

Chapter 29

Maxim's POV

"So, tell me again about the part where the sun and moon fight over you."

I nudged Melissa playfully at the breakfast table as she groaned in annoyance. I teased her all morning after she told me about her dream last night.

At first, I found it odd, especially when she told me that she felt drawn to the sun. Naturally, the evil dragon or whatever Fiona calls it would've wanted her at all costs, so that could explain why. But the way she described it didn't seem forced. On the contrary, it seemed like she was naturally drawn to it, and as far as I'm concerned, she should be drawn to the moon.

Nonetheless, I didn't dwell too much on the odd aspect of the dream. My mate... MY mate met the moon goddess. I could barely comprehend it. Even though it was through her dream, this was big.

I knew she was unique from the minute I laid eyes on her. But this was so much more. She was more than special. She was majestic.

"Maxim, will I have to put you in a deep trance and steal your memories?" she threatened, finally lifting her head to meet my eyes. Her beautiful eyes.

I trailed my thumb down her cheek as I admired her a bit longer. "Can you do that?"

"I can't now, but I'll try if you don't stop." Another thing that I noticed was that she seemed quite bothered by the dream.

It wasn't a nightmare, and hopefully, the nightmares were over. The Yamen and Brosquite seemed to do the trick. The moon goddess said that she finally found her, which probably meant that Melissa needed to calm her dreams before reaching this new level.

She was one step closer to knowing more about this entire moon shard and dragon stuff, then it could all be over. I don't like that she thinks she has to do everything on her own, especially this. If those blasted dragons were after her, I didn't care who got hurt. I'll kill the entire herd of them for all I care, as long as she stays safe.

I had to admit, I wasn't too thrilled with the entire concept of power that Melissa holds, but it is what it is, and I had to stick by her.

I did a lot of bad things in my life. I let her down without even knowing it. I caused her hell for years and lived my life as if nothing was wrong. It was due time that I did my part in her life and happiness. A month ago, if anyone told me that I'd find my mate and be a complete simp for her, I'd curse them to dust.

But I wasn't ashamed of it. I know now why the moon goddess gave us mates. They aren't just breeding partners. Melissa is my other half.

I feel complete around her.

And for that exact reason, I held her tiny hand in mine and brought it to my lips.

"Hey, what's wrong? Apart from my teasing, what's bothering you?" I asked, all teasing and joking aside.

She sighed and dropped her gaze. "I just... I just don't understand my dream," she told me. "I mean, I didn't think I was on earth because when I woke up, I fell on my bed. I know I sound crazy, but-"

As she was speaking, Fiona suddenly appeared in the kitchen with wide eyes searching frantically until they landed on my mate.

"Hey, Maxim. Bye Maxim," she rushed out, and I could barely blink before I noticed that she dragged Melissa from me and was out the door before I could even blink. She didn't even get to finish what she was telling me, and it slightly annoyed me that we were interrupted.

I knew better than to go against Fiona, but this once I stood as I made up my mind to get back Melissa, but my one and only brother appeared instead.

After talking with Melissa yesterday and learning the truth about the kiss, I hadn't seen my brother since. He locked himself in his office and asked Fiona to bring him dinner. Perhaps that was the reason why she dragged my mate away so urgently. She wanted to know what drama sat among us now.

"Maxim," he simply greeted with a curt nod.

I felt my anger boiling for him, and I tried to remember the hundred times Melissa made me promise yesterday that I wouldn't kill him.

"How dare you," I gritted through clenched teeth. He raised his eyebrows innocently, but the smug smirk on his face told me precisely that he knew what I meant.

"What are you-"

"Don't come with your bullshit, Lukas," I spat. "You fucking kissed my mate and you had the gall to imprint on her!"

My fists were balled tightly at my sides, and I could feel my face blazing in heat. My limbs shook violently, and my wolf growled from my chest.

"Imprinting wasn't my intention," he smoothly said. I expected him to say that because it was true. But that didn't stop the fact that it angered me.

"But you knew damn well what you were doing when you kissed her. She's my mate!"

"Oh yeah?" he questioned. His own anger was brooding now.

Good.

"Well, guess what, Maxim? I wasn't the one who fucked up her childhood. I wasn't the one who declared that I didn't want a mate. And I wasn't the one who tried to reject her!"

"That was never my intention, and you have no right to use something as dumb as that to determine whether I'm worthy of my mate or not," I growled in his face. "And this is my last warning. If you ever try to put your lips on her again, you can forget that we were ever brothers."

This surely shut him up for a while, as his eyebrows shot up in shock. My words surprised me too, but I knew it was just the anger speaking.

"Well, you aren't worthy of her," he said much more calmly. "And in due time, she will notice."

He hit the nail right on the head, toying with my insecurity. I was never 'worthy' enough for anything. I wasn't worthy enough to be my parent's favourite, I wasn't 'worthy' enough to shift on my own for the first time like a real Alpha wolf, and even when I became second Alpha, a lot of people, including my own parents still didn't see me fit.

Now, after over a decade, my mate returns to my life, and even her I wasn't good enough for.

But I was undoubtedly good at one thing, and that was proving everyone wrong. I was never my parents' favourite, but I did everything that was asked of me better than anyone else. No one thought I could've shifted on my own for the first time, but I indeed did, and in record time too. No one but Lukas thought I had

what it takes to be an Alpha, but I have been proving them wrong all these years.

And Melissa wasn't any different. I made my mistakes concerning her for sure. But that's just part of being part human. But I will be her mate, and she will fall in love with me.

"Say what you may, brother," I finally spoke, my voice calm and collected. "But the truth still remains that she is my mate. She chose me, and it will always be that way. In fact, I'm introducing her to the pack this Friday. You will have to attend. After all, you are the Alpha."

I wish I had caught the look on his face as I said this. He knew that introducing Melissa to the pack meant becoming a Primal Pack wolf, and she would have to bear my mark by then.

"She's not ready," he growled.

"She told you that?"

He shook his head with his eyes blazing in anger. "No, but she needs more time to-"

"More time to what, Lukas?" I shouted, growing really frustrated by his behaviour. "Decide whether she wants you or me? She already made her choice, brother. You can't change her mind. Surely, I would never force anything on her, and I will ask her if she is ready to be introduced to the pack. But then, that's it." I sighed, feeling a bit bad. "Look, Luke, I didn't intend for this to happen. I didn't know your wolf would imprint on my mate, and I know it makes it hard for you. But it has to stop. It's stressing her, and it's stressing both of us. Someone else will come who is perfect for you. But I know that you know that at this point, I can't live without Melissa; I'm sorry."

I felt awfully calm as I said this with no anger at all.

I sighed and spun on my heels to find her. I needed to have a talk with her about introducing her to the pack. But as I reached the door, Lukas spoke again.

"But I love her," he said ever so quietly that I almost didn't hear.

My heart actually broke for him. For the brother I knew and loved all my life. I hated to see him hurt like this, despite his betrayal actions. Still, a small fact remained, which didn't yield his statement any rectification.

"I do too, Lukas," I mumbled before leaving the kitchen. "I love her too."



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