

Chapter 21

I was frozen.

Awestruck—stuck in time as I gazed at the monster in front of me.

A dragon.

I had no idea where it came from, and for a second, I found it hard to believe that it was real. But I figured it was because of the chaos going on behind me. There were more than one. Four, I assumed from the distinct scents. But the one directly in front of me seemed like he was on a mission.

I gulped, trying to tell myself that I wasn't afraid as I slowly dressed back. But this only seemed to piss the dragon off even more. He growled, and a puff of smoke came from his flared nostrils as he landed on its feet and moved towards me threateningly.

My mind was shouting at me to shift and defend myself, but yet again, I was faced with a dragon, and I couldn't think straight.

"Melissa!" Fiona screamed from behind me, and I spun around right in time to dodge a huge, red tail hauling its way towards me.

This woke my senses up just a bit, and I darted for the tables where Fiona was hiding. Leonardo was already shifted and fighting in front of the table. I knew his only instinct now was to protect his mate and his unborn child. But thinking about this made me wonder where my mate was. He must've surely heard the chaos by now.

About ten wolves were shifted, most significantly smaller than the dragons. The wolves were also on the ground while the dragons were in the air.

"They're back," Fiona said in a rushed, nervous tone.

"I can see that."

"They seemed pissed."

"Well, we did kill four of their friends or co-workers or however they refer to each other," I mumbled as a random wolf was thrown beside us.

I gulped. "You know why they are here?" Fiona asked, but her question seemed more like a statement.

I sighed as I watched the losing wolves. But what I did realise, however, was that the dragons didn't kill anyone, even when they could've.

"I know." I sighed. "They are here for me for whatever reason."

"The moon—"

"I know," I cut her off. "I know it's the moon shard. I just. . . I just don't know why."

My bravery came back, and I held onto Fiona's hand for a while.

"I'm going to help them fight, okay? Use your mind link to tell Leonardo to cover me while you escape. Perhaps Maxim is still out front."

But as I said this, both Alpha wolves stumbled from the front yard. Their faces were red and their chest heaving, and that explained all I needed to know. They were probably too busy arguing to hear the chaos around here.

As they took in the scene, Maxim's eyes searched desperately for me. He seemed relieved when he found me, but he grew terrified again when I shrugged off my jacket.

"Remember, tell them to cover me," I said without looking at Fiona, but I caught her nod.

I called for my wolf in my mind as my body temperature grew. I caught the attention of the fire-breathing monsters in the backyard, and they all came towards me-their target.

But they were all thrown off guard when I launched myself in the air and shifted into my large wolf. I landed on my four paws, and the thrill of being shifted made me feel so much more powerful.

Snarling, I moved towards the dragons slowly, aware that everyone around us was watching in trembling fear. Maxim and Lukas were fighting again. This time, Lukas tried to hold onto Maxim to prevent him from stopping me. But soon, Maxim shifted too and flung Lukas to the ground.

I could see him charging towards me from the corner of my eyes. I didn't flinch until he lunged at me, but I sidestepped him. I knew he was only trying to protect me, but I felt oddly obligated to defend him and the pack from this issue-my issue, and that were the dragons. I never asked for this, and I knew I'd soon have to find out why I was protected at Armour Pack and not here. I had to find out what my dreams meant, and I had to find out what connection I had with this moon shard.

Most important of all, I knew I had to tell them. Because the dragons will come again and again, and the others will soon notice that they only had this dragon issue when I arrived.

Besides, Fiona and I had a deal. If there was another attack, I had to tell the men.

But now, I have to deal with this.

Before giving Maxim time to recover, I dashed towards the dragons at full speed, successfully tackling one to the ground. We growled and rolled for a few seconds, but as I tried not to kill him, I noticed that he wasn't trying to kill me either.

He didn't hold back on the claws and the bites, but nothing hard enough that'll kill me. I understood why they didn't kill the other wolves because that would automatically lead to war between both species. But me? I thought they wanted me dead or alive.

I only didn't aim to kill him because he wasn't trying to kill me, and I assumed we could get him to shift and talk if I trapped one.

