

## Chapter 11

### Chapter ten of the scarred luna

Derrick sat in his office, going through some pack work when Alex walks into the office, clearly upset about something. Derrick pretends not to see him and instead ignores him.

"Alpha." Alex calls out after a beat. Derrick stops typing, Leaning back against the chair and cocks an eyebrow up.

"What is the problem?" He asks just as Alex sighs, grabbing the chair opposite Derrick and sits down.

"What are you doing Derrick? Having a blue moon blood in our pack, to be a part of our kingdom isn't advisable and I don't think it's wise."

"Good thing I didn't ask what you think." Derrick replied calmly.

Alex sighs, bringing his hand up to to the bridge of his nose  
"Derrick.." he trails off.

"Don't question me, Alexander. I do what I think is right and I will not go back on my words because you are scared of war."

"War? Are you even listening to yourself? How can we go to war with the blue moon kingdom over an omega."

"You're crossing a line, Alexander. Tread carefully." Derrick leans on the table, eyes sharp and daring.

Alexander's resolve crumbles, he gives up, staring at Derrick like he has grown two extra heads. "This isn't a good idea and I will always remind you of this."

"What about the rouges near the border?" Derrick asks instead, diverting the topic and knowing he's doing a terrible attempt at it.

"I'll be leaving with Dylan tomorrow. We will burst their roots out and offer them as sacrifices to the moon goddess. They shouldn't have ever dared to even think of coming close to our kingdom." Alex says as he stands up, clearly unable to achieve what had



brought him to the office initially.

He paused for a bit, turning to look at Derrick "I hope this doesn't come to bite us in ass." He says and walks out of the office, leaving Derrick to his thoughts.

Derrick sighed, running his hand through his hair. He could feel his alpha raging inside of him, wanting to pull down the office just because Alex had spoken to him the way he did. His wolf tends to be quite commanding, growing up, it had been an issue for him and his parents, getting him to control his anger was a real difficult thing to do. Derrick reaches into a drawer and takes out a lighter and cigarette stick, putting the cigarette between his lips and lit it on. He takes a puff and sighs, feeling his anger slowly disappear. He also hoped his decision of allowing Erin into the kingdom was actually fair. He isn't scared of war and will give it whatever it takes. He isn't feared in more than thirty regional packs for nothing. He has never had an issue going to war or starting one and he wouldn't not start it. He takes another puff of the cigarette.

Erin stood by the large dinning table, hands fiddling about nervously. She had been told to stay and help the maids serve the food. She figured it's the least she could do and so she's dedicating herself in making sure she serves the dishes right. It was time for dinner and this is her first time in the dark moon pack house. She's nervous, a knot forming in her throat as she watches the maids set the large table, helping them here and there when she could and stayed out for the rest. She couldn't help but wonder just how many people were staying in the pack. In her old pack, they were always people but it's never this much.

The pack members slowly start to troop out of wherever they were. Three men walked into the pack house, chatting happily and freely as they walk towards the dinning table. Their eyes fall on Erin for a second before looking away, continuing their talk like before. She swallows hard as more people troop out of where they were. The table was almost filled up but not entirely, Derrick hadn't come down yet, seeing as his chair was still vacant.

Erin steps aside, bowing her head slightly on seeing an elderly man and a middle aged woman walk down the stairs, the woman had



blonde full and curly hair, wrinkled face but still trying to maintain youthfulness. The man had grey hair and beards, thinner than the woman and taller. Their gaze falls on Erin who stood by the table, unsure of what to do but still stands there seeing as some of the maids stood behind the chairs.

The woman's gaze lingered on Erin for a slight second before flickering away, she takes out her chair and seats down beside the elderly man. Erin doesn't miss the respectful tone the thirteen people on the table had used in greeting the two. She palmed her lips into a thin line, feeling even more nervous just as she heard footsteps again. She looks at the direction only to see Amelia walking down the stairs with Vanessa. They both seemed to be in a heated conversation, their face serious and void of any playfulness.

The entire table went silent on watching their exchange but they stopped on seeing everyone staring at them. Amelia chuckled awkwardly but sits down while Vanessa sits opposite her. The next to come down was Samantha and Alex. These ones weren't even talking. Samantha had managed to look even more beautiful she had when Erin last saw her.

"Took you a while, Sam. What were you doing?" Amelia asks loudly. Samantha glanced at Amelia, an irritated look flashing through her eyes for a second.

