

## **Chapter 10: Moon goddess**

Fiona lied.

She didn't stay by my side like she promised. The instant we entered the kitchen and she saw Leonardo, they had been eating each other's faces off ever since.

Meanwhile, I was stuck in an awkward situation of sitting by the island while Maxim made himself breakfast. It was early, and as I have noticed, the helpers hadn't arrived yet. I watched him. He seemed like a natural around the stove, and I oddly found it hot.

I knew he felt my eyes on him, and so every time he turned around, I would act like I was watching the kissing couple.

I realised that this might be something I should get used to. Maxim didn't seem bothered by Fiona and Leonardo, so I could tell it was a regular thing. I just wasn't used to it.

At home, Lance and Toya wouldn't show their affection so openly. Sometimes when I was passing by their room, I could hear... things through the soundproof wall because of my excellent hearing, but that was all.

Nonetheless, I decided to play with my fingers as Maxim refocused on his breakfast. My own stomach growled again, gaining me all eyes in the room as Leonardo and Fiona broke apart, and Maxim whipped his head towards me again. Fiona's face fell in guilt as she jumped away from her mate.

"Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry!" Fiona rushed towards me and grabbed a bowl from the dishwasher. "I forgot you were

hungry."

"It's okay," I said as I waved her off. "A little hunger is nothing I'm not used to."

From the corner of my eyes, I could see Maxim's face falling into a frown, and so did Fiona's.

"What do you mean?" she asked as she poured a bowl of cereal. It was nothing I couldn't do on my own; I simply didn't know where the things were kept.

I shrugged. I didn't want to answer. I was too embarrassed to tell them that my brother used to deny me food as a way of punishment. Because after all those things, I still managed to love the bastard.

"Nothing," I said instead, keeping my eyes down. I could feel Maxim's piercing gaze to the back of my head. I still hated him, but his stare was really intense.

Fiona smiled almost sympathetically as she sat in front of me. Leonardo kissed her forehead before leaving, but I could tell they were communicating through their mind-link.

"Well, I'm sorry this isn't much, but it's all I can do." She chuckled lightly as she gestured to the bowl. "It might help until the actual cooks arrive."

"Thank you," I told her honestly. It was the small things that mattered.

As I was about to grab the spoon to eat my cereal, it was suddenly slipped from beneath me and was replaced with a steaming plate of omelettes and toasts. My mouth fell and literally watered until I realised who placed it there.

"Cereal is barely substantial. You are far too thin to be disregarding a proper breakfast," Maxim said dryly with his back turned, moving back towards the stove again.

On one end, I wanted to stuff my face and enjoy paradise, as it smelled heavenly. But on the other hand, I was insulted.

He was definitely making this for himself, but he gave it to me instead as if I needed his pity because of my outburst earlier about bearing hunger. He also called me thin! I knew I wasn't the most generous in body like Fiona, and of course, there were a few places that needed a little more filling, like my collar bone. With a little more food or heavier meals, I would reach my desired bodyweight that is considered healthy for wolves my age. But for him to say it was far too mean.

I stared at the plate enviously. He rejected me, even though I wanted to reject him, and now he was trying to be a hero. I wouldn't stand for it.

"Just eat it, Melissa. Take the win," Fiona whispered softly, her eyes kind and motherly as they gazed into mine.

I sighed as I eyed the meal again, and I would admit that I'd be foolish to throw it away, no matter who prepared it and for what reason. So, swallowing my pride first, I dug in.

Maxim was surprisingly a great cook-probably the best I've known, and I had only tasted his omelette. I wouldn't tell him that, though. I knew eventually we'd have to talk. We'll live in the same house, so it was bound to happen. But that doesn't mean I'll hastily forget what he did.

I was halfway through the meal when Lukas entered, and

his face lit in relief as he saw me.

"Good morning," he beamed as he awkwardly patted my back. I forced a smile.

"Good morning," I returned. He grabbed some orange juice from the fridge but never let his eyes fall from me.

"I went to your room, and you weren't there. I didn't know you're an early riser."

I chuckled. "That I am."

"I see you got breakfast," he added as he eyed my almost finished plate before looking at Maxim. He knew.

