

## Chapter 30

Chapter 29 of the scarred Luna.

Five days after.

"We leave Tomorrow noon." Alexander points out, clicking the pen softly on his head. He looks at the plan laid in front of them, that is, Dylan, Derrick and himself.

"I think it's perfect this way, after all, we can use this as a way to help ourselves if we ever need it." Dylan replied. Alex hummed, stretching his arms apart. He could feel his ass getting sore from having being sat here for hours, going over the plan and everything.

"I think we are good to go now, what do you say, Alpha?" Alex asks, leaning back against the chair.

"Alpha.." this time it was Dylan's voice. Alexander quirked an eyebrow up, confused at the fact that Derrick won't reply.

He looks up and sighs, sharing a look with Dylan who shrugs, getting up from his chair.

"Derrick." Alexander snaps, knowing he shouldn't but unable to not snap. He feels irritated. They've been at this for hours but having Derrick all unfocused won't help them.

Derrick jolts slightly, coming back to reality. He shifts uncomfortable in his chair and clears his throat, his eyes shifting from Alexander and Dylan.

"We're done for today." Derrick says instead.

Dylan nods, bowing slightly and walks out of the door, leaving Alexander and Derrick alone.

"Did you even get any of the things we were discussing, Derrick?" Alex asked, anger seeping into his voice, his jaw locked hard.

"What?"

"The plan? I had been speaking for minutes and you didn't even get a

thing. What is going on with you, Derrick? I don't like-."

"I don't like the tone of your voice, Alexander. You don't dictate what I do or don't. You are not my mother or father and trust me you don't own any right to chastise me. You are my beta and I am your alpha." Derrick growls, eyes flashing red.

Alexander swallows hard, bowing his head slightly in submission.

"Forgive me, I'm only worried about you. Everyone can see it, Derrick. I'm speaking as your friend, you have to stop-"

"I have to stop doing nothing! What the hell is wrong with you? I am not a child, Alexander and I certainly won't tolerate you speaking to me like I am one!- yes you're my friend but there's a limit to your bullshit. I accept half of your shits because you're my friend but make no mistake! I will not tolerate you talking to me like I'm a fool."

"I did nothing of-"

"Silence-" Derrick growls, slamming his fist against the table, very much angry.

"You have crossed a line, Alexander and I know you know it."

"I'm sorry." Alexander bows his head even more. Maybe he shouldn't have brought it up that way. Maybe he shouldn't have-

"Just leave." This has Alexander surprised. He looks at Derrick with clear surprise evident in his features, lips parted slightly as he gaped like a fish left out of water for too long.

"B-but-"

"Leave! I've had enough of your intolerable attitude so leave!" Derrick's snaps angrily.

Alexander looks at him, a swift nod and he turns to leave, finally leaving Derrick alone.

He walks out of the office, feeling rather pissed about the whole situation. He should've seen it coming. He should've seen this coming since and should've kept quiet. It's been glaring that something has



been ticking the alpha wrongly and everyone could see it when he snaps at the littlest things.

He runs a hand through his hair, feeling very frustrated at what happened. He still remembers Dylan's warning before he left the office earlier.

"Be careful." He had whispered quietly as though he foresaw this whole thing. If there is one thing alexander didn't want, it has to be this. He definitely doesn't want Derrick straying out of his grasp but right now it seems that way.

"Fuck." He gritted out, digging his nails deep into his palms. He has to fix this whole thing, fuck.

Alexander opens his eyes to walk away from but paused on seeing the bane of his existence. The same person that has caused this drastic and much change in Derrick. She was walking by with another lady, in her hands was a basket with knitting materials. His gaze drops to her stomach, his eyebrows quirked up as he stared at her.

She suddenly looks up at him, their eyes meeting for a brief second and she looks away almost immediately, probably feeling the Intense gaze on her. Feeling even more alert of herself, Erin pushed the basket to cover her stomach from his prying eyes. She quickened her pace and walks away faster.

Derrick stood up, knocking the cup of pen on the table over. He's angry! He's angry and frustrated. He's angry at Aaron a lot of things, a lot of things being Erin.

