

## Chapter 27

Amelia smirks albeit sadly, she takes a step forward to the man in front of her, leaning closer to him "Did you think no one saw you, because I did. I saw you plunge the knife deep into his tummy. I saw him gasp, blood gushing out of his mouth. I saw you turn the knife even more. I saw the anger and hatred embedded in your eyes. I saw everything."

Amelia steps back to look at Maxwell. If anything, he looked even more pissed.

"I saw everything and that's enough for me to despise your very existence. While you were out, supposedly hunting for the past ten years. I prayed to the goddess that you find a rogue, an insane wolf and it kills you just like you killed my father. I hoped it would shred you to pieces and leave your remains to the dogs!"

"You saw that? So why haven't you told Derrick yet? Why haven't you told him about how I killed your father who was my brother? Were you scared? Are you scared?" He asked, jaw locked in annoyance.

"You know what, maybe I will. Maybe I will tell him that yo-" she doesn't get to finish her words. He grabs her by the neck, eyes a blazing red. His calloused and rough hands tightening the more.

"You're just as weak as your mother. Just as vain as your father and you wanted to threaten me? That's not your job to do, Child. I only came here for one reason and one reason only. I don't have the time for the throne or the pack. At least, not yet. Give it a few years, will you." He smirks, his grips around her neck loosening as he spoke.

"It's a shame though-" he tsked, finally letting go of her neck. He steps backwards a bit, his tongue darting out to lick his bottom lip.

"We were such a good pair, Amelia. My favorite niece and her favorite uncle." He sighs wistfully, watching Amelia whose face had turned red and was struggling to breathe.

"I'll let them know downstairs that you are currently indisposed and would rather be left alone." He looks around her room again and sighs.

He looks back at Amelia who had curled up in a corner, arms wrapped around her body in a bid to protect herself.

"You've always been a sweet girl, Amelia. Don't go spewing things knowing you won't be able to handle the consequences." He says, bending slightly, as he brought his hand forth to hold her but paused, thinking of it again and decides not to.

He walks out of the room and back to the dinning table, everyone was still there and expectant to maybe see Amelia with him . He shook his head "She's not feeling well. I suggest we give her some time." He replied, taking his seat back.

"Oh, maybe I should go Check on her. Excuse me." Erin voices out, silently berating here's for even speaking. She attempts to walk but he stops her, finally taking notice of the pale brunette.

"Leave her, she just needs a little bit of time and she'd be okay. I might have been away for more than ten years but I can tell you Amelia has always loved to be left alone when she's angry." Said Maxwell to Erin.

"How about you tell someone to pack her food and wait till she feels better and then we can re-heat it for her." Derrick says and Maria is already rushing to clear her plate.

Another maid stands beside Maxwell, already pouring his drink for him. "Tell me, Derrick. How have you been?" Maxwell asks, lifting his glass of wine to his lips.

"Life has been complicated, Uncle but I'm striving hard. How about you? I would've expected to see you come in here with a mini you or your mate." Derrick asks, knowing he is threading into a territory he shouldn't. He shouldn't ask of his mate if he doesn't want to be asked about his.

Maxwell chuckled, glancing at Agatha Jay for a slight second that no one noticed. No one except Agatha herself.

"Being mated isn't for me and a child. No! I'll rather be alone and single." He says

"How about you? Your mate? I heard you found-"



"His mate isn't here but I am." Samantha cuts in. Maxwell tilts his head sideways, an amused smirk sitting on his lips.

"Shut it, Samantha ." Agatha whispered but everyone could hear her silently scolding her.

"Yes, you are Derrick aren't mates or even true mates so it's time you give up that idea." The voice this time comes from Vanessa who has been silent all through the dinner.

"I think that's enough. We are supposed to be taking care of our uncle. The one who returned after ten whole years and this is not how I want us to be perceived. I suggest you all sit up straight and eat!" Derrick's voice left no room for argument. Everyone really did sit tight, the only takes we're occasionally from Derrick, Alex, Mikhail and Maxwell.

"How long will you be staying?" Mikhail asks after a beat of silence. That's the same question that's been on everyone's mind and Maxwell could see it. He could see it in the way they all became tensed all of a sudden. He could see it in how attentive they all became all of a sudden.