He was much larger than I was. Probably twice my size and three times the size of a regular wolf. But I still managed to hold him off. Soon, I realised that I wasn't the only one fighting. Leonardo, Maxim and Lukas were fighting the other three while Maxim tried to get to me. I'm sure that in his mind, I was in trouble.

The only thing I felt was annoyance because I couldn't get the dragon down for good. I tried my best not to kill the bastard, but he was making it too hard not to.

After about two more minutes of rolling and clawing, I grew tired, and so I did something no one anticipated.

I ran.

I ran in the opposite direction just to see what he'd do. Instead of following me, he just got angrier, and his affiliates grew confused.

Feeling utterly done with the entire situation, I assumed, Maxim stopped playing nice and ripped the throat from the dragon that he was fighting. It didn't only take me by surprise, but the entire dragon clan too.

I didn't think it was possible, but they got even redder in rage. I was surprised because I saw that they were playing nice until now. They could've killed so many wolves, yet they didn't.

What I loved, however, was that the pack was smart. The instant the dragon fell lifeless to the ground, the remaining pack members ran to safety. It was only me, Leonardo, Maxim, Lukas and the rest of the dragons.

It was moments like these that I wished I had a mind link with them to know what to do next because the look on the dragon's faces told me that they weren't playing nice anymore. They wanted revenge.

However, Maxim ignored this. His large, grey wolf dashed towards me with a look in his eyes that I had never seen in my life. Protection.

But he didn't get far because the dragon closeted to him tackled him to the ground with his enormous tail.

As if on instinct, my feet brought me towards them in a flash, and I was pulling the monster from my mate in my own rage. We barely got time to breathe as another one came, then another.

Luckily, Leonardo and Lukas moved instantly towards us and tackled the others to their sides. It was hard to hold them off when they were this angry, and what scared me the most was that they were after Maxim.

It was all my fault. If only I had told them about the dragons and the moon shard earlier. If only I hadn't run away from that dragon earlier. Maxim wouldn't have thought I was scared or in trouble and killed that dragon.

It was only instinct to protect me, which meant doing whatever it took. I could tell.

But I could also tell that there was one specific dragon who wasn't backing down, and by its size being significantly smaller than the others, I assumed it was a female.

She also had that same look in her eyes like Maxim did. Maxim killed this dragon's mate or boyfriend or however they call themselves. And now, she wanted to kill him too.

But only over my dead body.

I crouched in my attacked position as I aimed to go for her, but the more I analysed the situation, the more I saw that there was no way this could end differently than either all us wolves dying or all dragons dying.

I barked at them to get their attention, but they barely had the chance to glance at me. I started to panic as I watched them fight. I wanted to intervene, but I, myself, hadn't had a lot of training in fighting like they have. And the last thing I wanted was to make Maxim edgier by throwing myself in immediate danger.

Suddenly, the female was knocked from the bundle on her back, and I barked desperately at Maxim to let her be. He didn't seem to hear me. I wasn't a fan of them or their showing up like this, but the fact that they didn't come to kill got me curious about why they came at all. Sure, they came for me, but why?

They'd have to kill the next two if he kills her, and I wanted one alive for questioning.

Maxim still approached her. I barked even louder with growls in between as I moved closer to them. The female dragon huffed and puffed, and Maxim glowered more as he inched closer to her.

I didn't know where it came from, but I felt compelled to howl to the moon. And so, I did.

I tilted my head towards the full moon, closed my eyes and let out a long, loud howl that felt like it drained all the energy from my body. I almost didn't recognise my own howl, and for the ten seconds it lasted, I felt... connected to the moon.

I felt like I had a direct link with it and used it as an energy source to almost recharge.

But by the time I was through, all the energy and power I felt just vanished, and I was weak and feeble as I collapsed to the ground.

I blinked my eyes open, and I noticed that I was seeing through my human eyes, which only meant I shifted

back. The cold air bit my naked skin as I laid curl on my side. I shivered, not only from the cold but out of fear about what just happened to me.

But I was in for a surprise when I caught a glimpse of the sky and saw the remaining dragons dashing through the air in the opposite direction.

I frowned. They just left?

