

Chapter 30

I might've tripped fifty times already trying to keep up with Fiona as she dragged me up the stairs.

I was in the middle of telling Maxim about my odd occurrence of my dream, and I guess she felt jealous that, for once, she wasn't the first person I told. Well, Maxim and I are getting closer, so she had to get used to me telling Maxim things before I told her.

It was only natural.

"I can walk just fine, thank you," I growled, a little annoyed as she dragged me into my room. Her eyes were wide and excited as usual, and her lips twitched with whatever she needed to tell me so urgently.

"You levitated!" she said, causing me to take a minute to blink.

"I what?" I questioned, not entirely sure if I heard her correctly. Did she say I migrated? Alleviated? Bivated? That last one wasn't even a word.

"You levitated," she repeated, this time much quieter. "You weren't on your bed. You floated above it."

I stood quiet for a while because I still didn't believe what I thought I was hearing. There was no way she just told me that I floated above my bed.

"Fiona, what are you talking about?" I closed the door and moved across the room to the couch, the same couch where Lukas slept all those nights. I almost smiled at the memory. I really needed to set things straight with him.

Fiona followed me, but instead of sitting beside me, she sat on the edge of my bed facing me. She had her explanation face on, and her extended tummy sat in her lap neatly.

"Okay, so I know it sounds crazy, but last night while you were asleep, I noticed that you didn't go to bed with Maxim, and there wasn't any screaming, so I thought I'd check on you to see if you were still breathing."

"Hey!" I frowned, but she ignored my outburst and continued talking.

"So I stayed as quiet as possible because I didn't want to wake you up, you know? If you weren't actually dead-"

"Which I'm not."

"-But when I pushed your door open, I had to muffle a scream." Her eyes were wide and excited as she regarded me as if I was some type of superior being or something.

"Because I was... floating," I concluded, at which she nodded frantically.

"I mean, at first, I thought that the dragons cloaked themselves with some evil spells and were stealing you away...."

"And that would've made so much sense," I mumbled sarcastically, which she too avoided.

"But then I noticed that you were actually sleeping, and catch this: even with your drapes pulled, the moon shone directly on you while you slept. I watched you for about an hour until Leo came looking for me. I left in a hurry because I didn't want him to see. You know he's already freaked out about the entire thing."

I nodded slowly as I processed what she said.

I knew Fiona was hyperactive, talkative and sometimes delusional and crazy, but she never lied, especially about this. She has been supportive, protective and sometimes acted like she wanted to praise me. But if she

said I was floating, then I was floating.

"And you sure you weren't dreaming?" I asked just for confirmation.

She shook her head. "I went to the bathroom, flashed some cold water on my face just to be sure. I even had sex with Leo."

"Okay, just the water would've been fine," I cut her off before I heard too much. She reddened at my dismissive tone.

"So, was there anything different last night? It's the first time you've done something like this."

I pondered for a while on whether I should tell her about my dream or not, but then I noticed that there was absolutely no reason why I shouldn't tell her. I had to tell her about Lukas imprinting on me and the kisses I've shared with both Alpha brothers but now wasn't the time or place.

Finally, I told her about the weird thing that happened when I woke up, which was what I was trying to tell Maxim before she dragged me away. With what she just told me, it was all starting to make sense.

"When my dream ended, something strange happened," I told her as I resurfaced the memory.

"Then again, what's new?" she joked, causing me to roll my eyes. She was right, though. Everything has been strange from the minute she discovered my eyes.

"I think I remember falling on my bed," I mumbled. "I was falling, like falling back to earth when my dream ended. Then, I was in my bed again. But I didn't wake up in my sheets like usual. I dropped in my bed." I grabbed a pen from the nightstand and dropped it to the ground for visual aid.

But of course, she didn't seem surprised.

"Well, I did tell you that you were levitating, so...."

I shrugged with an exaggerated sigh. "I guess I have to find out why. If this dream was anything like my other dreams, I might have it tonight again. Maybe I can ask the moon goddess more about myself and the moon shard. I could finally get some answers."

The thought slightly excited me. From the day of that first dragon attack at the border, I've been dying for answers. Who thought that a serving of Yamen and Brosquite tea was all I needed to balance my nightmares and thus focus my mind on bringing me to this other level in my dreams?

Then again, maybe I was getting in over my head. Perhaps this was a one time dream, and the moon goddess was just warning me about the sun dragon. I mean, it's the moon goddess, for crying out loud! Do I really expect to see her every night? Like she doesn't have better things to do.

"I still can't believe you met the moon goddess," Fiona said as she pulled me away from my own thoughts. "What was she like?"

I smiled at the memory. "She was beautiful, just like they draw her in our children's books. She was sweet, and her eyes were like mine, but hers were more like the ocean. I still can't believe it either. I mean, of all the wolves, she chose me, you know?"

"I know. I'm going to hijack your dream one night. And maybe we can go for a swim at the beach in your dream."

I waved her off with a laugh. "You're a crazy, pregnant wolf, you know that?"

She shrugged casually. "So I've been told."

"Um, Fiona? Please don't mention this to the men yet. I mean, the moon goddess part is fine. I already told

Maxim. But the whole levitating thing... just keep it between you and me?"

"Of course," she said with no hesitation. "Consider it a secret."

"Well, not so much of a secret. I just want to know why I float first. I'm hoping this wasn't a one-night thing, and I'll see her in my dreams again, and maybe I can know why."

"In your dream, you said that the sun and moon seemed like they were walking distance away, right?" she asked, and I nodded.

"Right."

