

Chapter 44

Home sweet home.

It's odd, you know? Considering Primal Pack my home. But I ought to get used to it anyway. Now that Maxim has claimed me, it's inevitable now. I'd become a Primal Pack wolf.

Maxim got our bags from the trunk as I walked up the front steps. The door flung open, and a squealing Fiona emerged with excitement evident on her face.

"Let me see it! Let me see it!" she demanded eagerly as she grabbed onto my shoulder and almost tore my head off, trying to see my mark.

"For a pregnant woman, you are hella strong," I winced as I rubbed my shoulder.

Maxim's light chuckle rumbled from behind us. "Be careful there, Fiona."

"Oh my gosh!" She squealed, avoiding Maxim's remark. "And let me see yours!"

I loved that Maxim proudly showed her my mark. It was unusual for the female wolf to mark the male wolf because one bite was all it took. But ours was a symbol of all we went through just to be with one another, and I will always love looking at it.

Yesterday when Toya almost died in front of me, I decided that I needed to prioritise things in my life, and being a Luna to this pack was one of them. I'll be putting them in immediate danger by just being here. So, with everything in me, I had to protect them, myself, my friends and my mate.

Whatever it takes.

"I know this is all exciting and all for you, but there's something you should know. We have to talk."

Fiona's face fell in seriousness when I said this, and she nodded once as she held my hand and pulled me inside. Leonardo greeted us once we were at the staircase. He seemed happy as I saw us and winked at me as he kissed Fiona's hair and pat Maxim's back in what seemed like approval. He knew about the mark. Anyone with eyes could see it. But that only meant that Lukas knew too.

Yet again, I was in a situation where I knew I needed to make things right with Lukas. What was this? The third time?

I was over this back and forth with Lukas. I still didn't approve of what he did. He could've killed me. He could've gotten himself killed by a furious Maxim, and then the pack would be lost with no Alphas.

But deep down, I knew it was his wolf that drove him to what seemed like madness. He was very regretful for what he did, even when he did it. He expressed his apologies every day when he came to my room.

But he needed to apologise to my face, and then maybe things could go back to normal. I've become a very forgiving person because life would be miserable if we held onto a grudge forever. And with all that's to come, I needed all the help I could get with this moon shard thing.

So, Lukas on our side would be vital. Before I came here, both men ruled side-by-side without division, and they managed to lead the strongest pack in the country. It's strange how a mess of a woman like me managed to get between them, and I hate it. Hence, I felt

like it was sort of my duty to bring them back together.

Even if it seems impossible at this point.

I caught a glimpse of his office on my way to my room. I knew he was in there. I couldn't catch his scent, but I could almost feel him as we passed. Maxim knew it too. He scowled as we passed, and I sighed, knowing it would take time for him to get over it all. But he would.

Somehow.

Maxim pecked my cheek as we parted at my room door. I was torn between where I wanted to stay. I've grown to like the room I got when I came here. Except, it had some of my darkest memories. It was where I spent two weeks writhing in pain. It was where a mark was forced onto me. And every time I see that door, I remember.

Then again, I didn't want to move into Maxim's room. Nothing was wrong with it, but the room simply had no personality.

He told me I could do what I wanted with it, and he wouldn't mind as long as I was with him there. He also expressed that he'd be happy to move into my room if that's what I really wanted. Who knows? Maybe I'll know before the day ends.

I got settled in and told Fiona everything. I knew I should be sceptical with who I trust, but I knew I could trust her.

When I finished telling her everything, her expression was a mixture of happiness about Camille and Toya's baby, confusion about the whole oracle and moon shard thing, and fear of what I expressed about the moon goddess.

I didn't believe she was bad. She couldn't be. But I knew she wasn't being honest about something, and the minute she realises that I'm sceptical about her, she'll probably want to kill me like my parents.

I have to prevent those dreams from coming back. I have to stay away from the moon goddess until I have enough knowledge about what really happened.

"So, what are you going to do?" Fiona asked with a stressed sigh.

