

Chapter 62

Maxim's POV

I held her in my arms, unmoving and unconscious.

My chest felt like someone had plunged their hand right in and yanked my heart from its place. My mate-my Melissa-has lost her memories. And I didn't know how.

I had to be strong for her, though. I couldn't allow myself to start pointing fingers only so I could feel better about what happened to her. I knew this had nothing to do with Lukas. Even if the moon was using her to get to him, it wasn't by his own doing. So I couldn't be upset with him. I took her to our room and laid her on our bed, where I gently kissed her forehead with a promise that I'd fix this.

The stress of it all caused her to black out. I knew she was okay, but I hated seeing her like this, and I swore it would never happen again.

So, I returned downstairs with determination in each step, ready to try everything to get her memories back. But first, I had to know how she lost them in the first place.

"Is she okay?" Fiona asked as soon as I emerged. I nodded.

"She's fine. I guess the stress of it all caused her to . . . you know . . ." She nodded in understanding.

I knew that more than anyone else besides me, Fiona cared for Melissa the most. It must've been hard hearing your best friend tell you that she doesn't know you. I know that for me, it was a pang to my chest. I felt like my entire life had been stripped away from me when she said that.

But I was grateful that she still had memories of us, and I'm glad she remembers who I am. That's a start.

I had to admit, though, that things did feel a little strange this morning when I woke up. It's like I missed a significant event in time, yet I couldn't quite put my finger on it. After asking the others, they admitted to feeling a bit strange.

Something was definitely wrong. And just like always, it affected Melissa more than the rest of us.

"So what now?" Leo asked, seeming just as frustrated as all of us. "Where do we start?"

I grabbed my phone. "We call Toya, like Melissa said. Toya always seems to know things."

They agreed, and Toya answered at the first ring.

"I was expecting a call from you guys," she said, and I gave them an 'I told you so' look.

"Really?" I asked. "So, you know what's wrong with Melissa."

Her voice sounded urgent. "What's wrong with Melissa?"

"She woke up this morning with no memories. Well, she remembers everything up until the day she came here, and she has no memories of Lukas whatsoever."

There was silence for a while, and I put it on speakerphone so they could hear better. "And you guys?"

I sighed. "She remembers some small details about us. Like fragments. But it seemed like Lukas had been wiped from her memory."

"Wiped, huh? I knew there was something wrong when I woke up this morning."

"Me too. We all felt like something shifted, but I couldn't put my finger on it. But whatever happened, it affected Melissa the most."

"But why?" she huffed. "Melissa would've had to be directly connected to this. And don't take it lightly that she has memories of everyone except Lukas. That's something."

We all agreed.

"But don't you know what happened? Melissa asked for you before she . . . fell asleep."

"Sadly, I don't," she sighed again. "I mean, I know that something happened. It was as if I felt the universe shift. But I have no clue what it is. Perhaps I should come down there and talk to Melissa myself. This sounds serious."

I dragged my hand over my face, rubbing the light stubble that had grown. "Okay. Maybe that's best. Just . . . hurry, okay? I fear that if she stays like this too long—"

"I'm already on my way."

"Thank you, Toya. I hope we're not taking you from anything important." She was, after all, the Luna. I can't imagine the amount of work she had to do.

"This is Melissa we're talking about. She is important."

We bid her a safe trip before she hung up. I knew this was going to be a long wait. Armor Pack is a few hours away from us, but we were willing to wait.

The others kept themselves occupied as we waited, but I couldn't do anything. I peeked in on her every now and then, but I couldn't find myself staying in the room too long. I guess I feared that she'd wake up and scream at me, asking who the hell I was. In all truth, I fear that Lukas isn't the only one she'd wipe from her memories. Lukas isn't the only one who wronged her. I still remember keenly how she hated me when she just came here. I regret what I did to her all those years ago every day.

I ruined her childhood. I messed up her life. I caused her unhappiness, and for that, I don't think I can ever forgive myself.

That's why I work so hard now to keep her happy. I just want to make up for the years she spent in misery because I pushed her over the edge. Sighing, I wandered to my brother's office, where I thought I'd find him working, but instead, he was staring out the window.

"You okay?" I asked, seeing the ton load of papers on his desk from the weeks he had been gone, yet he was standing over there.

He spun at the sound of my voice, and his eyes seemed troubled. "No," he admitted. "Everything that is happening with Melissa is one thing. I mean, I should be somewhat relieved that she doesn't remember me. I could start fresh with her."

