

Chapter 61

My mind was one again foggy as I escaped my mate's grasp, trying desperately to figure out what was going on. I knew that as my mate, he wouldn't hurt me. But I was far too terrified to give anyone the benefit of the doubt. I don't even remember how I met him or who he was!

I had very tiny fragments of memory of him, like me marking him. But I had no idea why I'd do that! Female wolves don't usually bite the male because one bite is all it takes. So, why did I bite Maxim? Why can't I remember anything!

It was so frustrating that I darted through the door, completely confused about where to go, but I ran nonetheless. I ran down the halls as my mind flashed with broken images of this very place, yet now, I felt like I had never been here before.

Tears pooled in my eyes as I appeared at a large, winding staircase. I ran downstairs with my mate still on my trail, calling after me desperately.

As I reached the end of the staircase, an image flashed across my mind of the very first time I caught Maxim's scent. I somehow knew it was in this very spot, yet I had no recollection of how I even got here in the first place. I was just standing there, all alone in a foreign place. But how did I? Who brought me to this place?

The tears I had been trying desperately to keep at bay flooded through my eyes as Maxim finally caught up to me. He gently held my shoulders, and I relaxed immensely at his touch that felt so familiar yet so new. It only made me cry even harder.

"Melissa," he whispered gently. "Look, I know you're scared. Trust me, I am too. But we'll get through this together, okay? Can you tell me what you dreamt about last night? Was it another nightmare?"

Nightmare.

I had nightmares when I first came here. Yet, I didn't remember until Maxim just mentioned it because I didn't even know how I came. I believed I had found the core of my issue. I didn't know how I came here, so I couldn't remember anything relating to this place at all. Slowly, I faced Maxim and wiped my eyes.

His features were stuck in my mind, and I felt like I had known him forever. Yet, the first time I saw him was five minutes ago in my head.

A woman with a large tummy walked into what seemed like the living room, seeming worried about something.

"Maxim? Is everything okay? What's wrong with Melissa?" Her eyes trailed down my body. "And why is she dressed like she's going to a funeral?"

Maxim sighed. "I'm trying to figure out the same thing."

"What do you mean?" she asked, stepping closer with furrowed brows. But the more I eyed her, the more familiar she became. Even though my vision was a

simple flash, I remembered her face.

"You." I pointed at her. "When Maxim mentioned dragons, I saw you in my head. You were there when the dragons attacked."

She seemed scared now. "Uh . . . Yes, hon. It was you and I who first saw them, remember?"

"But I don't know who you are." My lips quivered again, and the woman's face fell in the same shock Maxim's did when I told him the same thing.

She frantically searched the room before resting her gaze on Maxim again. "What happened to her?"

"I-"

Just as he was about to speak, two more complete strangers appeared from the hall, and I almost stumbled as my head suddenly grew heavy.

I remembered seeing one of them in a plane somewhere. He was kind and teasing to me. But I had no idea how I got on that plane or where I even was. And so again, I didn't know who he was.

"Fiona? What's wrong? I could feel your panic," he said as he embraced the woman who I'd just learnt was 'Fiona'. She shook her head as she pointed at me, and I had to sit to keep myself from falling.

"Mel . . . Melissa doesn't remember me."

"She doesn't remember anything, it seems," Maxim added, and everyone's faces grew worried. This only told me that I knew these people. If they were so concerned for me, I'd have to have known them.

"I . . . I went to our room to tell her that Luke was back, but she looked scared and confused. Then, she told me she didn't know me and ran away."

"She told me she didn't know me either," Fiona added. They seemed even more worried now.

"She definitely has amnesia," my mate pointed out. "But how?"

Fiona buried her face in her hands like the man I assumed was her mate embraced her.

"It's all my fault," the second person, who had a striking resemblance to Maxim, said. But unlike the rest, I had no memories of him whatsoever. Not even a flash. It was like he wasn't even in my life to start with.

"It can't be a coincidence. I leave and come back home, and suddenly Melissa wakes up with no memories? I shouldn't have come back. My punishment is not over, and I affected Melissa."

"Luke, no. How can running home take away the woman's memories?" Fiona's mate asked. "I mean, the timing is uncanny, but it just doesn't make sense."

"Leo is right," Maxim agreed. "This has nothing to do with you. Perhaps it was one of her dreams again. They seem to get more intense by the day."

But the fact was, the more I stared at 'Luke' as they called him, the more I believed that he was the core reason behind what happened. Why was it that I could remember a fragment of everyone else but not even a glimpse of him? And by the way he looked at me, I knew we knew each other.

"Um . . . Maxim?" I called, not once shifting my gaze from Luke. "Is he the one you called Lukas? I mean, the nickname would make sense."

"Yes," Maxim said as he snaked his arm around my waist, pulling me closer to him. "Do you remember him?"

