

Chapter 20

Erin stirs awake, eyelids fluttering open, the rays of sunlight seeped into the bedroom, disrupting the peace she had few moments ago. She grunts, adjusting her body properly into the comfort of the mattress but instead she's met with nothing but hardness. Eyebrows furrowed, she pushes her body even more, still not realizing where she was.

A grunt escapes the bed and that had Erin freezing. What the actual fuck? She's not insane and knows a bed cannot make that noise. A bed cannot feel this hard and sturdy. A bed certainly doesn't smell like cinnamon and jasmine flowers. A scent she had grown to know, a very, very familiar scent. The sleep cleared from her eyes in an instant, she looks around the room, feeling very much alarmed. Yes, this isn't the room given to her. This room was painted in white and grey color, the curtains were a beautiful mixture of silver highlights and black. A large painting of nothing sat right in the middle of the wall. She looks further and sees a couch, looking even more softer and much comfortable than the bed, a table beside it. Yes, this isn't the room she was given.

Erin goes stiff with fear. What happened last night and why the hell can't she remember what happened exactly? She suppresses a groan, taking a deep breathe only to have a strong whiff of cinnamon shoved down her nostrils. She jerks backwards a bit from the shock but then again, gets shocked.

Erin squeezes her eyes close, hoping it isn't what she's thinking about. Hoping she did not just feel something hard poking her from behind. The person groans again, yes, she's going to refer to him as the person for now. He groans, throwing his hand over her waist and pulled her closer to him. At this point, Erin's entire face had flared up in flames. What the hell?

She tried racking her brain hard, thinking back to what happened the last time she had seen him but her brain had decided to play dead and not remember a thing.

She gulped the pile in her throat, waiting for a minute till she heard

his soft snores again before gently lifting his hand up from her waist, slowly and quietly moving towards the edge of the bed.

Erin freezes when she heard him groan again, her heart plummeting hard in her chest. Fortunately for her, he doesn't wake up but instead snuggled even more into the comfort of the bed.

Erin rushed out of the room without a second thought, face burning bright red. Thankfully, her room is close to his which makes it better for her. She had a lot of questions running through her head with no one to answer. How did she end up in his bed? Why is she wearing his clothe? Why is she

"You're finally awake?" The stern yet firm voice had Erin freezing in her steps. She gulps the pile in her throat, slowly turning to see who it was.

The woman had her arms wrapped around her chest, already dressed for the day and certainly not pleased to see Erin.

"Ma'am." Erin starts but is cut off.

"You just had to have an episode didn't you?" She asks, a distasteful scowl settling on her lips. She takes a step closer to Erin, eyes set on her.

Aunt Agatha stared at Erin with nothing but contempt. Lips pulled into a distasteful scowl.

Her eyes trails Erin's figure rather slowly and Erin is suddenly reminded of the fact that she is wearing nothing other than Derrick's shirt. Now, she's feeling even more shittier than she already was.

Aunt Agatha steps closer to her, gaze hard and unwavering as she stared at Erin. Erin gulps fearfully, her face growing red. "Ma'am."

Aunt Agatha brings her hand up to Erin's hair, slowly and gently tucking a stand of hair that fell to her forehead. "Whatever it is, make sure you don't get in my way, Erin. In whatever you do, don't make an enemy out of me." She says. Erin turns pale, heart beating erratically in her chest. She holds her breathe as Aunt Agatha leans closer to her, a smirk filling her lips, she leaned closer to Erin, her

breathes fanning against Erin's ear.

"I already don't like you, don't give me a reason to hate you." She says, a smile making its way to her lips as she steps back, patting Erin on the cheek.

"Mother!" Samantha yelled from downstairs.

"Coming!" Aunt Agatha yells back, her eyes still not leaving Erin's. Erin steps aside, allowing her space to walk even though there was more than enough space to walk.

Erin watched the woman walk away, her heart beat slowly returning to normal. She gathers herself and rushed into her room, shutting the door tight, chest heaving frantically. The disdain, the disgust and utter reproach the woman had looked at her with, still stuck in her head.

She shuddered in disgust, the woman's voice coming to haunt her. She doesn't understand why both mother and daughter are both obsessed with her. From what she knows and understands, Samantha is Derrick's cousin and aunt Agatha is his Aunty but with the constant way they've been acting towards her, it's glaring Samantha is interested in Derrick and that too, more than cousins. Erin doesn't understand how that dynamic is supposed to work considering they are related. Now, she's confused. Are they mates? It's possible they are true mates, yes, once in a life time, a person is going to get their true mate. A true mate is someone the moon goddess had personally chosen for a person. Most people find their true mates and some don't. It's never been a real issue considering the community has evolved more than what it used to be back in the days.

Erin walks to the mirror stand, gazing at her reflection. Derrick's shirt swallowing her entire build. She knows she shouldn't. She shouldn't even be thinking of it but she can't stop. Her fingers slowly traced the buttons on the shirt, a shade of pink dusting her cheeks. She won't admit it but she loves the sight of his shirt on her, she loves the cinnamon scent that won't leave her skin. Her entire body was downed in his scent.

Erin shakes her head, slapping her cheeks slightly. She shouldn't

think of him this way especially since he is helping her. She can't think of him that way. She can only see him as the pack alpha and king. That's it.

She sighed, hurriedly pulling the shirt off her body. That's when she felt it.

The strong pull, the fullness in her, the heaviness and sweetness all in a go. She freezes, eyes widening, still staring at her reflection through the mirror.

The pull was strong enough to have her fall to her knees, a whimper escaped her lips. It felt like a flower opening up for the first time.

Her wolf was back.