following day. I complained about how he had ignored me and nally kissed me again and insisted I come to the ceremony.

“I’ll forgive you for not inviting me to the alpha ceremony,” said Eva.

“Trust me, I had no idea I would end up his Luna.”

“But if I’m not a part of the wedding then I’m never speaking to you again!” Exclaimed Eva.

I chuckled. There was a sharp knock on my bedroom door. I said goodbye to Eva and yelled, “Come in.”

The door swung open to reveal my worry-stricken parents. Uh oh.

“You have visitors,” my father said curtly.

I showered, brushed my teeth, detangled my curls, dressed and did my makeup in record time with the help of magic. Vince, my familiar, had picked out my outt. He was no ordinary cat. In fact he only chose to appear as a cat for convenience. I had on a short black velvet dress with puff sleeves and black velvet boots. I entered the drawing room to nd the Gold family sitting there, waiting patiently. Jessie’s eyes swept over me. He winked at me from where he was sitting in a baby blue armchair. His parents held hands and sat together with his grandparents on a baby pink couch. The entire drawing room was decorated in pastel shades. Our house had a pretty unconventional theme. This room also boated a shelf lled with antique dolls. Each doll had a special power. For example, if you kept Sadie the Sleepy with you at night, you were guaranteed only beautiful dreams. Velma the Vain made you more and more alluring if you brushed her hair each night but you also tended to attract obsessive stalkers.

Grandmother Clementine was sitting across from the Golds. She summoned a tray lled with biscuits, cupcakes and pastries. The tray oated into the drawing room on its own and set itself down on the coffee table in front of the Golds. Beautiful oral teacups appeared along with a teapot. Granny asked each person how they took their tea. The spoons got to work on adding the sugar and the milk and hot water poured themselves into the cups. The teabags jumped in of their own accord. Jessie looked thoroughly amazed by all of this and so did his Grandmother Titania. The other three Golds were uneasy. My parents were stone-faced. We sat with Grandmother Clementine on a lavender couch facing the Golds.

“Mrs Jaded, Mother of the Ambrosia Witch Coven, Mr Jaded, Crone Clementine,” Said Jessie, surprising me by being the rst Gold to speak. “I am not sure what you have heard from others but allow me to clear up a few things. Last night was my rst phasing on my eighteenth birthday. I inherited the position of Alpha. I discovered that Jamie, your daughter, is my fated mate and rightful Luna. These bonds cannot be ignored because they are so powerful and they are lifelong. With us being immortal, lifelong for us means eternal. I know I am probably not at all the person you expected your daughter to be with but I will love her more than I love myself because she is my other half, my better half. I would love to have your blessing as I mean to make Jamie my wife.”

I was astonished. I knew as his Luna we would eventually marry but I was not expecting a proposal right away. My parents were quiet for a while.

“Jamie is only eighteen,” said my father.

“Yes, but…” began Jessie.

“And so are you,” continued James.

“Yes, but wolves mate for life so the usual risks of marrying young don’t apply here,” Jessie stated condently. “I’m never going to regret being with Jamie. I’ll never get tired of her. Money is also not an issue. My grandparents have been together for one hundred years and still act like teenagers in love.”

This drew a chuckle from the Gold elders.

“Since it’s forever then you have all the time in the world,” said my Dad. “So there’s no rush.”

“I want to rule the Wolf Pack with my Luna by my side,” said Jessie.

“And I want my daughter to nish high school,” muttered James darkly.

“They will both attend senior year and graduate as normal,” Said Henry Gold. “They can further their studies at University if they like but all the while they will have the responsibility of running the Pack and as you know the Pack protects this beautiful town we live in from outside threats. Vampires, Ghouls, Zombies, Banshees. We’re your front line defence.”

“So my daughter will be risking her life in between classes,” was my Dad’s reply.

“No,” said Jessie rmly. “My Luna will not be doing any ghting.”

“How about we make the engagement a year long,” said my mother, ashing my dad her best beauty queen smile.

“That’s ne with us,” said Luna Henrietta.