The loud thud of feet rushing towards me shifted my attention to them. To my relief, they were human feet, and I recognised Maxim and Fiona's scents. I saw Lukas and Leonardo walking with pants in their mouths as they left to go shift too, and I knew that the fight was over.

Maxim wore shorts that hung from his waist, and Fiona draped a jacket over my cold body.

"Melissa." Maxim sounded relieved as he scooped me up in his arms. I snuggled against his chest and allowed his warmth to consume me whole.

"They... they just left?" I managed to ask. They both nodded. My head was spinning, and I could tell I was about to pass out.

Maxim was looking at me weird, but his relief surpassed whatever he was thinking.

"You... you howled, then you glowed this bright, blue light like a beacon, except you didn't pull the dragons towards you. They ran away."

"I glowed?" I echoed. That was an oddly familiar description that I heard only a few days ago from Toya.

I glowed?

"And... And you aren't weirded out by this at all?" I asked him. I knew Fiona wasn't surprised. She was the one who came up with the moon shard theory in the first place.

I thought I saw a hint of a smile on his face as he brushed the hair from my forehead.

"I'm just glad you're okay," he mumbled as he lifted me. My eyes drooped even more, but I didn't want to fall asleep just yet.

"But-"

"Ssh," he interrupted. "It's okay, Melissa. Just sleep."

I felt myself drifting as I managed to say my last words. "But... they were here for me, Maxim."

They were here to take me.



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Chapter 22

My head hurts.

The pain slammed against my forehead the second I got back to the conscious world. My entire universe was spinning, and I didn't think I could stop it on my own. I needed someone- Marcelle, Lucian, Fiona... anyone!

But I was all alone, twisting and turning in my bed. I tried to remember what had happened. As usual, it was all a blur at the early stage of waking up. However, I remembered that there was a pack barbecue, then there were dragons, then they were gone.

Just gone like that.

I shuffled around in my warm comforters as I rubbed the fatigue from my eyes. The hint of a sunlight beam escaped through my thick drapes and rested on the sofa across my room. I stretched my arms over my head and let out a huge yawn as I shuffled to the edge of the bed.

My vision cleared, and I noticed I was alone in my room. There was no Lucian like nights before, and I didn't smell or feel Marcelle around me either.

I found it weird. I also realised that I didn't have a dream last night like I used to. Perhaps one night with Marcelle was all it took to stop them. Maybe I'm cured.

As I allowed the thought to linger, a small smile curled on my lips as I pushed my feet in my bedroom slippers. But I still couldn't get over the quietness in the house. I also knew something big happened last night, but I couldn't remember for the love of me.

I yawned again with a shrug, deciding that I'll remember when my mind deems it fit. However, as I stood firm on my feet, I immediately began sinking in cold, blue water. I gasped aloud as my heart raced, and suddenly I was no longer in my bedroom but in the stream back home at Armor Pack.

Unlike my other dreams, where I would stop a few feet behind the two persons and the dragon at the stream, I was now in front of them in the water as I sank slowly.

I screamed as I tried to move but to my own demise. Each time I tried to see the humans' faces, I was blinded by a bright light. I could only see the dragon as he laughed at me. But just when I thought I'd sink and drown, I felt as if I was suddenly floating, and I lifted my head towards the sky to find the moon shining down on me.

Soon, I was no longer in the water but levitating above it as the dragon tried to claw at my feet. While I was this close to them, it was then and there that I noticed something that I hadn't seen before. Their feet were chained to the ground; the two persons and the dragon together.

"Who are you!" I asked in frustration as the moon drained my energy.

They heard me, that was for sure because they lifted their heads at the sound of my voice. I could barely see anything from their blinding lights, but I felt oddly connected to them as I did with the moon.

"Please. Why am I getting this recurring dream?" I screamed. I wanted answers. This was the first time where the events of my dream changed as if I had reached another level.

They still didn't speak, and the dragon only continued to reach for my feet until he finally succeeded. I bellowed out a scream as he yanked me to his hard, scaly chest, and suddenly, I was in my bedroom again, sweating and panting as if I had just run a five-thousand-metre marathon in human form.

