

Chapter 35

Home sweet home.

It had been a little over a month since I've been at Armor Pack, but it surely felt longer. I didn't miss it, and the only reason it was even considered 'home' was that it was where I grew up. It was where my parents had me and, whether I liked it or not, where my family were.

The driver slowed as he approached the Alpha house. It looked the same, of course. There was barely anything that could be changed. It had only been a month. From the look on Maxim's face, I could tell he remembered coming here before. Perhaps it was the day of the meeting all those years ago, but he had been awfully quiet too.

I slipped from my side of the car once it came to a stop, and the driver got our bags from the back. As we moved towards the front steps that led to the door, it flew open, and Toya emerged with wide arms and eager eyes.

"Melissa!" she cheered as she met me halfway, instantly grabbing me in a hug. I hugged her back wholeheartedly. I missed her even though we talked every week.

"Hey, Toya," I said as I pulled away. "How have you been? You're glowing." I noticed that her eyes were much brighter, and her skin was beautiful. I recognized that glow somewhere, but I couldn't put my finger on it.

She simply winked before turning her attention towards Maxim.

"And this must be Alpha Maxim," she gushed as she took his hand in a firm shake.

"Nice to see you again, Luna Toya," he said curtly. Toya seemed confused, but she didn't push for questions. He still looked serious and deep in thought, and I didn't like it. I could see the guilt in his eyes. I was starting to think that bringing him here was too soon.

He had just found out that I was the girl he humiliated in this very pack over ten years ago, and he would see where I spent my nights crying and where I spent most of my miserable days. It might've been too much for him, but he was already here.

"Please accept my deepest apologies from my mate. He isn't here to greet you. We met your brother when he came for Melissa. Who would've known that things would've turned around this much!"

Maxim waved her off with his charming smile. "Please, don't apologize. There's no need for formality. I'm happy to be here."

"I'm glad," Toya beamed. "Well, let's get you two settled in." Her eyes lingered on my neck for a while, which I was hiding with a scarf.

If anyone saw my neck, they'd know that Maxim wasn't the one who marked me. Unlike marks from mates, a mark like Lukas's left an ugly scar.

Thankfully, she didn't dwell on my choice of clothing too much, and I prayed that they wouldn't notice that I only packed turtle necks. I decided that it would be better if no one knew what happened back at Primal Pack. I didn't want anyone thinking I was being mistreated. They have been nothing but great to me. This was the first unfortunate incident that wasn't my fault.

As we continued the walk to the door, I noticed that Toya's scent was slightly different too. Perhaps it was because my sense of smell and hearing wasn't the best at the moment, so I didn't read too much into it.

The foyer was just the same as the living room. It was awfully quiet too, but that wasn't anything new either. Even though it had been my home for twenty-three years, Toya still brought us to my room. I assumed she was being hospitable towards Maxim, but I could've done it without bothering her.

"Well, here you are," she announced as she stopped in front of my room. "It's just the way you left it, Melissa."

I smiled. "Thanks, Toya. We'll be down for dinner in about an hour. I hope that hasn't changed."

"Not at all. We still have dinner at six every day. I already mind linked Lance to tell him you guys have arrived."

I hugged her again. "Thank you. And Logan?"

"He's with Lance. They are on their way back," she told me. I gulped. This would be the first I would see my brother after our very odd conversation on the phone a few weeks ago.

I was both eager and scared to see him. If that was even possible. What would we even talk about? Do I tell him that I was sick? Of course not! Then my whole scarf and turtleneck plan would go down the drain.

"Thank you, Luna Toya," Maxim said as he grabbed our bags that were left at the door by the driver.

"Please, just call me Toya. As you said, there is no need for formality."

Maxim chuckled. "Right. Oh, and congratulations." He said this as he pointed to her stomach, and my mouth fell in shock.

No way.

"Thank you," she blushed, which only confirmed my doubts even more.

No... Way!

"You're pregnant?" I almost screamed as I grabbed her shoulders.

