

## Chapter 12

"You're new, right? My name is Maria. I'm the head maid." The brunette lady smiled brightly at Erin, the craters on her cheeks deepening with her smile, her eyes crinkling, she stretched her hand forward.

"Nice to meet you, Maria. I'm-"

"Erin, I know." Maria blurts out, shaking Erin's hand a little too excitedly, she realizes what she was doing and retracts her hand. "I'm sorry, I probably sound creepy but I promise it's nothing like that. I actually- you've been a hot topic around." Now, this catches Erin's attention.

It's been two days since she was inducted into the pack. It's not much but it's enough to have Erin hear a ton of things about her actually. She wondered why the maids won't stop giving her the side eye. Why Auntie Agatha would look at her like she was soaked in the devil's blood.

Erin clears her throat, wiping her hands against the apron she had on, her tongue darts out to moist her dry lips.

"May I ask why?" She asks.

Maria smiles dims just slightly. She opens her mouth to speak but rethinks it and shuts her mouth close.

"No one has been inducted into the pack since three years ago." She mutters, smiling but this time it doesn't reach her eyes.

Erin looks at her properly for a minute, thinking of what to tell her. "Is that why everyone looks at me like I'm an alien?" She asks, laughing awkwardly to lift the mood but it doesn't, instead Maria had a serious look on her face. She holds Erin's hand "I'm sorry we made you feel that way, it's just. It's a lot and people aren't that welcoming around here. I'm sure you've seen it." She says and Erin nods.

Yes, she's seen it.



Honestly, she didn't come here to step on anyone's toes or even be talked about like this. All she wanted was just to blend in the background and not be noticed. She just wanted a place that her pup would be born without any stress or problem, but here, it doesn't look like it. Even if they didn't know of her past, they certainly aren't welcoming. It wouldn't hurt to make a friend or two.

"Hurry up! Her grace isn't very patient if you haven't noticed it." Maria says, clapping her hands together, she goes back to stirring the pasta she had on the cylinder.

Erin goes back to mixing the milk and chocolate she had been tasked to do for her grace, memories of Aunty Agatha smashing a tea cup on a maid came flashing back. Erin shudders internally, looking at the mug she was mixing. This chocolate drink is for Aunty Agatha and she hopes it's to her liking. Erin wouldn't want to be the one being smashed with the mug.

"Has she always been like this?" Erin asks, turning for a second to look at Maria who hums.

"She's always been very fiery and a little violent." She whispers, finally getting done with the pasta she was making and placed it on a tray for Erin to take when she could.

Erin finishes with what she was doing and carried the tray, gulping hard before turning to see Maria giving her the thumbs up. She just hopes everything works accordingly.

Erin climbs up the stairs and towards Aunt Agatha study room. It's right beside her room. She knocks on the door and waits till she's certain she heard a deep voice call at her to come in.

Erin steps into the room with the tray in her hand "Your grace." She bows in respect, shutting the door swiftly and walks towards the table beside the woman to place the tray on it only to have Aunt Agatha stop her.

Erin looks at her, the woman's eyes on her piercingly.

The woman stands up immediately and Erin gasps, taking a step

backwards instinctively. Aunt Agatha's eyes darkened and got bigger. "Who are you?" She asks. Erin gasps, unable to come up with anything coherent.

"You walk gracefully. Talk smoothly. Even shut the door elegantly. A maid cannot do that, a maid has no idea what those are so who are you? What have you been-"

Oh shit. Erin had been trained her whole life to be Liam's mate. She's been trained to be the Luna of the blue moon pack. It's something that has been embedded in her blood. She doesn't know how to do anything except that.

"I-I" she stutters stupidly, unable to come up with anything good.

"I don't know how you got Derrick fooled but you aren't doing that with me. He hasn't accepted anyone into the kingdom for three years and all of a sudden you drop by and he accepts you. No one knows you or your origin. Where are you from. Which pack did you belong to? Who are your parents? What is your surname?" The woman rushes out. Erin's heart and heart spiraling, her brain going blank. She stood opposite the woman, mouth agape and unable to say a thing.

"Speak up! Child." Aunt Agatha growls and Erin flinched. The tray falling from her hands and to the floor, it shattered.

Erin staggers back again, glancing at the broken pieces of the glass and back at Aunt Agatha whose eyes was still on her, sharp, witty and curious.

"I- I have no idea why you are saying these. My mother worked with a past Luna and she picked up the habits which she taught to me. That's the only reason I'm able to walk, speak and do things the way you said. I'm a nobody, my grace." Erin manages to squeak out, falling to her feet, her heartbeat hammering hard in her chest. She began to pick the pieces of glass gently.

"I don't trust you, girl. I don't know what you are or who you are but stay away from Derrick. Don't get involved with something that's not yours." Now, this has Erin confused because what? Involved with Derrick? She's been here for two days and is already



getting threatened? Two freaking days!

She gulps heavily, picking the last piece of glass and squeezes her eyes close. "Yes, your grace." She whispers, getting up and bows again, not waiting for even more second before bolting out of the room, a particle of the glass still pierced deep into her thumb.

She could feel her heart beating faster, suddenly overwhelmed with an unknown emotion. She would do everything and anything to keep her stay in the Dark moon kingdom even if it means staying away from the Alpha king.