He's had it up to his throat with Aaron's constant nagging. He's the beta of the pack but he behaves more like a scorned lover. Why does he have so much to complain about. Yes! He hadn't been paying attention during the meeting but that doesn't warrant the insult he had just..

Derrick inhaled deeply, feeling the anger boiling inside of him even more. He walks over to the window, pulling the window blinds up. He tucks his hand into the pocket.

He doesn't understand it. He doesn't just understand it. Why is she

behaving like nothing happened? Why is she so cold and indifferent? He could've sworn that night that he felt a connection between them. He could've sworn that she felt it too but instead she just...

A knock at the door had him jolting out of his thoughts, he swallowed the pile in his throat, turning to face the door "Come in." He called out.

The door creaks lightly and pulls open, Uncle Maxwell making his way into the office.

Derrick stands straight and more rigid, this is the first time his uncle Maxwell would be in the office. He's been in the pack for some days and hasn't made the mistake of coming in here without permission like Amelia had insisted he would.

"I hope I'm not interrupting anything? I waited till I knew you would be free." He says, shutting the door behind him. Derrick suppress the urge to raise his eyebrows and instead laughs although awkwardly.

"Of course not, Uncle. You're always welcome in here." Derrick says, walking to his chair as he gestured for his uncle to sit.

"You haven't been in here since you arrived." He comments after a minute of watching his uncle look around the office. It's changed. He knows this since he changed it.

"So many changes. I can't tell if it's a good thing or not" Maxwell comments deprecatingly and offhandedly. Derrick shoved the comment to the back of his mind, mustered a smile when Maxwell's eyes falls on him.

"Is there something you wanted,?" He asked, trying to curt to the chase. From the look on Maxwells face, he knew what Derrick as trying to do.

Maxwell leaned back against the chair, eyes falling to the large picture hung on the wall right behind Derrick. Sitting behind Derrick is a picture of his parents. That's the only thing he left in the office, not wanting to clear out their legacy after all.

"My brother's death was a great loss to the pack." He comments



offhandedly or not. Derrick smiles, not wanting to indulge Maxwell any further.

"Yes, he was an icon, don't you agree." Derrick asks, leaning back against his chair.

"Of course, I agree. I'm glad you took the position as the next alpha and was even able to fulfill your duty." He says.

"Is there something I can help you with, Uncle?" Derrick asks again.

Maxwell smirked just a little, he sits up straighter "I have a preposition for you, Derrick. One that I think you would benefit from." He says and this has got Derrick's interest truly.

Derrick quirks an eyebrow up, his thumb slowly grazing his bottom lip as he stared at his uncle for a bit. If there's one thing he as taught earlier in life, it's to trust nobody, especially family.

"What do you have for me, uncle?"

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It's been three hours after Maxwell's visit to Derrick and it's had him thinking deeply about it.

Derrick stood up, finally shutting his laptop shut and grabbed his phone and jacket. He had the urge to run in the woods tonight and he would just that. He had to speak to his wolf and tonight seemed like the perfect time. He wakes to the door, turned the lights off beside him and walked out. Everyone was in their rooms now, which means he could leave without.

Someone bumped into him. His reached out to home the person instinctively and just then did he realize who it was. She took a step back like him touching her had burned her deep.

"Erin."

She looks up at him, bowing slightly. "I'm sorry for bumping into you. I was going to"

"I need to speak to you." He cuts her off. She recoils like she's even

slapped across the cheeks. Her heartbeat plummeting hard in her chest. Derrick watched as she swallows visibly, sweat beads forming on her forehead.

"I-I d- don't think.."

"I'm not asking you, Erin. I'm telling you." He takes a step forward to her, he could smell her nervousness from how close he stood to her. Her cheeks flushed red, her bottom lip caught between her teeth.

"You look okay to me so come." He grabs her wrist, giving her no way to leave or even escape. Erin gasps, gaze dropping to the hand he had circled around her wrist. Finally swallowing every bit of energy in her, she nods, allowing herself to be dragged out, knowing she has no escape route and would have to speak to him about this regardless.