

Chapter 8: Reverse

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Maxim's POV (Earlier in Previous Chapter)

I had been running for hours. I had no idea why, but the minute since Lukas left to go collect that girl, I had been uneasy.

I couldn't understand. The thought of having another female in the Alpha house also unnerved me. Living with Fiona wasn't awful because she is our Beta's mate. But this she-wolf is nobody's mate. What does Lukas think he will achieve by taking her here?

I had to admit, however, that I understood where he was coming from. He was already twenty-five, and though we are both still very young, it's natural for us werewolves to have pups pretty young. In fact, most wolves find their mates between the ages of seventeen and twenty, and mating was always on the top list of what they do together. Hence, most wolves have kids young, and it was almost expected for us to do so.

But Lukas was convinced that his mate was dead, and perhaps mine is too. I'm not against finding my mate as Lukas thinks. I just let him believe that so he doesn't force me to 'roam the world and search for her'. When the time is right, I will find her. I'm not a big fan of it, though. I still don't like the idea of having a

female attached to me 24/7 all the days of my life. But I've learnt that everyone's mate is explicitly made for them, and so, the moon goddess must've matched me with someone who respects personal space and boundaries.

If not, then I'll just have to teach her.

Either way, adapting to this new change won't be easy. Lukas should be on his way back by now, and I grew reckless every second that passed. I had no idea why, but it was getting on my last nerve.

I was shifted in wolf form at the border of our pack, laying against the cliff as I stared into the deep abyss. Since I was shifted, my senses were heightened, and my wolf had more control. He would maul at the rocks every now and then and shake his head with a sniff. Perhaps he was just as upset about Lukas's plan as I was, but I think it was something else.

Suddenly, my link with Lukas was snapped back in my mind, meaning he was within pack borders. But with this, my wolf jumped on his feet, almost falling over the cliff in the process.

I fought to regain control of him, but he wouldn't let me. My heart was slamming against my chest as my wolf dashed through the trees, seeming to go in the direction of home. I watched as my grey paws thud against the ground with full force. I could feel myself

getting more and more out of control, and I didn't know why.

Before I knew it, the sight of the Alpha house came into view, and I noticed that Lukas's car was parked at the front. He was home, which meant that the wolf from Armor Pack was there too. Almost instantly, my wolf was no longer reckless and granted me complete control.

I trotted slowly towards the backyard, where we had a shifting shack. I shifted back to human form and grabbed a pair of sweats and a T-shirt before heading towards the back door. I had no idea why, but my senses were piqued to the hilt, and my hands were shaking like crazy.

My breathing was unlevelled, and I oddly felt like howling. But it wasn't until I stepped inside that it all made sense. A scent like I had never smelled before almost knocked me over with its exotic perfection. My wolf yipped in my head as I accidentally slammed the door shut.

Deep down, I knew why this particular scent was so intoxicating to me. I knew that Lukas brought my mate home because when he left this morning, the house hadn't smelled like the perfect mixture of strawberry and roses, which made my head throb and my canines ache.

I didn't even notice that my claws were digging into my palm until blood fell on my bare feet. But I didn't care. When I woke up this morning, I never once imagined that this would happen, and if I was being honest with myself, I had no idea how to think about it.

My feet moved before my brain caught up, and I found myself heading for the living room. The closer I went to the stairs, the stronger her scent became. My eyes were no longer mine but shifted to my wolf's amber colour.

As I reached the staircase, a hand clamped down on my shoulder, halting me from going forward. I swung around with a growl, ready to claw the eyes from anyone who was hindering me from going closer to my mate. But I stopped in place when I saw my brother glaring at me with cold, serious eyes.

"What?" I demanded, impatient to climb the stairs.

"Yesterday, you didn't even want a mate," he said. I didn't miss the fact that he sounded grudgeful.

My eyebrows pulled together in confusion as I stared at him. "What are you talking about? I know what I said, but if she's my mate, then-"

"Okay, let me just say it," he growled, cutting me off.

"She's mine, because you wouldn't have known that she's your mate unless I brought her here."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Was my brother denying me my mate? As if he could do something like that.

"So what?" I growled back. "Weren't you the one who said that we needed a Luna, whether it's my mate or a mere woman you bought with an alliance? What has changed, huh? You should be happy I found her."

"You didn't! I did, and she's different. If it was any other she-wolf, then you know I wouldn't have tried to deny you your mate, but she's...." His eyes became distant as if he was remembering something about her.

I grew jealous and curious at the same time. What was about her that was so special that my own brother would try to take her from me?

I wanted to find out. So, I didn't wait to hear my brother's following words. I shoved past him and stormed up the stairs. He tried to stop me, but he and I knew he couldn't. Neither he nor I was stronger. We were both Alphas. He was only named the first Alpha because he was older.

I wasn't scared of him, and we didn't usually fight a lot. It's why we worked so well together. But he was taking it too far with this. How dare he?

I didn't want to waste my energy on him anymore, and the closer I got to her, the lighter my head got. She

was already intoxicating, and I hadn't even seen her yet. My brother was still on my trail. He didn't seem like he was trying to stop me anymore, but I knew he wished I wouldn't have found the room.

