

Chapter 27

I couldn't believe my ears. Was this really my brother? Or was fate playing tricks with my mentality? It wouldn't be a shocker. Then, I would understand why I thought I heard Lukas say that he imprinted on me, and why I'm falling in love with the man who almost ruined my childhood, and of course, why my brother called.

But this time, it wasn't the universe trying to mess with me. Lukas really did imprint on me. I really was falling in love with Maxim, and my brother-the brother who has hated me forever, has called me here at my new home.

"Yes, it's me," he said. His voice was soft and unsure, something I had never heard before.

It took a while to get a hold of my brain again before I finally answered. "H-h-how are you?" I managed to say. My tongue was twisted in a million different ways.

"I'm fine. And you?"

"I'm... um... I'm fine, fine. Just fine." I had no idea what to say or how to talk to him. We've never spoken like this before. Ever. It felt weird.

There was silence for a while, and I almost thought this was the part where he would shout at me. But oddly, he didn't.

"Um, Lance and Toya wanted to know how you were... err... adjusting," he said. But it was odd, considering I talk to Toya at least every week. She has my cell number. But I went along just the same.

"Oh, well, I'm coping just fine. The Alphas are nice to me, and get this, one of them is actually my mate! Crazy, huh?" I laughed awkwardly as I said this. The conversation wasn't something I anticipated, and Logan and I were never the siblings to share things.

In my head, he would've found out eventually and simply moved on with life.

"So I've heard," he cheered, but it came off weird. "Congrats. It was a good decision sending you there after all."

I scratched my arm awkwardly. "I guess."

I wanted to ask him how he knew that Maxim was my mate, but then I remembered telling Toya. Of course, she wouldn't have kept such information from Lance, and Lance must've surely told Logan.

There was silence for a while, and I could tell that Lukas was listening in, even though he was simply sitting at his desk flipping through files. I felt uncomfortable. Logan's call was unexpected and unnatural. Had I been more prepared, I would've better been able to get through this.

Now, I was a mess.

"Hey, listen," he finally said. "I heard you had been having issues sleeping."

My head immediately snapped towards Lukas as Logan said this, and he stiffened.

"You have?" I asked as I glared at the Alpha across the room.

"Yeah, and I just wanted to know if it had become any better."

I nodded even though he couldn't see me. "I'm working on it," I told him truthfully. Along with Maxim sleeping with me and the herbs we found, I was well on my way to a good night's rest soon.

"Good, good. Because...um... Toya was thinking that sometimes you could come home. You know? Just for the weekend. It could help you sleep."

Toya huh? I thought. It was just occurring to me what might have been the actual case here. Does my brother...miss me?

"Yeah, that's a good idea. I'll have to talk to the Alphas, though," I said instead of asking him if it was really Toya's idea.

"I know. And hey, you can...you can give us a call every now and then," he added. His voice was strained, but I could tell it was from nerves.

"I will. Thanks for calling."

"Yeah, bye."

I sighed quietly. "Bye, Logan."

I placed the phone back in its holder and moved towards Lukas's desk. He kept his head down as if he didn't notice I was there, but I knew he simply didn't want to face me.

"You've been talking to my brother," I accused. I wasn't upset about the situation. I simply would've preferred knowing that my friend was speaking with my brother. Maybe then, this call wouldn't have been such a shocker for me.

He dropped his pen and met my eyes as he leaned back in his chair. "Yes, I have," he confessed, and I squinted my eyes at him.

"You didn't tell me. Why didn't you tell me you were talking to my brother? And have you been discussing me?" The thought that they were talking about me behind my back slightly ticked me off.

Knowing Logan, he must've been hoping to hear the worst things. But after this call today, I wasn't so sure anymore. Maybe I was right. Perhaps a little time away from home was what we really needed to start whatever relationship we might be able to attain.

Lukas stared at me emotionless for a while before he answered. "The agreement was for you to come here, and we aid them with our protection and training facilities. I had to be in touch with Lance and Logan. Don't be close-minded, Melissa," he explained, and I felt stupid.

"Oh, right."

"I didn't tell you because I didn't think it would be the best thing to talk about, considering how picky you were with the subject of family, and even now that I know why..." he trailed as his eyes grew dark for a while. I assumed he remembered what I told them about my family and how I grew up. "I didn't want to bother you with these things. Now, I was a bit reluctant to return Beta Logan's call because I wasn't sure if you wanted to talk to him."

"That's why you listened through the entire conversation," I concluded with a chuckle.

He rolled his eyes. "I just wanted to ensure that he wasn't saying anything that would upset you."

I smiled genuinely at his evident concern. I was still getting used to having people around me who cared.

"Thank you. And as you may have heard, the call went better than we both anticipated."

He nodded slowly. "I guess it did. In our talks, he would sometimes randomly ask about you, which is how the issue of your dreams came up. I'm sorry."

I waved him off. "It's okay. You might've been the reason he called in the first place, so thank you."

"You aren't upset that he called so suddenly and asked for you?" His eyes searched my face for an answer, but the only thing he got was a smile.

"No. I was a bit shocked, but I wasn't upset. Can I tell you a secret? When my uncle told me about this arrangement, I planned to run away from home. But our Luna told me a story about once when my brother loved me. I actually packed my things and ran that night, but I turned back, hoping that I could find that brother again someday."

Lukas was quiet for a while as he stared at his door. "Well, for my sake, I'm glad you didn't run away."

I smiled even wider. "Me too," I said honestly. I'm actually happy I didn't leave trying to find my mate when he was here all along. "Bye, Lukas."

I waved as I turned to leave, but he spoke again, halting my movements.

"So, are you gonna tell him?" he asked suddenly.

I refaced him with my eyebrows knitted, and my lips pulled in a thin line. "Tell who what?"

"Maxim. Are you going to tell him that I imprinted on you, and you know, the kiss?"

My heart slammed against my chest at the thought, and I quickly dropped my gaze. "Yes, I have to."

And with that, I spun again and headed for the door. But as I swung it open, I was met face-to-face with my mate himself. And he did not look happy.

My heart raced as I reached for him, but he side-stepped my hold and stormed down the hall.

"Maxim!" I called after him, but he didn't even look back.

With my eyes teary, I faced Lukas again, who was simply sitting back in his chair with his arms folded in front of him.

"You knew he was there!" I shouted as my own anger raged.

And all he did was shrug simply. "Even though my walls are scent and sound resistant, Maxim and I somehow managed to combat the mere fact. Yes, he was there, and I did it because it had to be done."

"I was gonna tell him!" I screamed as tears streamed down my cheeks. He saw them, and I saw guilt flash in his eyes swiftly before he guarded them again.

"Not soon enough," he simply said. Perhaps he was right. I would've delayed telling Maxim for as long as I saw it fit. But that still gave him no right.

Without another word, I slammed his door shut and dashed down the hallway to find my mate.

Hopefully, he'll talk to me.