My eyes searched my surroundings frantically. Just like the beginning of my nightmare, the sun was peeking through my drapes, and I was tangled in my sheets. Except now, I was far from calm but shaking and panicking.

"It's okay, Melody. We've got you." This came from Fiona as she grabbed my shoulders, and it was only then that I realised I was surrounded by the members of the Alpha house. They were all dressed for the day, proving even more that it was already daytime.

Marcelle pulled me from my covers and cradled me on his lap without another thought. I could practically hear Lucian's scowl, but I didn't pay it much attention. I needed this. Being in Marcelle's arms already calmed me.

"W-what happened?" I managed to ask, but my throat was parched. Leonardo brought a glass of water to my lips, and I greedily gulped it down as I refocused my gaze on everyone.

Lucian sat on the couch where he slept most nights with his elbows on his knees and his hands folded over his mouth. His expression was unreadable. I couldn't tell what he was thinking, but I could see his worry for me. The others seemed the same except for Fiona, who seemed relieved that I was awake.

"Do you remember what happened at the barbecue?" she asked, and I tried to calm my mind to see if I could remember.

Unlike my dream, the memories came rushing back like a flood. I barely had to give it much thought for everything to come back.

The dragon attack- that was the event of the night, and then I somehow made them leave.

But I remembered something Marcelle said to me before I fell asleep too. He told me I glowed a bright blue light before the dragons fled. A bright blue light like Toya mentioned when my parents died. So, it couldn't be a coincidence.

"I think I do," I admitted. I feared to tell them the truth of what I already knew. Fiona knew as much as I did thus far except the dreams. But after what happened at the barbecue, I knew I couldn't hide anything much longer. I had to tell them everything.

And I had to do it now.

"You were sleeping for three days." Lucan finally spoke, and my heart broke at the sound of his voice. I didn't even get enough time to register what he had said.

"Three days?" I echoed in shock. Marcelle had yet to say anything, but I understood why. I could only imagine what it was like for him.

"You slept," Fiona interjected. "You mumbled now and then in your sleep, but nothing we did or said could wake you up. A few minutes ago, we were all having breakfast when you started screaming. We rushed up here and found you more active than you had been in three days," she ended.

I suddenly had the desire to apologise. "I'm so sorry if I worried you guys."

"Nonsense," Marcelle finally said. "You're okay, and that's all that matters."

It's funny. I remembered him saying something similar on the night of the barbecue when I was dozing off, even though I had just done something inhuman and odd, even to the already strange supernatural world.

"I'm still sorry," I said as I adjusted better on his lap. "I wish I had an explanation for all of this, but I don't."

"First, let's get the important things out of the way," Lucian said. "Are you okay?"

I nodded. "I think so. Physically, yes."

"Mentally and emotionally?"

"Not so much," I admitted with a sigh.

"Tell you what..." Marcelle adjusted even more so that I was facing him. It was the first time I got a good look at his face.

There were dark circles under his eyes, and his hair was unlevelled as if he hadn't slept in ages. Yet, he managed to look at me as if I was the only existing thing in the universe.

"Why don't you get freshened up, and I'll take you downstairs for some food, then we all can talk, okay?" he suggested.

I thought about it for a while. Even though I hadn't eaten in three days, I couldn't help that I had no appetite. My mind was still spinning like crazy about the entire moon shard situation, I still hadn't made up with Lucian yet, and I still didn't wrap my mind around what Marcelle and I would become.

But there was a tiny human fact that he was right. I had to freshen up and eat before tackling the situation of admitting what Fiona and I theorised about me and the moon shard. So, I reluctantly nodded.

"Um, maybe I should stay with her," Fiona interjected. "I'll feel better if she goes into the bathroom with someone."

"I think so too. Thank you," I told her with a smile.

Leonardo and Lucian stood to their feet at the suggestion, but Marcelle stayed on my bed.

"We'll be downstairs," Leonardo announced as he led Lucian out. I hated seeing him like this. Since my arrival, the Lucian I knew was fun, cheerful and caring. Now, he was either too hurt or spent too long worrying to even look at me.

