

## Chapter 26

Chapter 25 of the scarred Luna.

"Welcome back, Alpha Maxwell."

Alpha Maxwell stood tall, broad and in all strong. He had a brown leather jacket on, a black top and a black jeans to match, tiny streaks of grey hair peeking out of his brown hair. One would say he didn't looked a day over thirty if not for the grey streaks in his hair. He drops the large bag in his hand on the floor and grinned.

Derrick steps forward, stretching his hands out, a polite smile on his lips "Welcome back, uncle."

Maxwell glanced at the outstretched hand and grinned, he shakes Derrick for a bit and pulls him in for a hug.

"We haven't seen in over ten years, be a little more familiar with your uncle." He says, patting Derrick's back warmly.

Erin stood at the back watching everything unfold. In the last two days, she's seen how tensed people were, well, except Derrick. Everyone and their mother seemed worried which also made her worried. Who is the man coming and more importantly why does everyone seem so uptight and scared? What did he do?

"It's been a long time, brother. Don't do what you did again, I'm sure we can't bare seeing you go this time." Aunt Agatha voices out, the length of her dress in her hand. Surprisingly or unsurprisingly, she had gotten quite dressed up fro today. Her blonde hair was braided just a bit so the strands fall to the side of her face, she had a long white dress on that trailed behind her when she walked by.

Erin watched Agatha smile and hug Maxwell, she looked around to see everyone's eyes on them.

"It's good to have you back, uncle. I hope you stay this time around." Samantha says, standing beside her mother.

"Let's head in. We have prepared a lot for your stay, Uncle." Derrick voiced out, looking at a maid who rushes forward to help Maxwell

pick his bag and tell them in.

"Thank you, I've been looking forward to being back for quite some time. After-all this is my pack." He says, gaze traveling to everyone present. He stops at Amelia and Vanessa. A look of recognition embracing his eyes.

"Is that Amelia?" He asks, awe seeping into his voice. Erin is quick to notice Amelia's stiff movement even as she walks towards the said man.

"Welcome back, Alpha Maxwell." Amelia says, smiling albeit it's a bit strained. Maxwell doesn't seem to notice it, instead he grabs her by the shoulders and pulls her closer to him.

"I can't believe you've changed this much. You look exactly like your mother." Erin smiles at the comment. This is the first time Erin would be hearing of their mother or any of their parents been spoken about.

"Yes. Things have changed over the past tens years you left." Amelia replied stiffly. Everyone could sense the weird vibe from here and even Erin could.

"Come on in, Uncle. We' have no idea how long you will be staying but we prepared the best for you. After all, you are my father's younger brother." Derrick grins and everyone laughs as they walked into the house.

Maxwell is unable to take his eyes off the house, looking at everywhere. "You've done so well, Derrick." He comments, eyes looking around the house with genuine interest.

"Maxwell?" Uncle Mikhail's voice comes booming. He hadn't been around since he went out for urgent work but now he stood by the door, a large smile on his face on seeing Maxwell.

"Mikhail, oh it's lovely to see you." Maxwell grinned, meeting Mikhail and they shake hands.

"I was just telling Derrick how lovely it is to be back. I won't be staying for so long but I will surely enjoy everything you have prepared for me." Derrick nods, the smile on his face not leaving even for a

moment.

“How about you wash your and come have dinner with the rest of us? Does that sound good?” Derrick asked.

“Yes! Tell me everything once I am done.” Maxwell replied, his arms flailing beside him. He looks around, waiting for someone to take him into his room.

“I’ll take him, I could use the short time to bond with him, after-all he is my favorite uncle.” Samantha grinned, interlocking her arm into Maxwells own.

“He is your only uncle.” Amelia shot back like Samantha is stupid. Samantha’s eyes flashes with a tinge of red, showing how annoyed she was. If there was one thing Erin doesn’t understand about their relationship? It’s the fact that Amelia and Samantha always fight. Aren’t they supposed to be nieces or what? She doesn’t understand.

“Samantha would take me, I’ll be back once I am done and I want to know everything.” Maxwell says, holding Samantha’s hands in his.

“Of course Uncle, we would give you a full download on all that has happened.” Derrick replied, watching the man and Sam walk towards the stairs with a maid trailing behind them.

