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"Vanessa comes home today. I want everyone at her beck and call." Amelia instructs and everyone dispatches. A sigh escaped her lips, she turned to look around the room. Everything had been properly put in place for her return. It's been three days since the accident happened.

"Stop worrying so much, Amelia. Vanessa will be fine." Erin says, placing her hand over Amelia's shoulder. The other nods, lips palmed into a thin line.

"It's just... something isn't right, Erin." She replied. Erin furrows her eyebrows, confused.

"What do you mean?" She asks.

Amelia sighs, running her hands through her hair. "Look at it. The last few days have been rough for us. The rouges have gotten even closer and now we might just be on a tight leash. Vanessa fell so hard she lost her baby, you know what is even more weirder? The fact that the maid that poured the oil gave up so soon. Like, it doesn't make sense how fast she would just accept it and plead for forgiveness."

"Aren't you thinking about it way too much? I mean, She wasn't the only witness there. Two others confessed they saw Vanessa slip because of the oil." Erin counters.

Amelia nods, her bottom lip caught between her teeth. "Maybe I am overthinking it truly. Anyways, I'm trying to make it very welcoming for her again. I still haven't gone to see her in the hospital."

"I know she told me so when I went this morning. You don't have to worry yourself so much, she is fine." Erin says, smiling softly at Amelia.

"Alright, go take care of Ana while I go check on the other things."

The two walked out of Vanessa's room, Erin going to check on Ana, and Amelia going to check on the other arrangements. In a normal setting, they should've crowned Erin Luna of the dark moon pack but with the recent activities in the pack, she says she wants to wait till everything has been sorted out first.

Amelia sighs, rubbing her elbows as she rounded the corner, the list of work she had to do in her mind. Since Vanessa has been admitted and is recovering, Amelia has taken over her responsibilities. She and Erin have split the workload into two.

Amelia is suddenly grabbed by the wrist before she could blink, her back slammed against the hallway wall. She squeezed her eyes, waiting for something drastic but it doesn't come.

"Look at me." The voice grits out, the scent of the person slowly creeping into her nostrils. Her tongue runs dry immediately. She slowly opens her eyes and is faced with Zach.

"What the fuck, let me go this minute." She growls out immediately after their eyes met. The man in question takes a step back from her, running his hands through his hair.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry."

"What the hell did you think you were doing? Accosting me? Are you out of your mind, Zach?" She grits out eyes red.

"Amelia... I'm sorry. I'm sorry okay, I didn't know how else to grab your attention. Please give me a chance to talk to you. I just really need to speak to you." He cries out. Amelia looks away, swallowing harshly.

What should she do in a situation like this?

Amelia takes a deep breath, trying to collect her thoughts amidst the turmoil of emotions swirling in her. She looks at Zach, his face contorted with regret and desperation. Despite her anger at the fact that he accosted her on her way, she still feels guilty.

"Fine, Zach. Speak." She says in a stern voice, eyes narrowed, arms wrapped around her chest.

Zach sighs in relief "I- I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry." He starts, his voice tinged with remorse and vulnerability. Amelia furrows her eyebrows, confused.

"What? Why are you sorry?"

"I know I shouldn't have let Paige stay over especially since you don't know her and you still haven't accepted me too. She had nowhere to go to and that was the only solution I could come up with. Paige is my friend, she stays in the neighboring pack. We have nothing to "

"Wait, stop for a second, will you? You think I'm jealous of Paige?" Amelia asks, baffled and very not liking it.

Zach reels back in confusion "I- I think?"

This only edges Amelia even more. "You think, I, Amelia is jealous of whoever Paige is?" She blanches.

"Isn't that why you're so cold towards me? I asked and they only suggested that might be the reason you were.." he trails off, his confidence slowly slipping away.

Amelia sighs, bringing her hand to the bridge of her nose, she closes her eyes then opens them again.

"Why did the moon goddess have to pair me with a fucking child." She mutters lowly but Zach hears it. His eyes widen, lips parting in disbelief.

"You're unfair." He says and this catches her attention, she raises her eyebrows, looking at him stunned.

"What?"

"You're so unfair, Amelia. Here I was going out of my mind, overthinking and almost shitting myself in panic because you have been so cold to me for the past few days. Even more colder

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than you usually were. I thought, 'oh, I have fucked this up as usual and I have done everything I can to make up for what I did' it's true, he's done a lot and she knows it. The random flowers? Chocolates? Running errands so she doesn't have to. He's done everything in his capacity.

