

Chapter 21

Chapter 20 of the scarred Luna.

Derrick wakes up feeling a bit disoriented and tired. He looks to his side but doesn't see her, of course she woke up earlier than him and didn't have the courtesy to wake him up. He facepalms himself, dragging his hand over his face, a groan escaping his lips. He was supposed to wake up early today so they can sort out the issue with Alpha Elvis of the Crystal pack but instead.

Did he really sleep for that long? He remembers staring at her for some minutes after sliding into bed and scenting her, the soft whimpers and cries she let out while she was being scented. How she unconsciously leaned into his touch.

No, he shouldn't be thinking of her this way. He has to stop. It's been so long since he has slept so peacefully.

He sat up, ignoring the pang in his chest, ignoring her scent that was sticking to his bedsheets. He walks into the bathroom and stripped off his pants, stepping into the shower and turned it on. He closed his eyes allowing the cold water slid down his body. With every breathe he takes, he is again remedied of her, the feeling of her skin on his, her breathy sighs when he kept scenting her.

His wolf was suddenly feeling restless and agitated, he wanted her beneath him, writing and crying for him, eyes filled with unshed tears. He wanted so badly to see her begging for him. He wanted to see her on her knees, mouth full and filled with..

Shit.

He doesn't want to think of their this way, he doesn't want it but he can't stop. Every breathe he takes, he takes a huge chunk of her scent. Every time he closes his eyes, he sees her under him, his soft milky skin, unblemished and unmarked. Gazing at him with soft eyes, her full lips parted slightly, pink tongue darting out, licking her parted lips slowly, eyes still on him.

Derrick shakes his head to get the thought away from him. He

can't. He couldn't. He shouldn't. Those thoughts doesn't stop his cock from stirring to life, now standing proudly between his legs, thick and long. Derrick sighs, his scent had filled the bathroom, full and heavy with arousal. Anyone that steps in afterwards would smell his arousal. He reaches for the shower switch and turns the water even colder. He refuses to jerk off to the thought of her.

He wonders if his rut is near considering how fast he had gotten aroused. Maybe he should let Samantha know he would be needing her.

Derrick finished bathing, changed into new clothes. He was busy brushing his hair when he heard the knock on his door.

"Come in!" He yells, dropping the brush on the table, he turns to see who it was. A maid walks in, head down, hands folded tightly "Good morning, Your majesty. I came to clean." She says.

Derrick nods, reaching for his phone and moved to leave the room it paused as his eyes fell to the bed again. "Change the sheets and get rid of the smell in the room. I want everywhere smelling different." He ordered then walk away, leaving the maid to wonder what had happened.

Derrick walks downstairs, the voices of the pack members making waves in the house. He furrowed his eyebrows, wonder what was going on. Uncle Mikhail stood in the middle of the living room, looking angry and extremely bothered. Derrick's eyes trail over to Samantha who looked unbothered, Aunt Agatha looked disinterested but also slightly worried. He walks towards them, their scent was heavy in the living room, he looked around knowing the maids would've all flocked away especially after their scent have all gotten so loud and disturbing. He sighed, knowing this is why he enforced the scent blocker rules. An alpha's scent could be domineering for the other class, especially for an omega.

The three people who stood in the living room and seemed to be at logger heads hadn't noticed his entrance.

"What's going on?" He asked, jolting them out of whatever they were doing. Uncle Mikhail turns to Derrick, eyes softening just a tiny bit but when he turns to his wife and daughter, it's once again

filled with anger.

"Nothing! We are just have a conversation." Aunt Agatha blurts, before uncle Mikhail could speak. Derrick raises his eyebrows, eyes trailing from Aunt Agatha to Samantha and finally settling on his uncle.

"A conversation that made your scent so poisonous? So thick in the air? You know the rules to have scent blockers around here so you don't accidentally send one of the maids sick. If your conversation is as private as you're making it then maybe you should have such conversations in your quarters instead of disturbing the rest." Derrick spat out. Aunt Agatha had the decency to look down in shame.

"We are sorry, it just caught us unaware." Samantha says, holding her mother by the hand, nudging her quietly

Now Derrick is curious as to what is going on with them.

Samantha and Aunt Agatha attempt to leave but not Uncle Mikhail. He clears his throat loudly just as the two women freezes In their stead. "I'll tell you what's going on." Uncle Mikhail speaks up after a second. Aunt Agatha's eye widening with fear?

"Dad." Samantha calls out to uncle Mikhail but he ignores her, dipping his hands into his pockets. A sigh escaped his lips, his gaze shifts from Aunt Agatha to Samantha who was subtly shaking her head. This made Derrick curious.

"Agatha sent a message to the river blood clan. They will be arriving two days from now."

It felt like a bell had sprang over Derrick's head, the sound of nothing but whistling went on in his ear. His eyes widened, lips parted in shock. He looks at Aunt Agatha who looks away in shame then back at Samantha.

"YOU DID WHAT, NOW?"