Alpha Maxwell stops by the stairs, turning back “You make a fine Pack Alpha, Derrick.” He grinned and turns to walk away.

The pack members go on their different jobs, leaving Amelia, Alexander and Uncle Mikhail in the living room.

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“Tell me, how has life been in the dark moon pack?” Alpha Maxwell asks. Samantha smiles, her brain going lax. The only thing she can talk about is Derrick. It’s only a matter of time till she has him bent in front of her. She will have him as her Alpha and no one would be able to contest it.

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"So I've seen. He did more a better job that I would ever had." Maxwell comments offhandedly, eyes trailing to the painting at the head of the king size bed. It was a painting of a woman in a cell, a dark tape used to cover her mouth, on her head read the word 'Traitor.' In bold letters. She was naked yet also covered in words Maxwell couldn't see properly.

"The painting is really nice." Samantha paused her rambling and ranting, eyebrows furrowed, she followed his gaze and sees him staring at the painting.

She gasped dramatically "Oh my! What is this?" She hurried to remove the painting while Maxwell stood behind, watching her try being hero.

"Leave, Samantha." Maxwell turned back to see Agatha by the door, arms wrapped around her frame.

"Mother! You're here? See what.."

"I can see but leave. I need to speak to your uncle alone." She grits out, glancing at Samantha, her gaze leaving now room for argument bebe though Samantha was determined to make her understand she wasn't a child anymore.

"Fine," she turned to Maxwell whose lips lifts into a smile, the opposite of what it had been when Agatha walked in.

"See you for dinner Uncle." She replied and walked off, shutting the door behind her and left Agatha with Maxwell.

Maxwell stood there, hands inside his pockets, staring at the blonde trying to keep her anger at bay. She opens her eyes, jaw locked.

"What do you think you're doing coming here?" Agatha snapped! Eyes red and filled with anger.

"Here? This is my pack and home. Have you lost your memory?"

"You know exactly what I am talking about so don't play dumb! Why are you back in the pack? You have managed to disappear for the past ten years so what makes it different this time?"

"No, no I don't know what you're talking about and frankly! I couldn't care less what you're talk about." Maxwell shot back. Agatha sighs, bringing her hand up to the bridge of her nose and slowly massages it.

"What do you want, Maxwell.?" Agatha asks, looking at Maxwell squarely in the eye.

"Nothing. I came back because I got tired of moving about without a bit of stability. If you're scared that I would take over your husband's position then I have to tell you that would never happen. I don't care about your husband or his position."

"Maxw-"

"Also, you need to leave. My nephew has organized dinner in honor of my return. I don't need you right now." He says, eyes crinkling with a glint Agatha found it hard to decipher.

She inhaled deeply "Stay away, Maxwell."

"Goodbye." Maxwell says, watching her walk out of his room, finally leaving him alone to dwell in his thoughts.

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"What do you think this is? I'm very relaxed and okay with the way he's back?" Derrick grits out, hands balled up into a fist.

"No, you just have to-"

"I have to understand nothing! I'm tired of this constant back and forth over this same issue. I asked you to make sure Alpha Elvis is aware of the Change in our plan."

Alexander sighs but nods "As you wish, Alpha." He motions to leave but Derrick stops him.

"I don't know what it is that's going on with you but you need to drop it. There's just so much I can handle and I promise, you constantly breathing down my neck will make me snap. Watch it." Alexander nods, his face falling slightly from Derrick's tone.

Derrick watch as Alexander walks out of the office, leaving him to

bullshit." Amelia snaps from where she's sitted.

"What are you insinuating?" Samantha asks, eyes hard and daring. Amelia doesn't back down, instead she smirks, turning her head to look at him.

"Why don't we all drop the pretense and act like we all know it. Why is he back here? He has been gone for over ten years and forgive me if I don't buy that coming back for family bullshit." Amelia growls, her scent getting out of it scent blockers.

"I don't think-"

"Don't think what? Tell me uncle, where was family when you left the pack without looking back only because you were not crowned pack alpha."

"Amelia! You're crossing the line here!" Uncle Mikhail snaps but she doesn't stop, suddenly feeling very overwhelmed with anger. Why are they pretending that this is fine? Why are they trying to please him if all he's done was bring them down. Why are they all willing to shoved and swallow all of what this man has done to them?