“How are we going to get the Ambrosia Coven to accept a werewolf marrying their high witch and how are the wolves dealing with the prospect of a Witch Luna?” Asked my Dad.

“This is a rst for all of us so there’s bound to be some disputes here and there. At the ceremony last night, they were people congratulating them and celebrating. Most people would love to see some pleasant witch-werewolf relations,” said Henrietta.

“Ok, well, we’ll take this one small step at time,” said Grandmother Clementine, a twinkle in her eyes.

My parents and Jessie’s parents shook each other’s hands. Jessie was beaming. Granny Clementine shook hands with Titus and Titania. As soon as they had all shook hands, Jessie strode over to me and got down on one knee, brandishing a small black velvet box. He opened it to reveal a rose gold ring with a princess cut pink diamond.

“Jamie, Maiden of the Ambrosia witch Coven, will you make me the happiest man alive by becoming my wife and Luna?” Asked Jessie.

I nodded weakly in disbelief. It was all so surreal.

“Yes, Jessie,” I managed to say.

He slid the ring onto the ring nger of my left hand. I watched the diamond sparkle, admiring it. Jessie’s face broke into a huge grin. He pulled me towards him for a delicate kiss. His lips felt soft, full and warm. My father cleared his throat loudly. The Golds and my family exchanged polite goodbyes. To my parents' chagrin, Jessie did not leave with them. He followed me up to my room. I kept looking at the huge diamond engagement ring. I willed the door to lock itself behind us. This was the rst time Jessie had been in my room. He stared at its lilac walls, oral sheets and dark purple cupboards. Jessie lay down on my bed and pulled me on top of him for a kiss. We spent a few minutes with our limbs entangled and our lips pressed together. Jessie bit my lips and left hickeys on my neck. He switched us around so that he was now on top. I squirmed underneath him. He was driving me crazy. He snaked his hands underneath my mini dress. He caressed my thighs and my sides, hiking my dress up. He massaged my stomach and trailed kisses town my torso lingering near my belly button, darting his tongue in and out of it. I shivered. I felt his ngers hook in my underwear as he started pulling it downwards. I was not ready for that.

“I can’t,” I said, grabbing his hands.

“It’s ok,” he said. “Let’s just cuddle for a bit”

Relief washed over me. I snuggled into him, laying my head in the crook of his neck. He massaged my back. “I love you, Jessie,” I murmured into his shirt. The words were a bit mued.

He heard it. “I love you, Jamie,” he whispered, pressing his lips to my forehead gently.

Evangeline’s POV

Jamie was so pathetic. She did not deserve to be the Maiden of Witches. Sure she was powerful but she could hardly control herself. It was time for new blood among the high ranking witches. I could not decide if Jessie was a blessing or a curse. Jamie falling for an alpha could make her look like a mess in front of the Witch Council but that alpha falling for her meant she would be heavily protected. That was a problem. It also meant she was no longer isolated. I had thought I was going to be her only condante. Lonely people were easy prey. Even when she had returned to the theatre smelling like that werewolf on Friday, I had not been worried. Heartbroken people were even easier prey. Then, fate threw me a major curve ball. The werewolf did not nd some noble-blooded narcissistic she-wolf for his mate after he phased. He did not even nd some idiotic human. His mate was a witch, the witch, the one and only Jamie. How quaint. I almost retched when I got off the phone with her.

I sighed and glanced at the walls of my bedroom. Every inch was covered with photographs or information concerning the Jaded Family. Now, I had another family to research, the Golds.

I drove to Jamie’s house at the c***k of dawn on Sunday morning to “surprise” her. I had monopolise her time before that eabag could get there. I insisted we practice witchcraft and have girl time. I had gotten us matching dresses: black, of course, micro-mini numbers. Ambrosia was boarded by other towns on its west, south and east borders, but its north border was the coast. We hit the beach. It was crowded, even in the early morning, with werewolves, humans and wizards alike. Our matching micro-minis quickly got us some attention. I pretended to freak out, screaming and jumping up and down at the sight of Jamie’s engagement ring. It was pretty. That was how best friends acted right? Whatever, that was what the best friend did in movies.