She chuckled. "I thought you noticed the change in my scent."

"I mean, a little but... Oh my gosh, I'm so happy!" I felt like crying as I pulled her in a hug again. This was huge. They had been trying for years to have a baby, and it finally happened. Even though I wasn't a hugger, I'd definitely hug my uncle if I had seen him.

"Thank you," she laughed a little as she pulled away.

"So, this was the big news, huh?" I still couldn't believe what I was hearing. This trip home was indeed worth it.

But she confused me with a sly smirk. "Actually, no. This was just the cherry on top."

I grew anxious again. I had racked my brain for hours trying to figure out what was so urgent that my brother wanted to tell me. I only decided to make the trip home to get

away for a bit. But this surely made the trip worth it.

"You'll find out soon enough," she said as she rubbed my shoulders. "For now, get some rest before dinner. You two must be exhausted. There are some extra towels in the bathroom and a box in your closet with an air mattress just in case you two don't sleep together. The guest room is on the other level if you want to stay there, but I just wanted you to exhaust all your options."

"Again, thank you," Maxim told her as I pushed the door open. "We'll see you in a bit."

I closed the door behind us and dropped myself in my old bed as soon as I was inside. I had a huge smile on my face as Maxim rested our bags by the closet.

"Toya's pregnant," I mumbled out loud. "I can't believe this. I'm so happy."

"I can tell," Maxim said with a chuckle as he pecked my cheek. "She seems nice too."

"Oh, she is. Maybe she's the reason why I am even here today. She kept me from running away, being thrown in a dungeon, jumping from a cliff." I laughed at the last one because I wouldn't actually do that, but Maxim didn't find it too amusing.

I sighed.

"What's wrong?" I finally asked. It had been killing me to ask him from the minute we landed in the state.

He sat beside me as he glanced around the room. "So, this is you, huh? I can see you here."

My room wasn't one with personality. I didn't have posters from my teenage years, and I didn't have a particular colour I preferred. But I assumed a few things represented me, like my obsessions with crystal-like things. The chandelier was a prime example, as well as most of my picture frames and figurines.

I also assumed that my scent was everywhere too, but I couldn't smell my own scent. I propped myself up on my elbows as I gazed at his face.

"Maxim, I know what you're thinking. I thought we were past this. I no longer hold the past over your head."

He sighed before answering. "I know, but that doesn't mean being here doesn't hurt. I hate that I was so awful to you. Gosh, I'm an idiot."

I realized that there was nothing I could say at that moment to make him believe that I no longer held a grudge for what happened. So, I simply had to show him.

I shuffled from my position and climbed on his lap so that I was straddling him.

"You're right. This pack, this room, all have some bad memories. But let's start making some good memories, starting with this..." I slowly brought my lips to his and gently bit his bottom lip with my canines.

He growled in approval as his arms tightened around me. I smiled to myself. He kissed me without hesitation, and I gladly returned it with everything in me. We were both breathless by the time we pulled away, and I was happy when I saw that his eyes were no longer troubled.

"Save the rest for later when we're in bed." I winked suggestively as I climbed from his lap. He seemed surprised.

"You... you want to sleep together?" he asked as I got rid of my jacket.

"Yes. We are mates, no?"

It seemed like I threw him off with my question for a while. "Uh-yes, of course. I just didn't think you'd be comfortable."

"I'm comfortable." I smiled wholeheartedly as I quickly pecked his lips. "You can use any one of my drawers. I'm gonna get a bottle of water. Want one?"

"Yeah, thanks."

I nodded once as I moved towards the door. I knew I told Toya we'd stay in the room until dinner, but I was parched. It wasn't like I didn't know my way around the house, anyway. It was my home for twenty-three years, after all.

I pulled my hair in a messy bun on my way down the stairs as my comfy bed slippers massaged my feet. I forgot to pack them when I was leaving, and I surely missed them.

The house was still quiet, so I assumed Lance and Logan were still on their way home.