I wanted things to be right between us again.

Soon.

The shower was exactly what I needed.

It was cold and woke all of my still sleeping cells. It unclogged my pores and erased every negative memory of the night of the barbecue from my mind.

Fiona stayed seated on the toilet until I finished. I appreciated her help in more ways than one. From the day I came here, she had been there for me, and I loved her for it.

She helped me with my towel and clothes when I left the shower since Marcelle was still in my room. I pulled my hair in a high ponytail as I deemed myself ready. We met Marcelle at the door, and we all left to go down to the dining room.

"Hey, meet us there?" I suddenly asked Fiona as I held onto Marcelle's hand to stop his movements.

She nodded as her eyes darted between us suggestively. "Yes, sure. I'll ensure you have a proper meal ready."

"Thank you."

I stood awkwardly and in silence for a while in front of Marcelle. I didn't know exactly why I stopped him, but I knew there was much we needed to talk about. Maybe right now wasn't the ideal moment, but there's never a right time with conversations like these.

"Melody is everything-"

"Why did you change your mind?" I finally blurted out, and I saw that my question threw him off a bit.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

I shrugged. What did I mean?

"Well, at first, you didn't want a mate. Lucian said so. Now, you're losing sleep over me. Why?"

Instead of being offended or hurt like I anticipated, he simply smiled. "Melody, on the day you came, my wolf went crazy. I felt something I had never felt before, and when I saw you, my entire world changed. I tried to resist you because of my own hurt and ego, but I couldn't. I didn't change my mind, Melody. My eyes were closed, and now they're wide open."

I pondered on his words for a while, resisting the urge to smile like an idiot.

"So, all this protectiveness, all this urge to be close to me isn't only instinct?"

"I don't think it was ever only instinct. I want this too; me... the human side of me. The question is, do you?"

I shrugged. "Of course I do. I've wanted this since I was old enough to understand mates. But with how things happened, seeing you and remembering all you did, then there's Lucian and-"

"Hey, hey." He held my cheeks in his large, warm hands and brought our gazes together. "It's going to be okay, alright? Remember when I told you that I'd keep trying? Well, I haven't stopped. Just give it time. Even Lucian."

"Time." I nodded once. "I can do that. But I'd really appreciate it if you don't make it seem like you're rubbing it in Lucian's face. For two whole weeks, I was his and now-"

"You were never his." Marcelle's face suddenly grew grave as he said this. I almost flinched.

"Well, I was sold to him in writing, so on paper I was, and it doesn't change the fact that he cares for me. And trust me, with what I'm about to tell everyone now, I think we need him not to hate any of us."

His face softened a bit before he sighed in defeat. "Okay."

"Okay?"

"Yes, okay," he agreed, and I smiled a bit.

"Good. Now, let's go."

He intertwined his fingers in mine as we moved off. The instant electricity and the blaze of butterflies in my stomach almost caused me to swoon. I knew it would only hurt or piss off Lucian to see us enter like this, but I couldn't bring myself to pull away.

They were waiting in the dining room when we arrived. As expected, Lucian's gaze dropped to our hands before anything else, but surprisingly, his expression didn't change.

My brows furrowed a bit, and Marcelle locked the doors from any lingering ears as we joined the others at the table. The instant the scent of food caught my senses, my appetite returned completely.

I devoured a grilled cheese sandwich in silence as the others picked on whatever food they had left, but it was exactly what I needed to start this conversation that I dreaded.

With a deep breath, I pushed my empty plate aside as my heart slammed against my chest. We were seated at a rectangular table, with Marcelle on one end and Lucian on the other. I sat beside Marcelle, and Fiona and her mate sat on the opposite side.

Marcelle gave my knee a reassuring squeeze, and Fiona offered me her warmest smile as I gathered my thoughts.

With a deep breath, I gazed at each of them individually. They all waited patiently for me to begin, even

though I knew they were the ones with the questions. Like, hey, why do you glow like a freaking bulb? Are you the sun?

I didn't wait for my mind to catch up with my nerves. I just spoke.

"So, as far as I'm concerned, it all started twenty years ago when I killed my parents."



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