

Chapter 36

Chapter 35 of the scarred Luna-

Three years after...

“What do you mean he is heading to there?” Liam’s voice echoed in the four walls, his face red from anger. He could feel the frustration at the tip of his fingers.

His beta lowered his head, “I’m sorry Alpha but there’s really nothing I could do about it. There’s nothing we could do about .

“That’s bullshit. He just went ahead and dismissed me. He just pushed out pack to the very end now and you’re telling me there was nothing you could do?” Liam growled in anger.

“M-maybe we could-“

“Shut the fuck up!” He growled, his eyes flicking red as he yelled at the gamma.

“Let’s take things easy and be level headed. No one knew of their plans or what they were going to do.” Liam looked to his side, the closest person he could call an uncle sat beside him, twirling a pen between his fingers.

“What are you talking about? The dark moon pack intentionally did this. They knew our pack was going to get it. How could the council of elders look at their pack and hand it over to them?” Liam snapped at the blonde haired man. Peter palmed his lips into a thin line.

“Well, they’ve been doing better for themselves. It’s only logical the council of elders give the title to the pack they deem fit and in this case, even though we are doing good we cannot deny that the dark moon pack are doing better.”

The uncle Peter glanced at Liam who was obviously struggling to come to terms with this. It’s been three years but his dying hatred for the dark moon pack never ceased. Instead it’s grown and now he hates everything that had to do with the pack. He hates it even more. Three years has done nothing to quench his burning hatred for the pack

Alpha.

“Leave! I want to speak to Alpha Liam alone so excuse us.” The uncle says, watching as the beta and gamma pack their things and walked out of the office. He bites back the snarky comments he was about to say and turns to look at Liam whose eyebrows was furrowed deep in concentration.

“You’re slacking.” He states

“You think? I already thought this was going to be for our pack and I mean, we successfully cleared out the packs that were against us in this but all of a sudden, he comes and snatches it right under my nose.” Liam bristles with anger, his grip on the small ball in his hands tightening, knuckles growing white.

“Don’t you think, that maybe your informant hasn’t been doing a good job of informing you what’s going on there?” His uncle chirps in.

Liam is immediately reminded of him, he should’ve told him what was going on. He should’ve told him about the plans Derrick had but he didn’t.

“I’ll speak to my informant but you need not worry yourself about it. We need Dimitri now more than ever. I want to rip Derrick’s head off his neck.”

“And you’ll do that but only if you’re level headed. Anger gets you nothing.” His uncle chided calmly, he stood up, dipping his hands into his pockets.

“I’ll reach out to my contact with Dimitri and we will finally be done with this whole thing. You need not worry, Liam. I am always going to be in your corner regardless.” He says.

“Thank you uncle,” Liam watched his uncle walk out of the office and sighed, leaving back against the chair. He thinks of the last five days.

How in the world did he loose to the dark moon pack? For the last three years, they have managed to stay off each other’s radar. He had taken some packs under his wings and even managed to broaden his pack just the same way Derrick had managed to do to his pack. Most

of the packs from their region had been competing for a title and the dark moon pack wasn't even a competitor in it. His pack had managed to stay on top for days now and today when the results had been sent out. They magically came second, with the dark-moon being first.

Liam reached for a bottle of alcohol and pours it into a cup before chugging it down his throat. He sighed, bringing his hand up to his temples and massages it for a second.

His peace is disrupted again, the creaking of the door alerting him of the intruder in his space. He opens his eyes to see Melissa stepping into the office. Her yellow dress flowing righteously behind her, the color complimenting her skin.

"You don't seem to be in a good mood." She states as she walked closer to him, her honeysuckle scent washing over him. She stood directly opposite him and leaned down, lips turned downward a bit as she collected the cup of alcohol from his hands.

"What's wrong? Things didn't work out well?" She asked and he rolled his eyes.

"Don't bother your head with that. It's none of your concern." He shot back although without any bite.

Melissa shrugs, taking a seat on the table. Liam's eyes washes over her and she seemed to notice his heated gaze judging by the way she swallowed hard, her neck flushing red. He hasn't even done anything.

Liam sneaks his hand under her dress, his hand trailing her thighs.

"What brings you here, Melissa.?" He asked, grabbing a supple of flesh.

"I- I came to inform you about the annual festival." She stutters, her breathing growing heavier as his hands approach her inner thighs.

"What about it? Is it our turn to host?" He asks, using two of his fingers to push her panties aside. Melissa parted her legs unconsciously, her face red already.

"N-no." She bites her lower lips as Liam ran his thumb over her clit.

"So what?" He asked, watching her face with keen interest. He could

feel her wet already and that's one of the thing he likes about Melissa. It doesn't take much to have her all riled up. Liam sticks a finger inside of her, liking the way she squirmed even when he was doing the bare minimum.

"What?" He asked again, this time sticking a second finger inside of her. Melissa moaned, feeling hot all over.

"I- wanted to say-" he began to pump inside of her, going as fast as he could with two fingers inside of her, leaving her a ' 'abbering mess that she's unable to keep her legs wide.

Liam stands up swiftly, pulling Melissa along. He maneuvers her so she's bent over the table and he's behind her. He hoist her dress up, pulling her red colored panties down. He wasted no time in unbuckling his pants.

"I want to hear your voice, Melissa." He says, voice hoarse and deep as he grabs a bottle of lube in his cupboard, poured an insane amount of lube in his hand and coated his cock with it.

"W- we have to attend-" Melissa is cut off as he plunges deep inside of her. She squeezed her eyes close, moaning and stuttering all the way. Liam's starts off slow but soon quicken his pace, pushing in and out of her while she laid over the desks taking everything he gave her.

Minutes later, Liam came inside of her, cleaned himself up and got dressed. Leaving Melissa messy and spent.

She wore her pmts back, drawing her dress, knowing she'd have to go clean up in the bathroom.

"You could at least pretend to care"

"Why? You know exactly how I feel so why should I pretend when I'm fucking you?" He rolls his eyes, taking the bottle of alcohol again and poured some of it for himself.

"You were saying something about attending something? What is that?" He asked and Melissa sighed.

"The Dark-moon pack are hosting the festive this year and as usual we have to attend, regardless of the beed you have with the alpha."

If Liam wasn't enraged earlier when he heard of the dark moon pack winning what was supposed to be his then now, he's enraged.

"They're hosting!" He bellowed angrily.

"Yes and that's what I came to tell you. We cannot not go for this. It won't speak well for our pack and people are going to assume that you are scared of him." Melissa says.

"Leave and let me think."

"Leave? Are you being serious right now, Liam?" Melissa scoffed. Liam looks at her, very unimpressed.

He huffs, turning on her heels and walks out, leaving Lola to think of what she just said.

In three years, The blue moon pack and the dark moon pack have successfully being able to stay off each other but it doesn't seem like it would go that way any longer. He would give it whatever it takes. Liam grabs his phone, already dialing a number. He leans back against the chair just as the receiver picks up.

"Hello."