However, when I entered the kitchen, I was thrown off guard for a while as I beheld a woman sitting by the kitchen counters, eating a muffin and scrolling on her phone.

She lifted her head from her phone when I entered, and certainly, I knew I hadn't seen her in my life.

"Um... who are you?" I blurted out. She seemed so comfy here to the point where I believed I should've known who this woman was.

She cocked her head to the side for a while as she squinted her eyes to look at me. Her face then lit up in realization then she glanced around as if looking for a way to escape.

"Oh no," she mumbled to herself. "This wasn't supposed to happen until he got here. He's so sensitive about Melissa. Gosh, I should've stayed in the room!" She definitely wasn't talking to me, and somehow, she knew my name.

"Sorry? I'm still confused." I tried to clear my head to focus my thoughts, but I couldn't.

"You look so much like him. You're Melissa, right?" she asked, and I nodded slowly.

"And you are?"

She chuckled nervously before answering. "Your new sister, it seems. I'm Logan's mate," she said, and my jaw dropped.

Logan found his mate!?

Today is full of surprises.

Chapter 36

I stood star-struck for a moment.

So much had changed since I left home, and here I was, thinking that nothing had. In one month, our Luna managed to get pregnant, and my brother-the living epitome of what I believed was heartless, found his mate.

And here I was staring at her.

She moved closer to me almost cautiously as she waved her hand around for a while.

"Hello? Anyone in there?" She laughed nervously. "Earth to Melissa?"

"You're his mate?" I finally found my voice to speak. Heavy footsteps rushed towards me from behind, and I noticed that it was Maxim.

Probably I was freaking out a little too much than I thought, to the point where my mate felt it.

His gaze shifted from me to Logan's mate for a while before it became confused. I gripped his shirt, not knowing how to tell him that I was okay.

"And you must be Alpha Maxim. Hi, I'm Camille," Camille, as she just said, reached out to shake Maxim's hand. However, he was still gazing at me in confusion, probably silently asking what had me so freaked out.

I couldn't tell the definite reason either. I didn't expect my brother to go on with life lonely forever, but I couldn't picture Logan with a mate. Was this why he called me? Was this why he sounded so gentle?

I could hug Camille right now for evidently already changing my brother for the best. And it was then when my mind began to clear that I noticed that she had a whiff of Logan's scent, but not the Pack's, which only meant she wasn't officially inducted yet.

She was beautiful, that was for sure. She had a smooth caramel complexion with bouncy, wavy brown hair and bright amber eyes. She wore a pair of leggings and a tank top, which showcased her generous breast and hips, and she towered above me by a couple inches.

But it was her smile that got me. She already seemed like the complete opposite of my brother, and I almost felt bad for thinking that she might be too good for him. She was evidently older than I was, probably the same age as Logan.

And finally, my mind cleared.

"H-how?" I asked through what sounded like two coughs.

She giggled as she broke a piece of muffin and placed it in her mouth. "I was sent here from the Canary Pack in Canada to sit in the place for a meeting that my dad was supposed to attend. It was a bit last minute, so I protested, but here I was. Then I entered the house and-

"It was like the most majestic scent you have ever smelled," I finished for her as a quick memory of when I first caught Maxim's scent resurfaced. He smiled down at me and gently kissed my forehead.

"Now that I know you're okay, I'll leave you two to talk," he said as he grabbed the bottles of water. He caught on quicker than I did. "It was nice to meet you, Camille."

"Likewise," she said before he left.

I sat on a nearby stool as she stood nervously before me.

"This is still so wow for me. I'm sorry. I'm not always this weird."

She giggled and sat beside me. "It's okay. You were taken by surprise. I've heard so many good things about you."

"Me?" I questioned in confusion. "From Toya?"

"From Logan," she corrected gracefully.

I snickered. "Sorry, but my brother told you good things about me? Like what?"

I heard low hums coming towards the kitchen as I asked this, and Camille perked at a very familiar scent. My senses still weren't the best, so I didn't quite know until they entered.