I shook my head. "That's just it. I remember fragments of each of you except him." I tilted my head to the side as I tried to understand. "Why?"

And then, there was silence.

"Maxim," I said again, suddenly in love with the way his name rolled from my tongue. "When you said Lukas left because of what he did to me, what did he do exactly?"

But I was met with silence again; this time, it was dense. Lukas dropped his gaze in guilt and regret, and everyone else just seemed uncomfortable.

"Um . . . I think it would be best if that one memory, in particular, stays hidden," Fiona mumbled. "But maybe that's why she doesn't remember Lukas at all. Maybe it's some type of defence mechanism?"

"But she would've still remembered something. Anything at all. It doesn't have to be related to the incident."

"What incident?" I asked in desperation. What if it was this one memory that I needed to unlock or whatever?

"Melissa . . ." Maxim's sentence trailed as he held onto my hand. "Fiona is right. Maybe it's best if you don't remember that. Until we get back your memories, at least."

"But—"

"Trust me," he cut me off by gripping my cheeks. I was suddenly engulfed with the warmth of him altogether as more fragments of my memory with him returned. But they were so broken and scattered that they didn't make sense. It was like an image was plucked from each memory, leaving an unfinished canvas.

It was almost like erasing a significant part of each event of my life. But, I soon learnt that it wasn't my life at all because I remembered everything about my life at Armor Pack, and I remember everyone there too. The only thing that seemed weird was my memories of Logan. I knew they were all awful growing up, yet there were fragments of us having a conversation. But what led to that in the first place?

I raked my thoughts for answers until it finally dawned on me.

I gazed at Lukas again, and as if he could feel my eyes on him, he raised his head. I pointed at him.

"You. Tell me about what our relationship or friendship was like."

He seemed stunned by my request as he blinked a few times. "Uh . . . We were-are great friends. You once said I was the first real friend you made when I brought you here and-"

"When did you bring me here?" I echoed. "You brought me here?"

He nodded. "Yes, your uncle arranged the meeting, and I took you home that day."

I remembered my uncle telling me about the arrangement. I remembered him telling me that I would be living with the Alphas at Primal Pack. I even remembered trying to run away from home when I learnt about it all. I remembered everything clearly up to the morning of my departure. And that was when the fragments began.

Coincidentally, the morning when Lukas supposedly entered my life.

And that right there was the answer I had needed.

"Did we arrive in a plane with dark green carpets?" I asked, and he nodded.

"You remember?"

I shook my head. "I remember meeting him in a plane with green carpets, but it's all a blur. I had no idea how I got there or who I was with."

"You were with me," Lukas said.

I stared him dead in the eyes. "That's my point. I have no memories of you in history anywhere at all. Even at points where you were supposed to be present." I sighed as I rubbed my burning temples. I then pointed to the base of the stairs. "I first caught my mate's scent there. But I have no clue how I got there."

"I . . . I was with you. I was right beside you," Lukas said again. Everyone seemed scared out of their minds as they watched our interaction. I was too.

I shook my head. "Yet, you aren't in my memories." I huffed in frustration as my head pounded even more. "The way I'm seeing it, you are completely erased from my memories, Lukas. I have no clue who the hell you are, I don't know anything about you, and even now, as my memories come back in fragments, there is none of you. Not even one."

"It's like he was completely erased from existence in your mind," Fiona said, and I nodded.

"And if what you're saying is true and Lukas was the reason I came here, it's affecting all my memories with you all and whatever time I spent here. He was the core driver of everything that happened after I left home, so now that he's gone . .

"I don't remember anything. I can't even remember most of my memories with my mate."

"Or best friend," Fiona added, and my heart fell.

"I . . . I had a best friend?"

"Have. And yes, me." She chuckled a bit, but tears ran down her cheeks. "You announced it when Leo and I threw you the Luna Gala."

My own tears surfaced. "I'm . . . I'm a Luna? But . . . But I haven't been inducted into the pack." If my messed up thoughts were correct, this is the Primal Pack, and apparently, my mate was the Alpha.

"You were," Lukas mumbled, seeming sad. "I made you an official member a little over two weeks ago. It was about three days before I left."

"I . . . I don't remember." The only thing that surfaced was a dagger and Maxim's face. But everything else was blank.

With the frustration, headache and confusion, my heart raced, and my body shook violently. I suddenly couldn't breathe, and my eyes drooped as I gasped for air.

"Toya," I managed to say through gasps as everyone around me jumped into action at my evidently serious panic attack. My throat felt contracted, and I felt like I couldn't breathe, let alone speak.

Maxim held me in his arms, his eyes wide with worry as he mumbled some things I couldn't hear.

I opened my mouth to speak again, though it was a battle in itself. "Toya . . . will k-know."

That was the last thing I managed to say before I welcomed the darkness, as it completely swallowed me whole.



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