

Chapter 44

Chapter 43 of the scarred Luna-

The day for the festival finally arrived, Erin could feel her nerves shooting up the sky if possible. She had spent the whole of yesterday preparing for the annual festival and now it's here. Nothing could help the tension voiding through her body already. She could only hope everything goes smoothly today without any stress.

"Mama." Ana's voice comes jolting Erin out of her thought. She smiled, placing the pink socks on the bed and grabbed a towel to dry the pup.

"You done, sweetie?" She asked, draping the towel over her shoulder and walked into the bathroom where Naan was sitting in her bathing tub, bubbles flying out of it. Erin couldn't help but chuckle at this.

"You made a mess baby." She says, leaning to the wall and turned on the shower.

"Gon eat swee." Ana mumbled, counting her fingers.

"Not too much sweet, love. You don't want your teeth falling out." Erin warned, washing the child's body. Ana got cleaned under and minute. Erin turned the shower off and wrapped the towel around the child's body.

"But, ts swee" Ana poured, feeling mildly offended at the fact that she isn't allowed to take as much sweets as she wants.

"I know baby but too much sweet isn't good for you." Erin says, placing the child on the bed and wrapped another towel around her head, letting it absorb the water.

"You're still going to have fun, don't you want to have fun,

uh?" Erin asked, as she began to dress the child in a white top and blue overalls.

"Wan go Amy." She murmurs, already playing the the loser thread from the towel.

"Yeah, you'll go see Amelia once yo it e done dressing." Erin finished dressing her and focused on her hair. Weird enough, Ana had taken after her extremely well. Even her hair was like Erin's and her scent was just like hers too.

Naturally, a pup is sipped to bare both parents scent but in Ana's case, she only has Erin's and some times Derrick who scents her when he can. Ana would have had Liam's scent if he was with her during the course of her pregnancy but he wasn't there and so, Ana only has a tiny bit of his scent which is practically non existent.

"There you go baby, you're good to go and look like my princess." Erin leans back, smiling widely at Ana who giggled at the attention. She leans back and kissed Ana on the nose.

"Alright, go meet Amy." She helps the pup to the floor and watches as her tingly little legs run out of the room, leaving her to herself.

Erin sighed, taking the towels from the bed and spread them on the dryer.

Amelia just finished setting the last files into the drawer, a tired sigh escaped her lips. She stood up, feeling an ache in her shoulders from tucking this many files into this huge cabinet. A groan escaped her lips as she finally stood up, even her knees aches slightly.

The annual festival would be starting by two pm today but she's already feeling burned out and tired. She steps back

towards s'more the work she just did, a smile making it easy to her lips. Even with how stressful it had been, she was still able to sort the numbers out.

Well, that's sorta out that one and now she can go take a short rest in her room. She turns to leave the room but paused for a second, her eyes falling on the brown envelope sitting on the table. Has Derrick seen it? Is it important? Out of curiosity, she walks to the table and picked the envelope, already pulling the letter inside it open when she was stoped hey the creaking noise of the door. She drops the envelope back on the table, snapping her eyes to see who the intruder is. Amelia furrowed her eyebrows in confusion, a woman stood by the door, dressed in a black and grey dress. She had a shawl covering her head and nose, leaving only her eyes open, in her hands was a mopping stick and a bucket.

"I'm sorry, your Grace, I didn't realize you will be here." The woman bows, already pulling the doorknob to leave.

"Wait," Amelia's voice had her pausing by the door. Amelia drops the envelope back on the table without realizing.

"Who are you? Are you a maid?" Amelia asked, eyes trailing the woman's clothe again. She's certain she hasn't seen anyone dressed this way before.

"I- I'm a maid, your Grace." The woman bows, her body turned fully towards Amelia.

Amelia's quirks an eyebrow up, eyes falling to the mopping stick and bucket. "I know every single maid that works in the pack house and I'm certain I don't know you nor have I ever seen you." She bit back.

"Ah- that's because I just joined this morning. I am subsisting another maid that called in sick and won't be able to come in. I'm sorry if I offended you, your Grace." She hows even

more. Amelia sighed, making a mental note to warn the head maids before allowing just anyone especially one that's supposedly substituting for another to enter Derrick's office anyhow.

