

Chapter 37

Derrick stood by the window, his eyes on the training fields, he watched as they trained ceaselessly.

“Alpha.” Someone calls out from behind, the door creaking just slightly. Derrick tilted his head sideways.

“We have a messenger.” The voice says again. Derrick turns, hands dipped into his pockets, he raised his eyebrows at Aaron who then allows the messenger into the office.

Derrick watched as the man steps in, his white collared shirt looking like it has seen better days. He had a bag crossed against his chest, hair rough, the eye bags under his eyes was enough to let Derrick know the man had seen better days.

The man walks in timidly, head lowered as he clutched his messenger bag. “Alpha.” He bows even more.

Derrick looks at Aaron, eyebrows quirked up questioningly.

“Please excuse me , Alpha.” Aaron bows, about to leave but Derrick stops him.

“No, stay back.” He says, his eyes still on the messenger who he could see was quite nervous but why?

“Have your seat and state your reason of visit.” Derrick gestured at the chair to allow the man sit. He motions for Aaron to do the same of which he did without question. With the three of them sitting, Derrick raised his eyebrows, waiting for the man to speak up. He watches the rise and fall of the man’s chest, the way he clutched his hands tightly as though trying to ground himself from something.

“I’m sorry, Your Grace. I’m being very incompetent.” He murmurs.

“It’s fine, what brings you here?” Derrick asks and the man reached into his bag, rummaging through it for a second and finally thought out a gold looking envelope.

Derrick cocks his eyebrows up, confused but takes the envelope from

the man's hands. "What's this?"

"Alpha Hillary Bernard of the East coast pack is holding an auction in two days time and has sent out invites to all neighboring pack alphas and beyond. I have been sent here to deliver yours, your Grace." He bows even more sought it's quite awkward from this angle.

Derrick pricks the tiny and fancy bow at the front of the envelope open and takes out the rather royally printed and worded letter out. He hums as his eyes ran through the words typed out. Alpha Hilary of the east coast pack has been a great ally of the dark moon kingdom. His pack considered as pure water seeing as he does. He have dispute with other packs and has managed to hold his pack in great esteem. Refusing to attend would be insulting to the pack and also to Derrick's pack.

"I'm honored to be invited to the auction and would certainly attend it. Relay my message to the pack alpha and do make arrangements for my stay." Derrick places the invite into one of the cupboards.

The messenger stands up, bowing rather low although Derrick could see him wincing as he did. He glanced at Aaron to see if he noticed the same and he's half to see the boy also looking concerned for the messenger.

"Are you okay?" He asked, unable to keep his curiosity at bay.

The messenger looks up at him, surprised at the fact that Derrick was asking him a question.

"I-I'm okay, your Grace. I'm sorry for wasting more of your time. Please excuse me." He moves to leave

"Wait," Derrick's voice had the man stopping in his steps, he stood awkwardly, even Derrick could see him shifting his weight to his right feet.

He stands up and Aaron does the same. The man turns back slowly, tears gathering at the corner of his eyes.

Derrick walks closer to him, placing his hand against his shoulders.

"Where does it hurt?" He asked without thinking. He isn't usually this

way with anyone but seeing the man in obvious pain and trying to make it had him worried.

"I- I'm oka-"

Derrick gives him an unimpressed look at the man looks down.

"M-my feet got stuck in a trap while I was coming here."

"A trap?" Derrick asks, looking at Aaron only to see the boys eyes on him. A look of understanding flashing in both of their eyes.

"How close to the pack were you?" He asked, signaling at Aaron to help the man back to the chair. Aaron does without a question.

"Not so far your Grace. I didn't know there would be traps set in that part of the forest when I took it but I forgot-" he didn't need to say much.

Motherfuckers are on his ass again.

He looks at Aaron and again, he didn't need to voice it out loud before the boy rushed off to do what he wanted.

"How come your haven't been able to heal it? Werewolves are able to heal themselves easily so what?" He pondered openly.

The messenger looks down in shame "I'm half werewolf and half human." He muttered, ashamed at the fact.

Okay, now, Derrick understands it even more.

He opens his mouth to speak but the door freaks open, Aaron walking into the office with Erin behind him. Their eyes meeting for a brief moment before it falls to the man whose shoulders were hunched in shame.

"What's wrong with him?" Erin asked through the mind link as she walked towards them.

"Fell into a trap and can't heal properly. He's half werewolf and human. You can he's it, right?"

Erin looks at the man, eyes trailing his figure "Shouldn't be that hard but traps?" She asks, lifting her eyes at him.

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"Hi," She approaches the man like she's approaching a wild animal.

"My name is Erin and I will help treat your leg so you can get back on your way soon." She says. The man bows down, almost tumbling from the chair.

Erin sets to do her work and Derrick leaves her to do her work while he also called on the beta, gamma and Dylan into the office.

"There we go, you should be able to shift just fine and the swelling would go down in a few hours." Erin says as she stands up. Derrick had missed the whole thing while speaking to the rest through the link. He hasn't even told them what caused the meeting and he can just imagine the annoyance on their faces when they hear.

"T-thank you so much, thank you." The man bows repeatedly.

"Try and take care of yourself." Derrick tells the man who got up, clutching his bag to himself, bowing again.

"I will, please excuse me, your Grace. Thank you again for helping me." He bows even more lower than possibly, his entire body inches away from the floor. Derrick chuckled internally and watched the man walk out of the office with Aaron.

"So?" Erin's voice had him cocking an eyebrow up. He had almost forged she was in the room with him.

"So?"

"The traps. It doesn't sound like just anything." Erin says and he nods, looking out the window for a brief second.

For six months now, they've been going through the rouge situation. It's been an hassle trying to get them out of the area and Derrick is on his last thread of sanity. They've been setting the worst traps trying to get at wolves in the territory and it's becoming a barbaric act. Now they've managed to take their notorious acts even closer by attacking the messenger.

A knock at the door had him jumping of his thoughts, he looks at Erin how his already to grave the ointment and powder she uses and just as the same time the door is pushed open.

"Yes Alpha." Dylan's voice comes out determined out of the three. Derrick leans back, his tongue poking his right cheek as he looked at Dylan.

"When do we leave for the auction?" Alexander asks.

"Tomorrow night." Derrick replied and turned to the gamma.

"Which of the wolves got injured?"

"Nate. He was overtraining and overworked." Derrick hums, he wasn't surprised. He had seen the level the boy had been driving and pushing himself to. He had been overworking and clearly it's as paying off since he is the best amongst his peers but then again, nothing good comes for free.

"Is he better now?"

"Yeah, Erin was able to fix it easily but he would rest for a couple of days."

Alexander stands up and Dylan does too.

"Excuse me, Alpha." They say at the same time, bowing for a bit and then walk out of the offices leaving the gamma with Derrick.

"I should leave too." He stands up to leave and at the same time the door flies open, little feet stomping against the marble tiled floor, making their way towards him. The pup giggling loudly.

Derrick smiled instinctively, moving his chair backwards so he could see her running towards him. The pup hugs his legs instead, still giggling loudly.

"Aha.. What are you running from, Coco?" Derrick bends and scoops her in his arms, and if possible she giggles even more at the action.

"Mama-" the pup surges forwards, her chubby arms circling his neck, she buried her face at the corner of his neck. Derrick smiles, his hands slowly stroking her back.

"Excuse me, Alpha." The gamma bows, Derrick looks at him, he had already forgotten the man was still there. He nods and the man walks

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Erin walks out of the office with Coco who was very much blabbing about the cone. He sighs, a soft smile still on his lip. He knows his far gone and there's no coming back.