His lips tilted into a frown for a while. He confused me. Yesterday he seemed indifferent about Maxim and me rejecting each other as if he didn't want us to. Now, he was jealous again. Maybe he's bipolar.

Maxim was listening, but he didn't make it obvious.

"How did you sleep?" Lukas asked. He grabbed a chair and spun it the opposite way before extending his legs across so that he was straddling it.

"I slept well," I lied. But I didn't want them to know the truth-especially Maxim. I knew he didn't sleep either. I literally felt every time he moved and left his room last night. Perhaps he felt me too. But if he did, he certainly didn't make an effort to call me out on my lie.

We both slept like crap.

However, after almost selling my lie, Fiona spoke. "I thought you said you didn't sleep-" I had to shut her up by elbowing her in her side, and luckily, she got the memo.

Lukas chuckled a bit. "Well, I wanted to show you around the pack," he told me, but Fiona protested.

"I actually wanted to do that." She gave him puppy-dog eyes until he eventually broke.

He groaned. "Fine. And the only reason I am agreeing is that I don't want to tell the pregnant woman no." He paused a while as he redirected his gaze to me. "But we will need to spend some time together if we want to get to know each other more." As Lukas said this, a loud bang echoed from the counter where Maxim was wielding his iron fork in the pan. As I suspected, he was listening, and I wanted to give him something to hear.

I tried my best to hide my smirk as I spoke again. "Well, we can always move in together," I said but regretted it instantly. I didn't know Lukas well enough to sleep in the same bed as him, but it was too late to take it back.

Lukas and Fiona's faces lit in shock, and a deep growl sounded from behind us. Maxim's wolf was not happy. It wasn't the sweet wolf that I wanted to hurt; it was the monster of a man we called the second Alpha.

"Uh- are you sure? Isn't it a little too soon?" he asked. "Not that I'm complaining. If it was up to me, you'd already be settled in my room."

I tried my best to force a smile as I spoke. I was always good at fake smiles. "Of course. I mean, the sooner you mark me, the better, right?"

And that was all it took. A loud shattering sound dragged all our attention towards Maxim, whose hand was now dripping with blood and a once purple mug shattered to

the ground. His chest heaved, and his eyes were black. Without saying anything or looking in our direction, he stormed out of the room.

I don't get it. Isn't rejection supposed to break the bond? So, why was he still so possessive, and why did I feel awful for hurting him?

I didn't want to feel this. I wanted him to be hurt so he could feel what I felt. But for some reason, the thought of hurting him hurt me too.

It was my time to growl, but out of frustration.

Fiona seemed tense and awkward, as if she wasn't sure what to do. I decided to relieve them both as I cleared my throat and jumped to my feet. I placed the empty plate in the dishwasher and turned my attention back to the two.

"Could we go now, Fiona?" I asked. In truth, I simply wanted to be forty feet away from Maxim at all times until I got a hold of myself and learned how to master the concept of rejection.

She shook her head as if coming out of a trance before her famous smile lit her face again. "Of course, just let's get changed first."

I nodded.

"Well, be careful. And I am trusting you with her," Lukas said as he regarded Fiona with a warning stare.

She rolled her eyes. "Oh, please, Lukas. Nothing will happen to your Celestial Luna," she teased.

"Celestial?" I questioned, and she nodded eagerly.

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"It's my theory until we know the real truth about your hair and eyes. So, let's go, moon goddess."

It was my turn to roll my eyes. "Please don't call me that. It's practically blasphemy." I chuckled lightly but joined her nonetheless.

However, Lukas frowned. "Well, whatever you call her, just please protect her. Her scent is unfamiliar, and the pack is huge and-"

"Lukas," I cut him off, "I'll be fine. Really."

I gave him a genuine smile this time, seeing how concerned he was for me. The smile did the trick, and Fiona and I managed to escape.

I was actually looking forward to this. The Primal Pack was a literal legacy to all the other packs, and I couldn't help the female inside of me who wanted to see everything.

Lukas was only worried because of instinct. As an Alpha, he will always be protective, even if it's in the safety of his own pack.

I mean, come on. What could possibly go wrong?