I tried to erase all the defensive thoughts in my brain as he said this. I had to learn to trust him again. I had to learn to believe that he wouldn't pursue Melissa again. He paid dearly for his actions, and he was repentant of them. So, I gave him the benefit of the doubt, trusting that he only wanted to be friends with her.

That's all Melissa ever wanted too. I mean, at first, I knew she had feelings for him. They spent a lot of time together, and Lukas is a great guy. He's the best of both of us—always have been. So, I understood. But when she stopped resisting me, she didn't want her friendship with Lukas to change. She cherished that bond because Lukas was the first person apart from Josh from her old pack, who was a real friend.

I had to accept that she loved him. And to the depths of how she loved him, she'd probably give up her life for his. That's real friendship, and I've learnt to accept that in the two weeks my brother was gone. And now, she has no memories of him. It was sad.

"But . . . but I can't shake the way she looked at me out of my head. She stared at me as if she was trying to figure out something, but there was no familiarity in her eyes, Maxim. None. When she looked at you, Fiona and even Leo, there was a light—she remembered something. But why is it different for me?"

I shrugged. I really had no clue. "Maybe she had another dream. I am just as lost as you are, Luke."

"But that's just it. Forgetting me completely messed with her memories of you all. Remember, if I didn't bring her here, she wouldn't have met any of you. Of course, eventually, you two would've found each other. That's what mates do. But the fact that I took her here changes everything."

I sighed again as a headache budded in my head. "Look, all we know is that something weird happened last night. But we'll figure it out."

He had a thoughtful expression on his face. One that he always had when I said something that he disagreed with.

"Luke? What is it?"

He shook his head. "It's me. I caused the shift."

"Lukas, I already told you that-"

"Think about it, Maxim." He cut me off. "Why is it that the day I return, Melissa loses her memories, and everyone feels weird as if they forget something. I know you, Maxim. You looked scared this morning and confused. And it was before Melissa woke up."

"Yeah . . . I just felt like something huge was going to happen. But the strange part was that I felt like it already did. I remember feeling so sad to the point where I couldn't even breathe. Yet, I had no event to match that memory to. It's like it was completely . . ."

"Erased from your memory?" he finished for me, and I nodded. I hadn't given it much thought. This morning I woke up feeling like I had lost a piece of me-like something terrible had happened that caused me immense pain. Yet, everything was in order until Melissa woke up.

I knew Leonardo and Fiona felt it too. They were at my room door as soon as I woke up, asking if something was wrong.

But when we couldn't find the issue, we tried to let it go.

"And I feel weird," he added. "I feel like I missed a significant event in my life. I . . . I don't even remember half of when I was in the woods. Isn't that a bit weird?"

I nodded. "It is."

"Instead, I felt like I was nowhere on earth. Don't think I'm crazy, but . . . but I think I was at the moon once."

With everything going on, from dragons to nightmares and now memory losses, I didn't doubt it.

"How so?"

He shrugged. "I guess it's just a feeling and-" He paused to meet my eyes. "And I think my mate is alive."

My stomach fell. We've been over this countless times in the past. He saw her grave. He had been in her room and caught her scent, so he knew she was his mate. Felicity? I believe he called her. He always wore the chain around his neck with the tag with her name.

It took him months to get over her death. But I guess with everything that happened with Melissa, he wants to fill that void again. But I couldn't allow him to go back on that path of grief. Losing his mate before he even knew her took a toll on him in every way. I couldn't allow that to happen again.

"Luke," I sighed, leaning against his desk. "She's gone . . . You saw her grave, remember? Her parents told you that they buried her."

He shook his head stubbornly. "Maxim, this isn't just my grief talking like all those months ago. I know she's still alive. I can't explain how I know, but I just know,

okay?" He stared ahead of him with a thoughtful look on his face. "When I was away, even though I barely remember, I felt like I got a realisation."

I didn't want to tell him that he imagined things because, in truth, if a mate has a hunch of feeling, it is usually right.

But on the other hand, I didn't want him to fall in the same trap of denial, only to end up hurt again. What more than a grave would he need to accept her death? His wolf even imprinted on Melissa. If his wolf didn't believe Felicity was dead, he wouldn't have imprinted on my mate.

"Just trust me on this, okay? I won't go searching the globe for her again, but I just think that there's something I missed."

"And when did you start feeling like this?"

"Can I be honest with you?" he asked, and I nodded. "Ever since I started feeling like I'm forgetting something big."

This was more serious than I thought. This was affecting everyone in the house. Who knows what else happened?

"Maxim, I think something did happen . . . something that no one wants us to know about."

I nodded. "I think so too. But the challenge is finding out what."



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