

Chapter 24

"What?"

"You heard me right, mother! Alpha Maxwell is coming to the pack in two days."

Aunt Agatha dropped her wine glass on the table, her lips parted in shock or is it surprise.

"If this is a joke then stop it. It's not funny." She grits out, rolling her eyes. How could she fall for Samantha and her nonsense. She rolls her eyes, turning to walk towards the bed.

"I'm serious mom, he's coming in two days time." Samantha leaps forward, eyebrows knitted in slight worry.

"What do you mean he is coming in two days time? Are you even understanding what he is saying? Alpha Maxwell? The same one we all know?" He asks and Samantha nods, biting her lower lip.

Agatha stared at her child for some seconds with disbelief, her face slowly changing once she realizes Samantha isn't playing around. Alpha Maxwell is truly coming.

"Please tell me he didn't get your message." She stared at Samantha, lips palmed into a thin line as she waited for her response instead Sam looks down in worry, gulping visibly, her throat gobbling up and down at the action.

"Goodness! Goodness gracious, Samantha. What have you done?" She slaps her hand over her forehead. A choked up gasp escaping her lips. Her eyes widened at the realization of what Samantha just did. She looks up at Sam who was clearly freaking out, looking even more pale than ever.

She staggers backwards, falling to the bed with a light thump, looking dazed. Samantha jumps to the bed, taking a seat beside her as she pulled Agatha's hand in hers tightly, eyebrows knitted in worry, skin pale, her hands trembling.

"Why did you do it, Sam? You're dead meat if Derrick finds out. Dead

meat, I tell you." Agatha cries out, gripping Samantha's hand so tightly her bones would crush.

"Who is dead meat?" Mikhail's voice had them jumping out of their reverie. Samantha hurriedly wipe the tears at the corner of her eyes while Agatha mustered a smile.

"Nothing! We were talking about a movie. One of my soap operas." She covers up, clearly trying to avoid the situation. Samantha pulled her hand away from her mother's hold. Mikhail stood by the door, a towel caught between his hands as he stared at the two women that looked clearly flustered.

"I'll head to my room now, Mother. Have a good night." Samantha leans down and kisses Agatha on the cheeks lightly. Mikhail stood still by the door, he could tell something was off and wrong but didn't want to pry. He deserves a day of peace or even a night of peace without knowing what the two were up to.

Samantha reaches the door, turning to face her Father, she smiles although Mikhail could see right through her smile. "Good night, father." She leaned closer to him, dropping a light a haste kiss on his cheeks before walking out of the room without looking back.

Mikhail sighs softly and shuts the door, turning to see Agatha laying in bed, he didn't even hear her get up and lay down. He sighed again, knowing if something was bothering them this much then it only means it's serious. He would rather talk about something serious tomorrow and so he walks towards the bed, turned off the lamp and got into bed, covering himself with the duvet and shut his eyes, falling into a deep slumber. Beside him, Agatha opens her eyes, Samantha's words from earlier comes rushing back.

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Derrick wakes up, gets dressed and starts the days work. The news of his uncle Maxwell had put everyone in a state of panic. He would love to say there is no reason to panic but is there not? Alpha Maxwell hasn't been here ever since what happened and suddenly he is coming back?

"Alpha! We have news." Alexander bursts into the office with a paper in

his hands, clearly looking alarmed and even worried. Derrick shifts in his chair, leaning back against the leather seat and drops the book in his hands to motion for Alex to come forward.

Alex drops the paper in front of him. Derrick raised an eyebrow but picks the paper, reading it's content.

"This is hell." He grits out, throwing the paper to the floor. Alex nods, bending to pick it.

"I agree and it baffles me how the council of elders aren't doing anything about it. How do they have the time to try and come here and ignore the issues everyone is currently facing. It's only a matter of time till he starts planning to here. What are we going to do then? What are we going to do when he comes for us?" Alex asks.

"Alpha Roland is smart. He won't come for us, after all, we aren't some nugu pack that can't defend our own. He knows what he is going for." Derrick defends.

"Exactly! He won't come for us but he is going for the smaller packs. The ones without backbones and need a fucking leg to stand." Alex snaps, anger seeping into his voice as he raked his hair backwards, ruffling it a bit.

"Alex!" Derrick warns lowly.

Alex paused, closing his eyes to settle back and calm his anger.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm just very pissed at the fact that he keeps getting away with this. How many packs already and we are in the twenty eight day of the month-" he paused, swallowing hard, his Adam apple throttled up and down at the action

"-I know you think he won't come for us, after all it's like asking and pleading for death but let's think about this, Derrick. If he keep going after small packs and conquering them the way that he is then it's a matter of time before he trains the warrior of these many packs into the warriors he wants. By then he would have even more than we do and you know what that means.. Imagine if he joins forces with Blue moon pack. Then what?

Derrick knows, he knows very well what that means and he can't let that happen. "We have to get Alpha Elvis and that too as fast as we can." Derrick decided.

"Send out a message to him and let him know we have agreed. The dark moon pack will certainly join him in this." Alex smiled on seeing the determination on Derrick's eyes.