She was on the third floor. Her scent was so distinct that I knew exactly where to go. And when I found it, my wolf went crazy. Lukas rested his hand on my shoulder again, but I shook it off as I tried to open the door, but it was locked. That wasn't an issue, however. I turned it until the locks broke, and the door slowly swung open.

Her feet were what I saw first, then I slowly roamed my eyes up the length of her body. When I saw her face, I was blown away. I have heard that every wolf believes that their mate is the most attractive being in the world, but there was no questioning for her.

She was the epitome of perfection. Her hair was jet black, with the cutest blue streak curled in the front as it fell in luxurious curls down the middle of her back. Her eyes matched the blue streak in her hair, and her cheeks were plump and flushed as she stared at me too.

But then she did something I didn't expect. She frowned, then she seemed almost terrified as she started moving away.

"No," she mumbled as she backed away from me until

she was against the bed. I had to take a minute to see if she was looking at Lukas because perhaps he did something to her on the way here. But he, too, was confused out of his mind. "It can't be you, not you," she added as my heart broke.

I took a cautious step towards her, but this only made her squirm more and shuffle up the length of her bed.

I raised my hands in surrender, showing her that I meant no harm. But the more she cried, the more she seemed familiar. It was like I had seen her crying face before.

She seemed like a beautiful stranger when I had just entered the room. But with her face now twisted in emotion, I couldn't help but think that I had seen her before. She was still gorgeous. As perfect as a goddess, but each second that passed by nudged at my memory.

I just couldn't put a finger on it.

"Melissa?" Lukas said cautiously as he stopped in front of me to move towards her. I didn't protest.

"Please," she sobbed, never letting her eyes fall from me. "Tell him to leave."

I had never felt anything but physical pain. I was used to broken bones from training and all the pain I could feel in battle. But I felt something new when she said

that. It was like my entire heart had been trampled on.

"Melissa," I finally said after hearing Lukas call her name. "What's wrong?"

Her eyes blazed in what seemed like anger now. "Don't talk to me," she hissed. "Lukas, please get him out."

My brother's irritation was completely gone and replaced with confusion and sympathy. He didn't grant her request, though. He simply sat on the bed beside her. My wolf growled, and it sounded from my lips, but it was purely instinct. I didn't want to upset her anymore.

"Tell me what's wrong," Lukas pleaded, and I desperately wanted to know too. But then her tears stopped, and her eyes were cold as they met mine again. The bright, anxious eyes I was first met with were now hard as steel in a darker shade of blue. I gulped.

"A matter of fact," she mumbled as she shuffled from the bed and stood in front of me, "I won't even wait."

I cocked my head to the side as I waited for her to elaborate. But when she did, I wished I would've fallen from the face of the earth instead.

"I, Melissa Alexis..."

"No," I mumbled when I realized what she was doing. Even Lukas looked shocked, and this was the same

man who nearly fought me for her two minutes ago.

"Reject-" I didn't give her a chance to finish. I threw my palm over her lips before she could utter the next words. I didn't even know why, but it already felt like hell itself. As some people describe it, rejection is like being stripped of a limb of the body. It was painful as hell.

I admit that yesterday the idea of a mate was highly repulsive. But now, seeing her in front, looking so beautiful and perfect, how could I not want her?

The skin to skin contact made my insides tingle, and I knew she felt it too by the way her knees buckled when I grabbed her. Her eyes blazed in mine with several emotions. But I didn't want her to make a rash decision like this without explaining first. She evidently knew me from somewhere, and perhaps I did something awful to her if she already hated me so much to break our bond forever.

She pried my hand away from her mouth and shoved me back. Lukas held onto her shoulders and whispered something in her ear that I was too distracted to hear, but it oddly calmed her down.

"I won't reject you," she finally said, and my relief was evident. "Not yet."

I snapped my eyes to her again, and my brother seemed just as shocked. I supposed he told her not to

reject me.

"I will make you watch me being with your brother, so you can feel the pain I felt when-" Her voice broke as my brother's face grew more shocked. I supposed she had told him before that she wouldn't be with him. But now, she was boldly declaring it.

"Melissa..." I didn't know what to say. I couldn't find the right way to begin this conversation to ask her what I had ever done to her. Obviously, it was terrible.

"Leave me alone," she mumbled, and something in me finally shifted.

I have never allowed anyone to speak to me this way, and two weeks ago, if someone told me I'd be begging my mate to talk to me, I'd laugh in their face. My own anger rose at her stubbornness. All I wanted was to know what got her so worked up. I know I can be a jerk sometimes, and if she said I had hurt her once, I knew I probably did. Perhaps we were still kids because if we were sixteen or older, I would've known from then that she was my mate, and I would've recognized her face.

Whatever I did must've left a mark if she still remembers me. I looked nothing like how I did when I was younger. My once blond hair eventually became dark brown like my brother's, and my features have gotten more mature. I desperately wanted to know

what I did so I could spend forever making it up to her.

But for her to boldly declare that she would do something as low as to be with my brother just to get back at me, does she even deserve it?

"No need," I growled. I recognized myself now. This was the Maxim people feared and talked about. This was who I really was, and no one, not even my mate, will change that.

It was her time to be confused as she blinked a couple times at me.

"Because I reject you, Melissa. I reject you as my mate." And with that, I turned my back and left the room, leaving both of them gaping in shock.

This was who I am. I am Maxim Dalton, and I don't need anyone.