"A few days! I still have a lot to do outside of here." He replied.

Erin looks around for some seconds before finally leaving the dinning area, her heart has been crying about Amelia for a while now.

She goes up the stairs and towards Amelia's room, knocking on the door twice. She still hasn't spoken to her ever since she asked of Derrick's mate. She's tried speaking to her knows Amelia won't give her the time of day and so she's watched her from afar for two days now.

"Go away." Amelia yelled. Erin's chest squeezed unusually at the sound of Amelia voice.

"It's Erin, please let me come in." Erin said, the voices from the dinning area came feeling upstairs. Thankfully, Amelia doesn't overthink it as she opens the door for Erin. Her face red and swollen.

This is the first time Erin would see her crying so much. She could

only wonder what happened to make her cry this much.

"A fly flew into my eyes." Amelia lied. Erin smiled but nods, shutting the door behind her.

"I was worried and thought it would be okay if I come check on you." Erin says, looking around her room. Simple and minimalistic, exactly what Amelia would go for.

She looked back at Amelia who was now sitting on the bed, still sniffing from the supposed fly that flew into her eyes.

"Hey, are you okay?" Erin asked, taking a step towards her. Amelia opened her mouth to talk but instead she could only croak out words, tears spilling to her cheeks as she burst out crying. This has Erin alarmed, she rushed towards her, sits on the bed and pulled her closer to her.

Amelia gripped Erin tightly, her face planted against her chest as she sobbed. She remembered the fear she had felt when she saw her father who was the pack Alpha as of that time fall to his knees, a knife plunged deep into his stomach with blood gushing out of his mouth.

She remembered the horror of seeing him fall to the ground, lifeless after struggling for a bit. the image of Maxwell stepping over his body and removed the knife from his stomach. The five year old her clasped her hand over her mouth, hiding and peeking through the hole in the door.

Amelia sobbed the more, remembering her father had been announced dead by him. The same person who murdered him and even tried to become the new ruler of the pack. He argued so intently about Derrick being too young. He didn't want it and almost murdered Derrick in the process.

"Hey! Hey! It's fine. You're fine and no one's here. You're fine." Erin says as Amelia grips her tight as though she was scared Erin would disappear.

Erin spent minutes trying to reassure Amelia who would not stop crying. Eventually she stops.



"I'm sorry, I ruined your shirt." She says, voice hoarse from her crying.

"You gave it to me so you're apologizing to yourself." Erin says, leaning closer to Amelia and wiped her tears off.

"Do you feel better?" Erin asked.

Amelia scoffed, sniffed a bit. "I don't, I feel pathetic and tired."

"Ima prey you feel that way, maybe you should try resting. It would help you feel better." Erin replied but Amelia shakes her head.

"Fine, but you kn-" she doesn't get to finish her words, a red liquid rolling down Amelia's hand.

"Are you injured?" she asks, grabbing Amelia's hands closer to see the injury.

"Oh yeah, I didn't realize till you pointed it out." She looks back where a the mirror had been shattered. Erin gasped, wondering how they didn't hear the sound of he breaking the whole mirror.

"How- why?" She trails off, unable to come up with a thing. She holds her hand in hers, liking for any particle or glass that might have gone into the injury but there is none.

"Uh? What are you doing?" Amelia asked, knowing she would have to go to the hospital for the injury.

"Checking to see if it wore then I'll apply some ointment to it and it would be okay, even without scars." She grinned.

"Ointment? Since when did you start giving out that?"

"Since alpha Derrick gave me the permission. You don't have to be scared. I can help you." Erin replied, getting up to get the ointment she had spent the yesterday preparing.

"He gave you permission?" Amelia asked, disbelief evident in her voice.

"Yes, I have to tear three people and if everything goes well then I can do it fully." She says with excitement.

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“You know what you’re doing right?” Amelia asked cautiously.

“Yeah, and?” Erin shot back. Amelia couldn’t help the smile on her face. She watched Erin rush out of her room to get the ointment she has so much faith in, leaving Amelia to her thoughts.

She couldn’t help but think, what could’ve brought Maxwell back into the pack. There has to be a reason he is back.