“Salutations, ladies,” said a handsome shirtless wizard who was acting as the lifeguard today. He was perched on his high chair, surveying the rough, crystal clear waters. I recognised him from school. His name was Frog or something.

“Fox is the name,” he said. Whatever, I was close. He removed his designer shades to reveal one blue eye and one brown eye. Heterochromia. Two different coloured irises. One of the physical markers of a naturally really powerful witch or wizard. We sometimes deemed them Witch’s Marks. I smiled coyly at him. Jamie had a Witch’s Mark too, a subtle one, a mole on her cheek. There were other more obvious marks like having a sixth nger or toe, having an extra n****e or an oddly shaped birthmark or a wart that could talk. It was a weird world out there.

Fox ran his ngers threw his long auburn hair. He had really full lips and seemed to pout a lot when he was thinking like those moody male models at fashion week.

“I’m Jamie and this is Eva,” said Jamie sweetly. I curtsied for dramatic effect.

“We like your eyes,” I said, biting my lip.

“Which one?” He said, chuckling.

“She likes the blue one and I like the brown one,” said Jamie, laughing.

I raised my brows. Jamie was not a complete dud after all.

“What can you do?” Jamie asked. A Witch’s Mark meant more power and a special gift like Jamie being a confused weather girl.

Her werewolf boyfriend’s boldness was probably rubbing off on her.

“I can pause time for as long as I can go without blinking,” he said, grinning.

“Seriously?” I said. I needed to befriend this guy.

“Yeah, my personal best is only a couple of minutes though. My eyes get super grainy. It’s great for the lifeguard job cause I just pause time and levitate the kid or whoever out of the water. I almost never leave my chair.”

“You should hang out with us,” I said.

“After work? I get off at-” started Fox.

“No, tomorrow at lunch, at school. We’re eating with the wolves. You brave enough for that,” I said.

Fox chuckled. “It’s a date.”

Fox actually helped Jamie and I practice levitation. I had to pretend to be bad at it and then slowly get better to mirror Jamie. The easiest way to make someone like you quickly was to mirror them, not imitate, but mirror. It had to seem genuine and natural, like you were coincidentally similar, not like you were intentionally copying them. The latter would annoy or even enrage a person.

I was actually excited on a Monday. There had been major changes to the status quo at school and the hallways were lled with students whispering everything they knew so far to their friends. The stream of gossip was like a constant hum throughout the school. My ears were ringing.

I waited patiently in the parking lot. My hair was in a high ponytail and my skirt was several inches shorter than regulation. I spotted the Rolls Royce. Reserved parking space and everything. A King among peasants. A King with eas though.

Jamie’s POV

Jessie was not pleased on Sunday when I went to the beach with Eva but I was rm about it. As much as I loved him, I did not want to be one of those girls who could not blink without their boyfriend's permission. It hit me again that Jessie was my ancé not my boyfriend. It felt like we skipped a step. We went from a passionate, secretive ing to a formal engagement in literally a week. I could not deny him driving me to school on Monday. It was to be "our couple debut" as Eva put it. Jessie parked in his reserved spot. He pulled me into his lap. One day apart and I actually missed him. I had been anticipating this. He kissed me, slowly, relishing the moment. He cupped my face in his huge hands. He glanced at my neck where the hickeys from Saturday still had not faded completely. He sucked on one of them. I squealed and slipped out of his grasp. He went around and opened the door for me.

Eva was waiting for us in the parking lot. I hugged her. My heart was so happy. Everyday for years at this school, I walked keeping my head down, eyes on the oor. I was alone constantly. Now I had the love of my life and my new best friend for company. Jessie did not particularly like Eva but he did not want to risk offending my only witch friend. Zoe, Dalton, Chloe and my biggest fan Zack met us in the entrance hall. Zoe pulled me into a hug. She even hugged Eva. Dalton bear hugged Zoe, Eva and me all at once, somehow lifting the three of us off the ground momentarily. Eva and I squealed and Zoe giggled.

"Good morning, Luna," said Chloe stiy, shifting nervously in her six inch heels. How did she manage all day in those? "Friend of Luna," added Chloe, nodding in Eva's direction.