"I understand your frustrations Amelia and I take full responsibility for my actions. It's been more than ten years like you said and In those years, I've changed as a better person. I am not who you think I am." Maxwell replied quietly.

Amelia had a tear drop down her cheek, she looks around but sees everyone willing to pretend like this man didn't do what he did. She stands up, the sound of her chair screeching behind. She angrily wiped the tears on her cheeks, glancing at Derrick who was seething in anger from he was sitting.

"Excuse me." She mutters, rushing out of the dinning room without a second thought. Erin watched with a heavy heart as she ran out, almost going after her but stops when he heard his voice.

"I'll check up on her. I'm sure she's just annoyed I left and didn't come back for her, after all Amelia and I used to be the best of friends." Uncle Maxwell stood up, dropping his servet tissue on the table.

"No, uncle. You shouldn't. We made this feast for you and it's not right if you leave to attend to Amelia's wimps and callous behavior."

Samantha says, clasping her hand over his.

"I think they should speak. Amelia has a lot she's feeling and it's better if they do it away from prying eyes." Derrick speaks up for the first time.

Maxwell gives a tight lipped smile and nods before walking away, Erin watched him walk away towards the same direction Amelia ran.

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Amelia was full on sobbing, her heart felt so tight and filled with, a sadness, regret and most of all anger.

She's angry at herself, at Derrick, Agatha, Samantha and all of them. She's angry at their ability to behave so freely with the same man who..

A knock on her door has her jolting, she sniffled, standing up from the chair and wiped her tears. She doesn't bother to ask who it is, thinking it could as well be Derrick here to give her a serious lecture

She opens the door and is stunned seeing the person she didn't think would actually be there.

"What are you doing here? I don't want to speak to you so leave." She attempts to shut the door but he blocks her, holding the door with his feet so she couldn't.

"Come on, don't be like that. We should talk, shouldn't we?" He asks, walking into her space without her permission.

"No, we have nothing to talk about! Leave." Amelia growls even as he walks into the room, shutting the door behind him with ease.

Maxwell smiles, looking around her room. This is exactly what he would say fits Amelia. Simple and easy. "We were close, you know. We had the tightest bond amongst everyone."

"Get out from my room." Amelia takes a step backwards, every cell in her body fought against this. Her wolf cried within at her at the mere



fact that he is here, in her room and safe space.

"You made such a scene downstairs. Your brother was a bit worried." He bit back a chuckle. He paused, glancing at the white porcelain bowl on the table. He reaches for it, fingers trailing the body.

"Fine art, huh?" He commended.

"I made a scene? That's rich coming from you. You threw a tantrum when you weren't granted your sick desires and left the pack." Amelia growled, snatching the bowl from his hands.

"Is that why you're this annoyed? I'm back now, aren't I? We can still be--"

"We can be nothing! I despise you, Maxwell. I thought I would be okay with you coming and so I didn't say anything when I knew you'd be coming, but seeing your face makes me want to..."

"Makes you want to what?" A mocking smile laid on her lips. Amelia found herself growling and snapping angrily.

Her back to the wall, with no other place to move to, Maxwell had cornered her, he was a few feet away, just one more step and he would...

He takes a step forward, due shinning with

the same sick glint, Amelia had seen in his eyes that night. He smiles, hovering against her, he brings his hand forth and gently tucks a strand of hair back to her ear.

"You grew to be so pretty, I knew you would. Just like your mother." He whispers. Amelia lifts her hands and pushed him away as hard as she could.

"Get your sick and disgusting hands away from me, you psycho. I just knew it. Your type would never change. You're always going to be the sick, derailed and bitter Maxwell." Amelia spat.

Maxwell tilts his head sideways, a condescending smile on his lips. He brings his hand up and wiped the spit on his beneath his bottom lip, he glanced at his thumb and back at Amelia whose eyes were a glowing red.

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"Bitter? Come on, you can do better." Maxwell chuckled.

"I get it, I really do. I left and come back after ten years without an explanation. I get it but that's not enough reason for you to act like a brat."

"Not enough reason? Okay, how about the fact that you stabbed my father and killed him in cold blood. Is that enough reason?" Amelia spat, finally letting the cat out of the bag.