"And you said you didn't feel like you were on earth. You even felt like you were returning to earth when the dream ended. Maybe that's why you were floating. Your body was here, but your soul was up there." She pointed at the roof as she ended. Her theory creeped me out, but it made sense.

"I guess. But I don't know what 'up there' means. I wasn't on the moon, and I wasn't on the sun. I wasn't in the sky either because there was an island and the ocean. I don't know. Maybe it's not as complicated as I make it seem."

"We'll see," Fiona ended with a sigh, and I followed suit.

"We shall."

Silence fell between us for a while until there was a soft knock on my door. By the majestic scent, I could tell that it was Maxim, and Fiona could tell too.

"Well, I guess I'll see you later, okay?" She gave me a short hug before leaving. I didn't move from my spot on the couch, as I assumed Maxim would let himself in when Fiona left. And that he did.

He seemed evidently nervous, and it inevitably made me nervous too. He sat beside me without a word, but his thinking face was on.

I gulped. I left him downstairs with Lukas. Something could've happened.

I racked my brain for anything else that Lukas might've had that could cause another fight between Maxim and me I., but there was none.

With that fear out of the way, I decided to take the big step and talk to him myself.

"Maxim? What's the matter?" I asked as calmly as I could so I didn't startle him.

He met my eyes with his troubled ones, and I reached up to cup his cheek before placing a small kiss on his lips to calm him down a little. It helped, thankfully, and he seemed more willing to talk.

"I was just downstairs with Lukas..."

Oh boy.

"... and he mentioned something that had me thinking," he said, but his statement didn't give much away. In fact, it was awfully vague.

"What exactly were you thinking about?" I decided to be careful with my words. I didn't want to ask him what Lukas said because maybe then he would think I was more interested in what Lukas had to say rather than what he was thinking. Or perhaps I was just being overly dramatic.

"I don't want to seem like I'm rushing you, especially the circumstances under which you came here and everything else that had been happening since you came." He paused for a while as if to give me time to process.

"I'm sure whatever you have to say will be fine," I assured him, partially because the curiosity was killing me.

"Right. Well, I think we have accepted each other as mates now, and I feel deeply for you, Melissa. Really, I don't want to waste another moment stressing over dragons and being angry at my brother without being able to have you-all of you."

He held my fingers in his frailty as my heart leapt. This was barely a proposal, yet I was getting ready to tear up in tears of joy.

"I want to introduce you to my pack, Melissa, as my mate. I knew Lukas initially was supposed to do it. You guys have talked about it, and he agreed to give you sufficient time to adjust. Luckily for me, in that time, I managed to get an undeserving chance at winning you back, and I don't intend to lose you anytime soon..." He allowed his sentence to float for a while as he gave me time to understand what he was really asking me.

For me to be introduced to his pack, he would have to...

"Mark me... You would have to mark me." My final thoughts came out loud, and Maxim grew even more anxious.

"Yes, I would. I am completely ready, and I don't want you to think that it's because of Lukas or anything. I want to do this because I want to take the next step with you. It was just a crazy thought to have you introduced to the pack on Friday, which means that I would have to mark you before that, but if you aren't ready, then-"

I cut him off instantly by crashing my lips to his in an answering kiss. Marking had never been something I had time to think about over these past days, but now that he was telling me, I knew I had no doubt.

Of course, I wanted to take this step with him. If he claims me, I'll share a link with him, I'll be able to feel him more, and I'll go into heat on the next full moon.

I've always heard about werewolf heats. They were awful, as I heard, and painful. Only endless hours of love-making with one's mate was the only thing to soothe the pain and heat. I, for one, was completely exhilarated by the thought, even though it was something I had never done before.

Everything was falling into place perfectly amid all the drama. And I loved it.

"Yes, Maxim," I mumbled against his lips as I pulled away. "You're my mate. From the minute I caught your scent when Lukas brought me here, I had been waiting for your mark. I'm yours, Maxim. Claim me."

His lips spread in a breath-taking smile as he rested his forehead against mine. "Are you sure?" he asked, and I nodded.

"I haven't been surer about anything in my life," I told him. "Do it right now. Or better yet, tonight. We'll make it special."

I blushed as I said this, and I saw the evident dilation of his pupils. I giggled and allowed my gaze to drop, feeling like a sixteen-year-old about to lose my virginity.

"Tonight then," he confirmed with his husky voice. His grip on my waist grew impossible tighter as he caught my lips again.

He kissed me roughly as if he couldn't get enough of my lips. I could tell because I had the exact feeling. He massaged my lips with his as he dug his fingers in my back, but it never hurt. We fought for dominance in just a single kiss, and the more he squeezed me, the more I wanted.

I bit on his bottom lip, causing him to groan in approval as he gladly granted me access. His taste was even more heavenly this way, and I had to try to retain self-control with every fibre of my being.

Suddenly, a loud, thunderous knock banged against my door, driving us apart by a few inches. It took a couple seconds for me to return to reality as another knock shook my door.

Outraged and confused, I marched towards the door with Maxim on my trail as he too recovered, and I swung the door open to give whoever it was a piece of my mind.

But as I was face to face with the one and only Alpha himself, Lukas, I barely had a chance to let my words form a proper sentence. Because just in the blink of an eye, he grabbed me by my shoulders, pinned me against the door and ducked his head in the crook of my neck.

At first, I had no idea what he was doing until I felt his teeth grazing my neck. By the time I had a chance to protest, scream, or fight, his canines had already pierced through my flesh, leaving me with blood dripping from my shoulder and trust that he had completely shattered.

Because in the midst of my mate, Lukas forcefully marked me, ultimately claiming me as his.



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