"I'll do that, excuse me." He bows slightly and walks out of the office, leaving Derrick to his thought. Derrick had so many things running through his mind and now he's imagining the look on Liam's face once he finds out the pack he so wanted badly has now been joined with the dark moon pack. It's going to send him reeling with anger. Derrick would give a few nickels to see his reaction. On a serious note though, he wondered just how Alpha Roland is able to do these things and the way the council hasn't had anything to say about it.

The council, popularly known as the river blood clan.

How haven't they found a solution to his nefarious activities but then have the time to travel down to the pack at the request of Agatha. Aunt Agatha and her impromptu yet impulsive acts. He's once again reminded of the stupid decision she took yesterday. He sighs, bringing his hand up to the bridge of his nose and massages it softly like it would make the stress disappear.

A knock had him sitting up again, jaw locked in annoyance. Can't he have a moment to breathe without having anyone breathing down his neck.

"Come in." He yells at the door, watching the door knob shake a couple of times before finally falling open. Amelia stepped in and just before she could talk, he already knew.

She shuts the door behind her, her heels clicking against the marble tiled floor, her ponytail swinging as she walked.

"Alpha." She bows and he nods.

"Have you heard?" She asks and he bit back the urge to chuckle. If he didn't hear then how did they?

"Such a stupid question. Of course you have." She berates herself, pulling a chair out and takes a seat opposite him.

"This doesn't sound good, Derrick. He hasn't been in the pack in over ten years and suddenly he is coming back?"

Derrick sighs, he knows that obviously. At this point, who doesn't?

"It's still his pack, I can't turn him away when he is finally ready to come back, Amelia."

"Come back? He hasn't thought of this place in the past ten years, Derrick. That doesn't sound like someone that wants to come back." Amelia snaps, eyebrows creased in annoyance.

"You think I don't know that? What am I supposed to do? I can't turn him away since it's still his pack. He was born here and grew up here."

"Yet he turned away from the pack when he was denied the opportunity to become pack alpha. That doesn't sound like someone who think THIS is still his pack." She shot back.

"What would you have me do? Send a message telling him it's no longer his pack and he isn't welcomed here?" At this Amelia falls silent.

"Be for fucking real, Amelia. He is father's younger brother. They have the same blood. We have the same blood flowing through our veins and if there is one thing the Aemonds don't do, that is fucking betraying another."

"He betrayed you when he tried to take the throne unlawfully. Have you forgotten what he did? Why he did it and more importantly who he did it to?" Amelia's eyes was filled with fury at the thought of what Maxwell had did before leaving the pack in anger.

"It's been over ten years Amelia. I'm older now and so is he. He is in his his late forties now. I'm certain he doesn't any the throne anymore." Derrick grits out.

"Are you being delusional?" Amelia sneers condescendingly, rolling her eyes at Derrick's nonchalant attitude towards the situation.

"You're speaking to the Pack alpha, Amelia! Don't forget." Derrick growls, slamming his fist against the table angrily, eyes flashing a shade of red.

"I'm speaking to my fucking brother! You are also my brother or did you forget. As your sister, I am obliged to tell you the truth and no matter how hard you try to twist this, having Maxwell back with us is definitely not good."

Derrick sighed, all the anger deflating from his body. Amelia watches his temper deflate. She leans closer to him, draping her hand over his.

"I'm only looking out for your well being, Derrick. I don't trust him."

"I know and I don't either.! Listen, Amelia. No matter how much I don't want him here, I can't do anything. The people thinks everything is fine. Don't forget they have no idea what happened that day or that week. They think all is well, what do I do if the word gets out? I have to protect the interest of the pack, Amelia. I can't do anything except welcome Maxwell back into the pack. Besides, it's been said to keep your friend close but your enemies even closer."

Amelia heaved deeply, nodding as she clasped her other hand against his. "Fine! I'll listen to you this once but.." she doesn't get to complete her words, a knock at the door cutting them off. He removed his hand from her hold.

"Come in." He yells at the door, glancing at Amelia who had settled against the chair. The door creaks open and her scent filling his nostrils at once. He sucks in a breathe as she comes into view. She's wearing a light yellow sweater and a long blue skirt to match. Her brunette hair tied into a low but simple ponytail, lips coated in a light lip gloss.

She bows "Alpha."

From the corner of his eyes, Derrick noticed Amelia tensed up, eye brows furrowed in confusion as to what could have caused it.

"I wanted to.." She trails off, her gaze finally settling on Amelia who was totally not looking her way. Lips pursed in a light frown.

"I should leave, excuse me, Alpha." Amelia says, standing up to leave.

"Oh..but..okay." Derrick trails off, looking between the two women who were looking at each other. He's able to make out that they've had a slight falling out but definitely doesn't know the reason.

Erin stretches her hand forth for her to touch Amelia only to have Amelia swerve it smoothly. "Ame.." Erin doesn't get to finish her words as Amelia walks away fast, shutting the door behind her.

Derrick watches Erin's face fall at the action, her gaze lingering on the now shut door. He wants to ask what the problem was but instead keeps quiet.

He clears his throat, wanting her attention back on him and that seemed to do the trick because she flinched slightly, her lips lifting into an awkward smile.