As mine and Logan's eyes met, he stared at me like deer in headlights, and I did the same.

On the other hand, Lance didn't seem too phased by my presence. "Ah, Melissa. It's so good to see you," he cheered as he awkwardly patted my head.

"It's good to see you too, Lance," I mumbled, though my gaze didn't shift from my brother.

"And where's that mate of yours?" He was beaming like a three-year-old in a candy store. "See, I knew sending you there would be for the best. You found your mate!"

"Yeah, it has been great," I mumbled. "He's in my room. You may go and greet him."

"I see you've met Camille. She's a wonderful girl," Lance said before leaving. Silence fell among us for a while as I finally dropped Logan's intense gaze.

Camille stood silently by the stove as if she didn't know what to do, and I wasn't too sure what to say next.

"Um... congratulations," I finally said as I lifted my head again.

He scratched his arm weirdly with a nod. "Thanks. I was going to introduce you when I got back."

"I figured," I mumbled. Camille was staring at him with a pointed look, and it was almost amusing when he slightly submitted to her.

But that was before I saw what he was doing. He came towards me and wrapped his arms around my shoulder in the weirdest hug I had ever had. Camille seemed pleased by this, so I knew she was the one who told him to hug me when he saw me.

What I found undoubtedly cute, however, was the fact that he heeded her wish even though it made both of us uncomfortable.

"It's good to see you, Mel. You look good," he said as he pulled away.

I smiled genuinely as he said this. "Thanks. So do you. And Camille is really nice."

"Thank you." Both of them spoke at the same time. Logan looked at her the way Maxim looked at me, and it was there and then where I could say I was genuinely happy for my brother.

He gazed at her with so much pride and admiration, and I could already tell that she was a good influence on him. He was actually trying to be a brother to me, and I believed that had a lot to do with Camille.

"So, this was the big news, huh?" I asked, gaining his attention again. I could've sworn I saw him blush.

"Yes, actually. It has been a week and a half, and I thought you should know. I-uh-I'm glad you came home instead of simply returning my call."

"I'm glad too." That much was true. I was actually glad that I came home, and oddly since I entered the pack borders, I felt strangely disconnected from the moon power in me. It wasn't something I could feel per se, but after all those dreams, I had always felt like I was floating above the ground.

But since I've been here, I feel normal again. This confirmed even more that there was something about Armor Pack that protected me from that side of me, from the dragons, and from the dreams. But I wasn't quite ready to dive into that mystery just yet. I enjoyed having a weird but beautiful family moment with my brother and his mate.

There was also something else that he said that confused me a bit. He only met Camille a week ago? That only meant that the first time he called wasn't influenced by her. He actually wanted to call?

It felt sort of good to know.

"Well, Maxim is upstairs. I'm sure you want to meet him too." I tried to change the subject.

"Definitely. I'll go up right now and see him."

"Or you can just wait until dinner," I said quickly. I remembered that Logan wasn't Maxim's favourite person considering everything he learnt of how my brother treated me. So, I think it would've been better if they met in a more formal setting.

He nodded. "Sure, that works too."

"Well, I'll see you then." I desperately wanted to get out of there. It was a happy moment indeed, but it was still very awkward. It was killing me.

"Yeah, I'll see you then," Logan said, seeming just as relieved.

"It was great meeting you, Camille. We'll catch up later?"

"Definitely," she beamed. "It was great meeting you too."

She shocked me by quickly hugging me. I wasn't expecting it, but it was nice.

I brought a few snacks with me, too, as I left, and I oddly had a stupid smile on my face.

"See, that wasn't so bad," I heard Camille saying to Logan as I disappeared. "She's great, and you two ought to get along."

"If she'll forgive me," my brother said. His voice sounded sad.

"She will," Camille assured. "If she's as great as you say, and I think she is, then she will."

I continued walking with a broader smile. I had no idea why my brother suddenly decided that I was great, but I liked it.

And as far as forgiveness goes, he didn't have to worry about me.

My forgiveness flows like a never-ending river.



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