

Chapter 46

It worked.

The recipe that Toya gave me actually worked. For the first time since I came here, I had a normal dream. I dreamt that Maxim and I were in the tree we first kissed. There was a butterfly and a deer, and we shifted together and caught the poor creature.

It was beautiful.

It was that very reason why I was in such a great mood today. I skipped down the stairs like the deer in my dream that Maxim and I killed. I was even happy about killing an innocent animal.

I swayed into the kitchen, where Fiona and Leonardo were having breakfast. They both lifted their heads when I entered, looking somewhat confused as they stared at me.

"Good morning," I sang as I sauntered to the counter and poured myself a cup of hot chocolate.

Fiona and Leonardo exchanged shocked gazes before looking back towards me.

"Did you get some last night?" Fiona asked, her voice raising a little bit. I choked on my beverage.

"She doesn't smell different," Leonardo added. "But they definitely did it."

I shook my head as I tried to understand what the hell they were talking about. "I'm sorry. What?"

Fiona took a sip of her coffee before replying. "You come down here swaying with the wind like a daffodil, then you choose hot chocolate over freshly brewed coffee? You and Maxim definitely had sex."

As if right on time, Lukas walked into the kitchen just then. His eyes widened as he snapped his head towards me, but I was too busy staring at Fiona in my own level of shock.

"No, we didn't," I quickly defended. Not that it was any of their business. "I just slept well for the first time in a whole month, so excuse me for being a little cheery."

"A little?" Leonardo asked with a raised eyebrow as his eyes trailed up and down my outfit.

I huffed. "A girl can't dress in pink for once?"

"A girl can. But not you," Fiona snorted.

"I..." I was lost for words, but I needed a comeback. Lukas ducked his head in the fridge with a ghost smile on his lips, which only meant he agreed with Fiona. "I wear pink and drink chocolate all the time."

"Yeah, right," she laughed. I squinted my eyes as they both laughed at me.

And suddenly, I was feeling like plain old Melissa again.

"Well, thank you both for ruining my good mood. I see that you like it when I'm always brooding and miserable!"

With a huff, I stormed away from them.

"Good to have you back, sis! Love you!" Fiona called after me, causing me to roll my eyes.

I decided to go back upstairs and change into something less... vibrant.

As I reached the base of the staircase, I heard someone calling out my name. When I turned around, I noticed that it was Lukas.

My heart rate increased as I waited for him to approach me. He seemed like a nervous wreck, but so was I. What did he want?

"Hi," he greeted softly.

"Hi," I returned, dropping my gaze to my pink sneakers. I really needed to get rid of all this pink.

He scratched the back of his head. "How are you?"

"I'm great."

"Good... That's good." Silence fell between us, making the situation much more awkward.

I tried to come up with an excuse to leave, but my mind was blank.

"I'm going to change."

"I wanted to ask you something." We both spoke simultaneously, and if it wasn't already weird, this only made it worse.

I cleared my throat as I gestured for him to talk instead.

"You look great, by the way. You don't have to change," he offered with a small simper.

I smiled too. "Thanks. But Fiona is right. Pink is just not me."

"Okay." He nodded slowly, allowing another moment of unbearable silence.

"So, what did you want to ask me?" I asked. My voice rose a bit too much as if I was annoyed, but in truth, I was just nervous.

Lukas's face lit up. "Oh right. I just wanted to-" He stopped abruptly as his eyes focused on something behind him. But I didn't have to turn around to know what or who it was. I could already smell him.

"Um... You know what? I'll just catch you later, okay?" He said instead, and I nodded in understanding.

"Yeah, see yah," I mumbled, but he was already halfway up the stairs.

I spun on my heels and was met face to face with my mate in all his beautiful glory. A smile involuntarily spread on my lips. I spent last night in his room. We stayed up late and talked until I finally fell asleep. This morning, I felt when he left the bed, but I was too deep in my slumber to get up. When I finally did around an hour ago, I noticed that I wasn't dreaming, and he actually left. However, I wasn't upset.

"Good morning, early riser," I mumbled as I snaked my arms around his neck and gave him a morning kiss. He returned it wholeheartedly, which I was grateful for since I thought he'd be upset about Lukas talking to me.

"Good morning," he said as we pulled away. "I'm sorry I had to leave like that this morning. My border control thought something was wrong, so I rushed down there as fast as I could."

I pecked his lips softly. "You don't have to explain anything to me, Maxim. I know you have duties. I'm actually glad to see you working again after two weeks of staying with me."

"Well, I'd stay with you over work any time," he said, which inevitably caused me to burn red.

"You tease me too much." I hit his shoulder with a giggle as I turned to go upstairs, assuming he'd come with me, but he held onto my hand.

I stopped to face him. "Have you eaten yet?"

I shook my head.

"Good. Because my parents actually want to have us over for breakfast. They don't want the first time they meet you to be at the induction. So, I agreed. I know it's short notice, so I can reschedule if you'd like."

I didn't want him to reschedule. That would seem rude. But I'd be lying if I said I wasn't surprised.

"Your... Your parents? As in the people who raised you and whose opinion I will either cherish or dread for the rest of my werewolf life?" I rushed out, and he had the gall to laugh at my nervousness.

"Relax, Melissa. They'll love you. As I said, who wouldn't? Besides, I'd love to show you off to them. My perfect mate, and there's no way that can change."

I gulped. "B-b-but Maxim, I've never had parents. The closest motherly figure I had was Toya, and she's complicated. I have no idea how to act, what to say, how to breathe, what to—"

"Hey, hey, hey." Maxim held onto my waist and pulled me closer to his chest. "Just be yourself, okay? You're great, and they'll see that. And if they don't by some miracle they don't, then that's their loss."

I tried to process what he said as I took deep breaths. "Okay. Okay, I can do this."

"And I'm not leaving you. I'll be there each second of it all."

I nodded again. "Alright. Just... just let me go and change."

He glanced me up and down before frowning. "Why? You look great."

"Just let me change," I snapped unintentionally. Luckily, he didn't seem offended. Instead, he raised his hands in mock surrender with a smirk.

"Okay, okay. No need to take my head off."

"Sorry," I mumbled as I quickly pecked his cheek. "I'll be back."

I ran to my room and grabbed a simple, white skater dress that screamed 'meeting the parents at breakfast'.

If I was being honest with myself, I was sort of excited. Not about the meeting the parents part, though. For that, I was terrified. But I was excited to be dressing up to meet my mate's parents. It's probably the most normal thing I've done with him since I came here. I liked to do everyday things like shopping for baby things with Fiona and making a sandwich for lunch. So, something like this was quite exhilarating once you took away the whole freaking out part.

Luckily, I had taken the time and effort to fix my hair this morning. Instead of its usual fuzzy ponytail, I made voluminous curls that fell around my shoulders, and I actually used my hair spray for once.

I applied a little eyeliner and some lip-gloss before giving myself one final glance over in the mirror.

Feeling satisfied, I shoved my feet in my white sandals and met Maxim downstairs again.

His eyes glistened in approval when he saw me again, and I tried to retain my blushes when he bit his lip in the sexiest way.

"I was wrong," he said as he looped his fingers in mine. "You could get more perfect."

I knew if I said anything, it would come out all swoony and high-pitched. So, I simply kissed his cheek and allowed him to lead me out the front door.

Well, let's go meet the parents.



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