"Leave, you're not allowed in here, alright." She says sternly, watching the woman scramble out of the office. She wondered if she was too harsh, after all she was only doing her job.

Amelia's sighed, looking at the shelf for a second time and walks out of the office, forgetting the envelope.

In her haze of thinking so deep about warning the head maid, she collided with something. More specifically someone, she squeezed her eyes close, waiting for the impact and to find herself with a broken bone perhaps but it doesn't come. Instead, she is still standing on her feet. Amelia's opened her eyes to see why had saved her but her jaw drops open when she sees her savior and also the person she collided with.

"You?" She splutters, snatching her body out of his grip like his touch burned. She doesn't miss the hurt that flashes through the man's eyes.

"I- I'm sorry." The man stutters but she doesn't want to hear it. She's tried over the past two days in avoiding him but now. Now he's here and right in front of her. So much for avoidance.

She attempts to walk away, choosing to not say a thing but he stops her, his hand wrapped around her wrist.

"You can't run away forever." Amelia's is stunned, she snaps her head at him, feeling angry.

"What?" She snapped incredulously

"I said, you can't run away forever. How long do you intend to keep this up?" The mama voice was edging towards irritation and it only annoyed Amelia the more. How dare him?

"Run away? You must think so highly of yourself that you think, I would run away from you." She snaps, jerking her wrist out of her hold.

"So tell me why you'd rather be a baby about this than speak to me rationally. I'm tired of watching you scramble away whenever we lock eyes."

"A baby? A baby?" Amelia splutters angrily but the man looked pretty unbothered.

"A Baby? You are the literal baby here. You dare call me a baby when you're the infant."

"So that is what this is all about?"

"I don't have to stand here and talk about anything with you." She attempts to enable for the second time but paused again

"So you'd rather run away instead of speaking when we should. I'm supposed to run after you even when I'm the 'infant'" he air quoted.

"You're a coward." Now this had Amelia reeling in anger, shock, disbelief. She stood still, hands balled into a fight, her knuckles growing white as his words echoed in her ears. Her lips parted slightly.

"You're a coward because you'd rather take the easy way out of this, you'd rather run whenever you can instead of allowing us talk without all of these drama. You're a coward." He looks at her with something Amelia could recognize as disappointment.

She watch him walk away, her heart beating erratically in her chest. She haves deeply as turned to walk the other way.

"Who was that?" A familiar voice says behind her just as she reaches the door to her bedroom. She sighed, unwilling to have this sort of conversation again. She'd rather just have her bath and go rest for a minute.

She placed he hand on the door knob yo open but the person stops her "You look very shaken. I saw you speaking to that boy. Whatever you discussed was serious?" He asked but she does a great at ignoring him. Finally stepping into her room. She tried to close the door but of course he presses further, blocking the door with his leg.

"Answer me, Amelia. I'm speaking to you." Amelia could hear the slight frustration in his voice. Maxwell has never done well with him being ignored.

"Get out."

"Why are you so stubborn for fucks sake? I'm trying to be so civil but you're being so annoying." Uncle Maxwell snaps, loosing a bit of his cool.

"You know what, why don't you take that civil bullshit and stuff it up your ass. I didn't ask for this bullshit and I certainly didn't ask to have you probing me. Get the fuck say from me and leave me the hell alone." Amelia snapped, slamming the door in his face.

She wrapped he earns around her body, tears flowing down her cheeks freely. She didn't ask for any of this and now everything is all messed up and fucked up. She buried her face into her hands and cried, allowing everything out.

Minutes later she heard a knock at the door again, already feeling drained out. She decided to ignore but the lock

comes again, it's not loud or even heavy but rather tiny little knocks. She sniffled, collecting herself and stood up, already knowing who it was.

She pulled the door open to see Ana standing outside her door, her tiny hands filled with sweets. She looks up, grinning as she showed the sweets to Amelia.

"Swees." She giggled and just like that, Amelia felt better. She bent down to scoop the child into her hands, a warm smile on her lips.

"Thank you, Ana." She says, voice hoarse from crying but the child doesn't notice it, instead she snuggles more into Amelia's hold, tucking her face in the crook of her neck.

Yeah, she feels better.