"Luna," Zack repeated just as stiy, nodding at me and then at Eva, with a small smile that did not reach his eyes.

I kept my sigh inside of myself. Eva looked at Chloe and Zack strangely but did not say anything. Jessie squeezed my waist. Our rst class was in the newly repaired dome room. The glass had been enchanted to be unbreakable. I sat between Jessie and Eva. Fox pulled up a chair and sat on the other side of Eva. The two had their heads together, giggling and whispering. They would make a cute couple. I wondered if something was going on between them. Behind us sat Dalton and Zoe and Chloe and Zack. The teacher was late as usual. I glanced back to see Zoe and Dalton nuzzling each other while Chloe massaged Zack's shoulders, trying to soothe him. He grabbed her hands and kissed them. I remembered how jealous I had been just a week ago and how impossible it seemed back then for me to be with Jessie. Now, Jessie's arms were around me protectively. I relaxed into him. He sniffed my hair.

"You smell like a meadow," he mumbled.

"What?" I laughed.

Jessie smiled. "Like owers."

"Oh!" I said.

"Do I smell good to you?" Jessie wondered out loud.

I leant in and took a whiff. "You smell sexy," I said matter-of-factly.

"Sexy?" Jessie raised his eyebrows.

"Like a Summer's night on the beach. Like the smell of saltwater, a bonre, palm trees."

Jessie chuckled. "If you put me to your ear, you can hear the ocean."

I rolled my eyes and he kissed me, gently running his ngers through my curls and massaging my back. I started to realise there were a lot of eyes on us: werewolves, humans and witches and wizards.

There was a chorus of whispers too: dozens of different voices. I caught snatches of conversation.

“It’s true, then.”

“Look at that rock on her nger!”

“They’re making out in class. Last week they were strangers.”

“I wonder when the wedding will be?”

“I wonder if they’ll go through with it.”

“I don’t blame her, he’s hot! I would!”

“What would a werewolf, witch baby be like?

“Jamie’s strange but she’s actually quite pretty to look at.”

I shifted in my seat, uncomfortable with the heat of so many gazes on me. Jessie was used to being the centre of attention and the most talked about student so this wasn’t anything new to him. My heart sped up a little. Jessie held my wrist, feeling my pulse.

“Relax,” he whispered. “Since they like to stare and gossip so much, let’s give them a real show,” he suggested.

I giggled impishly. I nuzzled his nose and kissed the tip of it. I kissed his mouth and let myself relax a little, sighing into his mouth. He used the opportunity to deepen the kiss, massaging my tongue with his.

“Ahem,” someone cleared his throat loudly to get our attention. I was still a bit lost in the kiss. Jessie was making me dizzy. “Mr Gold and Miss Jaded, if I could have your attention please,” reprimanded Professor Fern.

We broke apart. My face ushed. Several human girls giggled and a few she-wolves snickered. Fellow witches and wizards looked at me in shock. Jessie kept his arms around me and looked at the teacher deantly.

Prof Fern did not give us any formal punishment. He was a werewolf and Jessie was his Alpha. Werewolf hierarchy infringed upon every aspect of werewolf life. The Alpha in theory was never wrong unless challenged by another alpha or an extremely powerful beta.

Class ew by and I was actually looking forward to lunch. I had people to sit with. The werewolves occupied the largest table in the centre of the cafeteria. It was actually four tables that they pushed together so that about twelve of the most prominent pack members could sit there.

Jessie organised my lunch tray for me. I realised that the human lunch lady gave him way better food than what I usually got. It was rotisserie chicken and roasted potatoes with caprese salad as opposed to my usual greyish-green slop or the occasional greenish-grey slop. I loved caprese salad. Jessie walked me over to the werewolf table. Eva and Fox followed behind. Zoe and Dalton smiled at us. Chloe and Zack were too busy making out to notice anything. I could not even make fun of them in my head anymore because I had just acted like that with Jessie in class this morning. I tried not to be intimidated by all the extremely attractive and menacing looking werewolves and she-wolves who usually snickered at my expense or ignored me. Everyone straightened up a little once Jessie pulled out my chair so I could sit and then he sat next to me. Fox and Eva did not seem the least bit perturbed by the tense vibes.

