

## 63 Chapter 63 Ménage à trois

Author's POV 1

In the middle of the night Max wakes up and looking around he doesn't see Meredith anywhere.

"Where is she? Why is she not in my arms anymore?" he asks himself and seeing that she is not in the bathroom the horror catch him.

"Stark!" he said in panic, fearing that someone had kidnapped her again while he was sleeping.

"She is in the house" Stark said tracing her and immediately Max took a deep breath and went after her sweet smell of strawberries and vanilla.

And seeing her his tormented soul finds peace. His angel is still here and wasn't just a dream.

In the middle of her living room, crouching on her couch, wearing her very comfy and fluffy PJ's, Meredith is drawing something on her notebook.

Max just stays at the door and looks at her, at the way her eyebrows frown as she concentrates, the way her lips move and the smiles that appear whenever she manages to materialize the ideas that come to her mind.

For minutes on end, he just looks at this human



being in fascination, who has managed to arouse in him emotions that he did not even know he was capable of experiencing.

"Mer," he said in a soft voice, "What are you doing here? Is three in the morning." And he goes near Meredith, sitting glued near her body and putting his head on her shoulder.

"I've got an idea for the contest and I was afraid that I will forget it until the morning." And showing him her notebook she says:

"Look, this is only the start but I will continue from here."

It's a beautiful wedding dress, and from her drawing it appears made from Chantilly lace and a full, layered skirt that transforms the dress into a princess gown. The top of the dress is off-shoulders, with a low V-cuts and is fitted with transparent long sleeves.

On another page she draws the back off the dress that is also a V-back, which leaves a very sexy impression, and the skirt has a long train that seems to sound like the waves of the sea according to the way it is drawn.

"What do you think?" Meredith asks him, looking straight into his eyes and making him feel cherished.

"It's beautiful" he said, tracing his fingers over

her draw.

"Is not ready yet, the details of the lace will make the difference but is just a start. When is the deadline for the contest?" She asks him and this time she leaves the notebook on the sofa and put her hands around his torso, cuddling with him, and Max just pulls her near his body and kissed her neck.

"We have four weeks to come up with a project, I like your idea, is nothing too extravagant or too sexy" and seeing the dress a lot of things run through his mind right now.

"I remembered my mother dress" Meredith said "From her luna ceremony. I saw a picture once, when I was a little. People don't understand the culture of werewolf, but that day is only about happiness and the promise of future together. Was never about the dress. It's about feelings and oaths."

Max looks at her and his heart skips a beat.

"Let's sleep" he whispers "it's late and tomorrow you will be tired" and Meredith just nods her head and he takes her in bridal style and went with her in their bedroom. He places her in bed and sits near her, hugging her and kissing her forehead.

"Sleep, darling" and he closed his eyes thinking at Meredith's drawings.

But in the morning when they wake up they are struck by lightning when Meredith's phone starts to ring and the song "Petite fleur" can be heard.

"What the fuck?" Max jumps scared but Meredith starts to laugh and getting out of bed in a big rush to the phone and immediately answers in French:

"Crazy woman! It's six o'clock in the morning!"

And Max stays with his mouth wide open and just looks at Meredith that speak in French with somebody while he doesn't understand not even a single word. She laughs and she is happy, but in an instant his heart starts to slow down.

"Who is she talking to?" He asks Stark. "What if is a man? You know these French men, charming and romantics, what if?" and in two second he is near Meredith trying to hear who's voice is at the other end of this call but as soon as he reached Meredith she ends the call but not before hearing her saying "Je t'aime à la folie"

"Who do you Love?" Max asks her almost collapsing because those are the only words he knows in French.

But hearing him and seeing his face Meredith just looks at him and says as if it was nothing.

"The person who made me feel loved and

appreciated in Paris!" and she goes to her kitchen and starts a coffee.

"Do you want one?" she asks Max seeing that he followed her in the kitchen like a lost puppy.

"You said that you love ME!" Max whispers.

"And I do." She answers him without looking at him while she pours him a cup of coffee.

"Then why did you told that French man that you loved him?" and his face is so pale that Meredith needs to hide her face so that Max can't see her coming to laugh.

"What can I say Max? My heart is so big and a lot of love can fit in it. But don't worry!" she tells him. "He is New York and in a few hours you will met him"

"Is he coming here?" Max asks and Stark activates his defense and tells:

"If he tries to take her from us I will kill him!"

Seeing him so devastated Meredith goes near him and puts the coffee cup in his hand.

"Drink it, hubby!" she said and starts to laugh.

"You will need it." And turning her back to him and going back to put a cup of coffee for herself she tells him.

"He comes here and will stay here for a period.

He will live with us, maybe we will try some ménage à trois? Did you try it before? ”

And that's it! Max drops the cup of coffee from his hand and in a second he picks up Meredith's in his arms and places her on the kitchen cabinet, sitting between her legs.

“You are mine! Mine! He said almost with a growl! I will never share you with anyone! ” and caressing her body with his hands he tells her:

“This body was created for my pleasure! It's a gift from gods and it belongs to me! ”

And Meredith puts her arms around his neck and kissed his lips.

“Hey, don't worry! You can always experience something new! ”

And she jumps off the kitchen cabinet and winks at him.

“Threesome, here we come!”

And Stark said :

“I think I just shit on myself!”

And with a muffled voice Max whispers:

“Me too!”