

Chapter 46

The scarred Luna-

Erin sighed, her fingers trailing the diamonds embedded in the necklace. She stood opposite the mirror, dressed in a mesh grey dress, her brunette hair had been let down and curled, cheeks covered lightly in a faint baby pink. The festival is two hours and they've already started to get visitors.

Erin is jolted out of her reverie. She snaps her head towards the door, lips parted sideways as their eyes met. His gaze drops to the feed she had on and the necklace around her neck.

"You're wearing it?" He asks, finally walking into the room and shuts the door close behind him.

"I'm sorry to intrude but I wanted to see Ana. Where is she?" He asks, looking around for the toddler.

"Ah, she's with Amelia." Erin replied, finally taking a full look at him. He was already dressed in a navy blue regalia after all he is the one hosting it this year.

She doesn't seem to realize just how many seconds has passed and she's still staring at him until he clears his throat awkwardly. A flush rises to her cheeks on being caught and she averts her gaze.

"I should leave now. I'll see out there." He says but it sounded like a question. Emma's mind runs back to the thing bothering her. It's been bothering her ever since she heard of the festival and even with what Derrick had told her initially, she still cannot help but think of the opposite.

Apparently she's an open book and very of her emotions are

etched on her face, i Cindy this because it has Derrick furrowing his eyebrows, taking a step closer to her.

"Are you still worried?" He goes straight to the point, not missing even a thing. Erin doesn't find it in her to be shocked at the way he immediately understood what was wrong with her.

She wraps her arms around her build, tongue darling out to lick a stripe on her bottom lip. "I-I can't seem to stop thinking about it. What if? What if he does come? I mean, we can't be certain and I'm just a bit worried that when he comes, he would see me. Derrick I haven't seen him in three years. I can't be—"

Derrick doesn't allow her rant further, already understanding every train of thought she's having. He clasps his hands I've ever shoulders, feeling her tense under his touch or maybe she's already tense. It's totally valid but if there is one thing he knows, it's that, Liam would rather chew bricks than coke to an event organized by his pack, he has never come for it and would ever come.

"Why don't you calm down, Erin. You're spiraling." He sighs the jar of water on the table and helps put a bit into a cup for her. Erin drinks it in a go, berating herself internally for behaving like some crazed person. She inhaled deeply and slowly exhaled, dropping the hip back to the table whilst avoiding Derricks gaze.

Derrick doesn't let it last though, he holds her by the shoulders, eyes peering deeply into hers. "Listen to me, I know you're worried and it's valid but I need you to know that Liam won't ever do anything to you and Ana under my watch. I'll rather die than allow him touch a strand of any of your hair. Please trust me when I say I'll protect you and your pup. No harm will come against you, be it from Liam or

anyone else. It's ways going to be in your corner. Understand that Liam won't show his face here today and if you're still so bothered then you can do this." He paused.

Erin tilts her head upwards at him, confused and maybe wondering what he could be talking about.

"When the festival is going on, stay in the back and watch. That way, you'll be safe and no one would see you." Erin's eyes lit up at the suggestion. Staying back is the perfect way to disguise. This would make her feel safe and calm.

Erin smiled, it's small and timid but it makes Derricks heart flutter incredibly.

Derrick smiled back at her, bringing his hand up to her hand to tuck a strand of hair behind her ear but he seemingly catches himself on time, his hand hanging in the air before he pulls it down, clears his throat and takes a step backwards before any kind of accident happen. He misses the way Erin's eyes fall at the slight rejection.

Erin swallows hard and nods, she lifts her head to smile at him although it comes it a bit strained. Okay, maybe not a bit strained and a lot strained considering the way Derrick winced.

"I should go now. I'll see you." He rushes out, leaving Erin alone in the room. She turns back to the mirror and heaves deeply. Wondering just when these back and forth games with Derrick would stop.

Does he even still want her like she wants him? One minutes she thinks he does but the next he doesn't. It's beginning to mess with her head and no matter how much she tries to confront him and actually have a proper conversation. He evades it or just doesn't reply.

Erin sighs, maybe this is a chest rejection and she's just been making a mess of her self. Maybe she's just been embarrassing herself all these while thinking he would come around but now.. it's probably time for her to face the truth and understand that she missed her chance already. She missed her chance back then and that might just be the biggest mistake she could have ever made. No one knows it better than Erin.

She swallows the hurt and tears, willing herself to shove the thoughts at the back of her mind. From her room she could hear the drums playing and that's how she knows everyone has arrived. It's time she goes downstairs and pretend to be a ghost. Hopefully, Liam doesn't show up but then again, things don't always work the way she wants it to.