"I-" he stops, swallowing the pile in his throat, he looks up to the ceiling, his eyes blurry with unshed tears.

"I thought this was the only last way to get you and apologize for having Paige over. But- you.." he trails off again.

Is the age difference such a big deal? Why is it such a big deal to her?

"Zach."

He chuckled dryly, one could see exactly how his heart is breaking. "You don't want a child as your mate and I get it now. I really do" he paused, clenching his fist tightly "so I'll do you a favor. I know you don't want me as your mate and I'm not going to push it any longer but please don't reject me today. You can do it tomorrow. I'll be more prepared." His throat constricts with air.

"I'm sorry I bothered you, please excuse me." He bows and walks off quickly. Amelia stood there, shocked, stunned. A tear falls to her cheek.

Amelia stands frozen in place, her mind racing to process what just transpired. Zach's words hit her like a punch to the gut, shattering her assumptions. She watches as he walks away, his shoulders slumped and his figure fading into the distance. The weight of her own actions begins to sink in, and a wave of guilt washes over Amelia.

Did she really just make him feel like that? Her legs wobble, legs shaking shakily, his words echoing in her ears.

She forcefully wipes the tears that trickled down her chin, mustering her strength, and turns to walk to her room. She halts in her steps on seeing the person right in front of her.

Erin stood right there, looking at her with something akin to pity. She hates it.

"Amelia..." Erin starts but Amelia is quick to cut it off, her eyes blurring quickly.

"I don't want to hear it." She mumbled and walks away, leaving Erin standing there, wondering how long it would take before Amelia comes to her sense and see Zach doesn't care about her age.

She sighs and walks towards Derrick's study. She knows she doesn't have the right to interfere in their business which makes it worse because she wants to interfere badly and make them see reason.

She reaches the door, pushing the door knob open while trying to remember what Derrick has asked her to get from his study. He's been out all day with Dylan as the threats from the rouges are even more intense. Certainly, they won't be able to avoid the fight brewing and so everyone has been gearing up for it.

Erin walks into the study and shuts the door, turning on the light to see but she's shocked by what she's faced instead.

Uncle Maxwell stood behind Derrick's table, a file in his hand, his phone placed against the computer dashboard helping to supply light. Another file is on the table.

His eyes widen dramatically as they eyes met. "Erin.." he blurts out, the file falling from his hands.

Her eyes slowly trail the table, the phone, the file, his shocked expression "What are you doing here?" She asks, voice right and firm.

"I had to get something for Alex. He asked that I help him get some documents. You know, Derrick is out of the pack and I didn't want to bother him but it seemed urgent to Alex." He rushes out, smiling at Erin. It ticks her off wrongly.

"Ah, don't worry about it then. I guess that's the file in your hands. I'll give it to beta Alex. I'm going to the hospital anyways." She mutters, walking towards the man.

"No, don't worry. He asked me specifically."

Maxwell says. Erin quirks an eyebrow up then smiles widely at him.

"Don't bother yourself so much, I'll just give this-" she grabs the file out of his hands. "To him. I'm going there anyways, you don't have to bother yourself." She insists.

"You know what? Since Alex would be coming to the pack today, he can as well come to take it himself, I think it's better." He says.

"Didn't you say it's urgent for him?" Erin presses forward.

"Ah, yes but he seemed pretty secretive about it too. I'm sure he would just get it here himself, don't worry about it." He says, collecting the file back and putting it into the drawer he had taken it out from.

"Also, do me a favor, Erin." Erin looks at him.

"Don't tell anyone about this. Alex wanted it to be a secret. Don't tell Derrick until Alex informs him, himself. We shouldn't get into it, right?"

"Of course, you're right, uncle. I won't tell Derrick about it until Alex decides to. It's none of my business anyways." Erin replied and the man nods, he walks out of the study, leaving Erin alone.

She stares at the now-shut door and quickly takes out the file again. She didn't buy anything he said because of how rough it sounded. Even if he were grabbing a file for Alex, why would he turn off the lights? Why would he be so hesitant? And even more weirder, why would he of all people be the one getting a file for Alex and that too in Derrick's office? Something is wrong.