"It's almost like it's none of your business." Samantha snaps, her left eyebrow quirked up a bit. She glared at Amelia before drawing her chair out and sits in it.

Alex on the other hand couldn't be bothered by the exchange of Amelia and Samantha. It's wasn't a new thing. Everyone and their mother knew Sam and Amelia were like water and oil. They can never exist peacefully. His gaze travels over to the pale brunette standing beside Dylan's empty seat. He watches as her shoulders hunched awkwardly, the way she gnawed on her lower lips, the way she fiddled with her fingernails nervously. He looks up and their eyes meets for a second. She averts her gaze immediately but he doesn't look away, instead stared at her more like she had the solution to solving the hunger problem.



"Stop staring." Someone whispers beside him. He turns to his left to see Vanessa smirking smugly at him.

"She's clearly uncomfortable." Vanessa whispers, leaning closer to Alex who shrugs.

"I don't know what Derrick sees in her and I thought staring at her would make me see it but I don't. I can only see disaster when I look at her." Alex grumbled lowly.

Vanessa sighs, glancing at Erin for a second and her eyes was back on Alex. "Just keep an eye out. I don't trust her either." She says.

Derrick walks towards the dinning table, everybody sitting in their seats, only his and Dylan's space was open. Everyone bows as soon as he steps into the room, now walking towards the crown of the table and seats down. He looks at his right and sees Erin standing awkwardly. He clears his throat loudly, looking away from her.

"Good evening, Uncle Mikhail, Aunt Agatha." Derrick greets the two elders sitting besides him. His father's younger brother and his wife and also Samantha's parents. They both reply back enthusiastically.

"Wait, where is Dylan?" Amelia asks just as the maids began to serve the foods.

"He will be running late today and won't be joining us for dinner." Derrick replied, remembering his short conversation with Derrick before coming downstairs to eat.

"Oh, wait. Erin can sit in his place then." Amelia blurts out just as Erin's heart beat spike up to a hundred. Her eyes widened dramatically, palms already getting clammy.

"Who is Erin?" Aunt Agatha spoke up, this is the first time Erin would hear the woman's voice and it certainly doesn't sound like why she was expecting. Instead, her voice is deep and commanded respect.

"Alpha Derrick just inducted her into the pack." Amelia blurts and just like magic, everyone goes silent. Erin squeezed hands tight.

"You did what?" Aunt Agatha asks, Erin couldn't not which it was she heard from her voice. Is it anger?

She felt herself squirm under everyone's gaze, suddenly feeling hot and bothered. Why are they surprised the alpha inducted a new person into the pack? She's confused.

"Derrick, what did you do?.." Uncle Mikhail trails off, waiting for a reply.

"Nobody and I repeat, nobody will question my decision or my authority! I do what I think is right and fair so I will have no one question my decision." Derrick growls, the table fell silent again.

"I'm sorry." Erin isn't sure who said that amongst them.

"Since Dylan won't be coming for dinner, Erin can sit down in his-" Amelia doesn't get to finish her words

"No." Samantha stated firmly, eyes on Erin who simply gulps heavily.

"But, Dylan isn't."

"And so? Do we go about giving out other people's space to fit outsiders?" Samantha snaps, eyes still on Erin like she's trying to pass a message across.

"Samantha!" Amelia huffs, offended.

"She's right. She is still below us and shouldn't be sitting with us." Aunt Agatha voices out, supporting Samantha who merely smirks proudly.

"But aunt. Dylan isn't around and..."

"That's enough, Amelia. The Alpha is sitting and you shouldn't be doing this. Where are your manners, child.?" Aunt Agatha huffs, turning to face Derrick

"I'm sorry Alpha but I don't think she has the right to sit at the same table as us. She is very much below us and should be where she is currently, with the maids." Aunt Agatha says, Samantha's eyes



beams in red beige settling on the calm blue orbs.

Derrick doesn't comment on it, he only glanced at Erin whose face was kept tight and void of emotion, despite Samantha's words she didn't seem affected.

He looks away and digs into his food, engaging in the talk his uncle had started with him even though all he wanted to do was go upstairs into his office and figure out why his chest won't stop being so weird whenever Erin is near him. His wolf would get restless and now that he can smell her, it's gotten slightly worse than before.

He glanced at her for the third time tonight, his chest doing the same weird thing again as he zones out of his uncle's voice. He looks away from her only to catch Alex staring at him and he seemed to have seen him staring at Erin.

Oh well..