“Jamie, this is Baxter,” said Jessie, pointing to a tall, guy with shaggy blond hair, bright blue eyes and tan skin. “And his mate Beatrice.” Beatrice was a petite girl with really thick chocolate wavy hair and deep brown eyes. Her skin was very pale and had a rosy undertone to it. Baxter high-ved me and Beatrice gave me a shy little wave.

“This is Quinn,” Jessie continued. Quinn was extremely muscular with milk chocolate skin and dark chocolate eyes. He had his head shaved. He was seventeen so he had not phased or found his mate yet. Quinn nodded, his expression impassive.

The twins: Erick and Maverick." They were identical: broad-shouldered with light brown skin, black straight hair and hazel eyes. "Welcome, Luna," they said in unison. "Their mates: Summer and Winter." Identical caramel coloured twin girls with their waist-length hair dyed completely different colours smiled at me. Summer's hair was rose-gold and Winter's hair was silvery blonde.

The Ambrosia Wolf Pack was huge, with thousands of lupine townsfolk making up its members. The cafeteria crew were the cream of the crop: rich, entitled and beautiful. "It's nice to meet all of you!" I said after Jessie nished the introductions. I took a small bite of my caprese salad. It was delicious. These privileged wolves were living a totally different life here at Ambrosia High. The rotisserie chicken was so delicious and the roasted potatoes were soft and well-seasoned. I could not get over how yummy it all was. Jessie was staring at me intently.

Jessie's POV

I could not get over how adorable my mate was as she relished every bite of her food. I could not help myself. I kissed her cute little cheeks and her pretty mouth. She blushed. She rubbed my bottom lip softly with her thumb. I kissed her ngertips. I wondered what it would feel like to be with my mate and mark her. I touched the spot between her neck and her shoulder. She shivered. I kissed the spot and sucked it gently, wondering when Jamie would permit me to mark her and make her mine.

"This food tastes delicious," she said, her eyes lighting up.

"Your skin tastes better," I insisted, smelling the spot I would mark one day. I thought about how Jamie would look after I marked her, the sheen of sweat that would cover her skin. Her lips would be swollen and her hair tangled. I snapped out of my thoughts. Jamie was looking intently at me. I kissed her, nuzzling her nose. I devoured my food in a matter of minutes and then began trying to spoon-feed Jamie which she did not want me to do, to my dismay. I sulked and removed my arms from around her but I was half-joking. Jamie ate everything I had put out for her. She seemed a little perturbed about something. I immediately wrapped my arms around her again.

"Not that," she said as if reading my mind. "But cuddle me anyway," she whispered in my ear.

"What's wrong though?" I inquired.

"It's totally unfair how the some students get much better lunches," I mused. The table was quiet.

"It denitely is unfair," muttered Dalton darkly. "I had to irt with the lunch lady to set this up," he joked.

The Wolfpack broke out into a chorus of laughter. I smiled at him.

"But," I said cautiously, "Everyone really should have access to the same lunches. If everyone got high quality lunches like this, their school experience would be much improved. They might even do better academically."

The table was silent again. "My Luna is so egalitarian," said Jessie, stroking his chin and eyeing me. "Hot."

Giggles erupted again. I laughed awkwardly but made a mental note to have a private and more serious conversation about this with Jessie. If I was actually to rule alongside him, I was not going to be just a plaything. I had ideas. Certain principles were important to me.

Eva's POV

I found a scratch in the armour. Jamie as a Maiden was actually passionate about fair treatment across the board, no exceptions, not even royal ones. Jessie did not mind perks and pampering as an Alpha. This made me almost want to respect Jamie but she still did not deserve to be the Mother of Witches one day. She was willingly engaged to a werewolf. The girl had to be insane on some level. I had a dreadfully delicious idea. I wanted to remain that ever supportive new best friend but still secretly stir up trouble in paradise. I would need help. Divine intervention. Or not so divine.