

Chapter 18

Coffee was never a friend of mine, but for the past few days, I've had it more frequently than I liked.

The dreams kept coming back, sometimes in different ways. Sometimes, instead of being calm and at peace, the dream would start with me being scared out of my mind, and then I ran towards the pack border. Sometimes, I woke up there, and other times I simply walked.

But all my dreams ended with me screaming and writhing in my bed until Luke completely skipped going to his room and came straight to mine each night. On the other hand, Maxim slept outside the room or in the room beside mine, and I hated it.

But I did something unusual last night. When I caught Maxim's scent outside of my room, I snuck past Luke on my couch to go to him. I found him leaning against the wall, and he looked exhausted. I went inside the empty room across from mine without a word, and he followed. We didn't share the bed, but both of us slept through the night. It was like a silent agreement.

It was heavenly. Not being traumatised with the dream that had been haunting me for the past two weeks was a game-changer. Around two in the morning, when I usually had my screaming fits, Luke came looking for me after waking up in my room worried out of his mind.

When he found us and saw that I was sleeping peacefully, that is, until he barged into the room and woke me, he actually left us be. I think he understood that being around Maxim calmed me to the point where it stopped my dreams. That didn't mean that he was happy, though. When I returned to my room about an hour ago to get ready for the day, Luke seemed pissed, but not at me—perhaps at the bond Maxim and I shared.

He asked me if this would be a regular thing, and I didn't know how to answer because, if I was being honest, last night was the first night in three weeks that I slept well.

If only I had known sooner.

"Good morning," a voice that I knew too well cheered from behind me, and I threw my head over my shoulder to smile at Fiona and Leonardo as they both entered. They seemed rested and happy, and I knew that had a big part to do with not being woken again in the middle of the night.

That was one of the reasons why I considered sharing a room with Maxim again. This wasn't only about me. Each night, I woke Fiona and Leonardo too with my hellish screaming. I didn't want to be selfish.

I still hadn't told anyone about the dreams yet, because I barely remembered anything when I woke up each morning. It was weird.

"Good morning," I mumbled as I blew a small breath over the warm liquid in my mug.

"Slept well?" Leonardo asked with a hint of teasing in his voice. I eyed them both, and it seemed like they knew something I didn't.

"Um, I guess. Why?"

"Well, there wasn't the usual murderous screaming last night." Fiona elbowed him in his side to shut him up, but I didn't mind because I knew he was just being his humorous self. "-and then I went to Maxim's room to get my weekly report, and he wasn't there," Leonardo added with a hidden smirk.

I rolled my eyes. "Maxim has an office," I pointed out, trying to sway the conversation.

Leonardo shrugged as he sat in front of me and stole my bagel. "I know that, but I find joy in waking him every Friday morning and forcing him to go to his office and get my report."

I rolled my eyes again, this time focusing on Fiona as she poured herself some milk.

It was a little past eight in the morning, yet no cooks were here yet. I also realised that neither Luke nor Maxim came down for breakfast at their usual routine. They seemed busy.

"Where is everyone?" I asked, gaining Fiona's attention again. Her bump was much larger now, but I knew it was natural for wolves to have a shorter pregnancy than full-bred humans. I'd give her around four months tops.

"Oh, you didn't know?" she asked, confusing me even more.

"Know what?" I gazed at both of them in confusion. No one told me anything, and I was scared out of my mind.

"Relax," she laughed as she waddled towards me. "It's nothing bad. Our pack hosts a barbeque every last Friday every month. It was the one day everyone could forget about titles and work and just have fun as a family. No one is here today because they're getting everything in order at the packhouse. Maxim and Luke are working on the monthly reports and Alpha stuff. Today is the busiest day of the month for everyone."

I nodded as I listened to her. "That actually sounds fun. Why hasn't anyone told me?"

She shrugged. "Well, considering you've been spending so much time with the Alphas, I thought one of them would mention it."

As she said this, I felt guilty. I hadn't been spending much time with her as I should have, and I knew it. I've been so caught up in my dreams and trying to keep a balance between Maxim and Luke that I didn't even realise I had blown her off more times than once when she suggested hanging out.

I've been selfish, and I hated it because Fiona was my first friend, and at this point, she was the only person I could talk to about anything, like dreaming of dragons, since it was the only part I remembered. But just like the wonderful person she is, she didn't seem to hold a grudge.

I sighed. "No, they hadn't told me. In fact, we don't even talk as much. I mean, Luke and I talk, but Maxim and I share minimal conversation at times."

After my thought of giving Maxim a chance, I've noticed that more and more as the days go by, I don't hate him as much as I used to. He was nothing like Luke, that was for sure.

Luke was easy going and humorous, sometimes sweet and a bit clingy but in a good way. Maxim, on the other hand, was more serious and barely smiled. But when he did, it was beautiful. And he really had been trying. His short temper and impatience hadn't been evident these past weeks, and he did simple things for me sometimes, like making me breakfast or holding the door open.

I knew it was still killing him seeing me with Luke, and as much as I really like being around Luke and I enjoy his company, Maxim still somehow wins.

"Ooh, I know that smile," Fiona teased, snapping me from my thoughts. I tried to hide my blush as I didn't even know I was smiling.

"What are you talking about?"

"Which one is it?"

I laughed. "What are you talking about?" I repeated.

"Oh, I know you were thinking about our Alphas. It's okay to love them both, you know?" she said, almost causing me to choke on my own spit.

"What? I'm barely here a month yet."

She shrugged. "What dress are you wearing tonight?" I was grateful for the conversation change, but I couldn't forget what she said.

'It's okay to love them both.' Love was far from the picture, but could it be possible that I shared feelings for both of them? I mean, Maxim is definitely in the win for my heart, but Luke was like a best friend to me. I spent almost all of my free time with him, and I love being around him.

However, I do also sometimes get butterflies when he touches me or makes me laugh. I believe that's what scholars call a 'crush'.

I was in far too deep for both of them, and I need to get a grip on it before I break this family apart or, worse, hurt one of them and hurt myself.

"Um, I actually don't have a dress yet. Wanna go shopping?" I decided to ask, keeping my mind from the Dalton brothers.

Fiona's face lit up as I said this. "Of course! We'll have so much fun!"

Her enthusiasm got me excited too. This was what I needed. A day out with my girl followed by what sounded like a lovely barbecue in the night.

"Be safe, you two. The last time you were out on your own, fucking dragons attacked you," Leo said as he stood to kiss Fiona.

She giggled. "We'll be safe." She shared a mysterious look with me, and I could read it from the inside out. "But what's an outing without a little danger?"

Her smirk grew impossibly wider, and it scared me. She was either planning to kill me with shopping or make me into something that would deem me unrecognisable.

And just like the crazy person I am, I looked forward to it.



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