I shrugged. "Now, I'm going to get my mate to talk to his brother so they can arrange my induction ceremony. Then, I'll make this recipe that Toya gave me. It should suppress the power of the shard, which might keep me from getting those dreams and hopefully hold the dragon off." I showed her a little pink notebook with some herbs that Toya gave me before we left.

She gave me hints on how I could learn the truth and complete truth, but I have exhausted everything Armor Pack could show me.

"We have most of these things in the kitchen. The others can most likely be found at the packhouse," Fiona mumbled as she glanced over the list.

"Well, we need them today, just in case."

"On it," she announced, instantly getting right on it. This was why I loved her.

I changed into something much warmer before leaving my room again, but I bumped into someone as I exited the room.

I almost stumbled to the ground from the shock, but strong arms caught me before I could. I knew that scent far too well. As I looked up, just as I assumed, I was face to face with Lukas.

He stared down at me, still holding onto me as if I'd fall again if he let me go. I wasn't prepared just yet to see him, so I was just left awestruck.

I cleared my throat as I dropped his intense gaze. He sighed and finally let me go, and as quickly as I could, I put a few feet between us.

"I'm glad you're back," he said, but his voice sounded strained.

I lifted my head to look at him, and as I assumed, he was staring at my neck. It wasn't with anger or disapproval. He didn't even seem upset, only indifferent. Gulping, Lukas finally met my eyes again, but I turned my head away and scratched my elbow awkwardly as I shifted from side to side.

"You know I would hate me too?" he asked after a moment of silence. I quickly snapped my head in his direction.

"Lukas, I don't hate you," I sighed. "I wanted to hate you so, so bad, but I couldn't."

"I know," he mumbled. "I mean, I know you didn't hate me, or you would've thrown me out of your room all those days when I visited. I mean my brother. He hates me, and I completely understand."

"Maxim doesn't hate you either." I wanted to sound confident, but I couldn't tell what Maxim felt for Lukas anymore. Still, I didn't think he hated him.

"I forced my mark on you, Melissa. That was wrong, risky, stupid and selfish, and I'm so sorry." He reached for my hand, and I let him take it. "I was stupid. I could've killed you. It ate away at me every day seeing you like that, and I didn't sleep for two weeks. All I could think about was that if you... if you die, it would be on me, and I wouldn't be able to live with myself. The immense self-loathing I felt those days was beyond measure, so I can only imagine what Maxim felt. I know if it was me, I'd probably kill him."

Silence fell between us for a while. I didn't know what to say, so I said nothing at all.

"I wanted to fight him when you chose him. I wanted to get you back, and I went about it all wrong," he added.

I felt sad for a quick second. The way I dismissed Lukas and chose Maxim really was abrupt and mean. I gave him no time to adjust. We were, after all, sort of dating.

"What I'm trying to say is, I'm sorry, Mel. I love you, but my actions didn't reflect it. I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me. My brother will take time, but I can't bear you being mad at me."

I heard everything else that he said, but what I only thought about was the L-word. There it was again, dancing in my face like a circus show.

I assumed once or twice that Lukas felt strongly for me, but this was the first time he had openly declared that he loved me. I wasn't too sure how to feel about it. I reciprocate his love in a way like how I'd love Fiona. He was, after all, my first real friend.

"Melissa?" He pulled me out of my trance with his voice.

I shook my head to clear my thoughts. "Yeah, sorry. But Lukas, I do forgive you."

"You do?" He seemed relieved, and it actually made me smile.

"I do," I confirmed. "Time will heal, okay? Don't worry."

He nodded slowly as he bit his lips. Even though he was still evidently tired, he still looked

nothing less than perfect. I guess the Dalton brothers had that gift. His eyes always got me too. Maybe it was because he and Maxim had the same eyes-colour and all.

"I'm going to go find Maxim," I announced, trying to dismiss the conversation.

A sliver of hurt crossed his grey eyes for a second, but he quickly hid it and nodded instead. "Yes, of course. I'll see you at lunch."

"That you will."

The conversation seemed strained and awkward, but this was a natural reaction to what we've all been through. As I told him, time will eventually heal, and then maybe things will go back to how they once were.

What I needed now was to get Maxim to talk to him.

Somehow.



Send Gift



Comment