

Chapter 65

“So what do you say?” Liam asks, his eyes fixed on the man standing before him. He glances at his uncle, who stands beside him.

“No.”

“No?” Liam’s face turns pale.

“No! I don’t work like that. If you’re going to work with me, you have to be calculated,” the man grits out, removing the cigarette from his lips and tapping it against the ashtray held by a woman kneeling before him.

A slave.

“What do you mean? We are working together,” Liam says, but the man rolls his eyes, taking another drag from his cigarette.

“No, you work for me. I don’t need anyone working with me. I’ve gotten to where I am without anybody’s help. I’ll say it again, I don’t need you fucking up everything I have planned. Your plan is shitty. Barging into their pack while the mating ceremony is going on?” Dimitri scoffs, pushing his chair back and accidentally kicking the lady holding the ashtray.

“I do not work for you. I don’t work for anyone. I am Liam. Alpha of the Blue Moon Pack. Do you realize my title?” Liam growls, his anger rising, his chest puffed out.

“Do not belittle me,” he grits through clenched teeth.

“Oh, fuck off. You’re nothing here. You are in my pack, and everyone in my pack answers to me and me alone! If you can’t accept that, you can as well get the hell out of here,” Dimitri spits out, throwing the cigarette to the floor. It misses the floor and lands on the lady kneeling before him.

“Why don’t we all calm down before we say something we might regret,” Peter quickly intervenes to prevent the situation from escalating.

“I thought you said he’s more sensible than he seems? He’s like a fucking child! I don’t deal with children. If you don’t get your act together, our deal is over. I will not risk everything I have for your silly little love stunt,” Dimitri slams his fist against the table.

“Get me a damn cigarette!” he growls angrily, addressing no one in particular. The kneeling woman jumps up, her knees wobbling as she hurries to get him a cigarette.

Liam takes a deep breath, trying to control his wolf. No one has ever spoken to him this way, except for Derrick, of course, which is why he wants to teach the damn fucker a lesson.

“What do you suggest, then?” Liam asks after a while. The woman hurries back with a cigarette and a lighter, bowing deeply as she presents them to him. Dimitri takes the cigarette from her with a grunt, placing it between his lips and lighting. The woman resumes her position.

“Suggest? I told you exactly what we are going to do. I have conquered over twenty-five packs by not being hasty. I plan meticulously and strategically, and taking down the Alpha King of the Dark Moon Pack will not be easy. Instead, you need to plan every move carefully,” Dimitri says, exhaling smoke.

“You have nothing to worry about. If you keep up you’re a little charade of being disinterested, I’ll let you know when the time comes,” Liam sighs heavily and nods.

“Fine, we will leave now,” he says, grabbing his phone and walking out of the office, still seething with anger. His uncle follows closely behind him.

Dimitri rolls his eyes and glances at the kneeling woman. "Get out," he says curtly. She doesn't waste a second before running out of the office with wobbly legs. Dimitri sits back down and waits.

The door from the back squeaks just a bit, concealed by a shelf that separates them. Dimitri had it built specifically for this purpose. A man walks out, his hands tucked into his pockets. He glances at the closed door through which Liam just exited and then turns to face Dimitri.

"What do you think?" Dimitri asks, observing the man as he walks towards the alcohol stack and grabs a bottle of Hennessy and a glass cup, adding ice to the cup.

"He's so stupid. That's why he lost Erin in the first place. I thought he would be smarter now, but he's even more foolish than I thought," the man says, pouring the alcohol into the cup.

"If you know he's this stupid, then why did you bring him here? Why did you ask me to involve him?" Dimitri asks. Maxwell turns, a smirk on his lips, and brings the cup to his mouth, taking a tiny sip of the alcohol.

"We need him. While he's battling the ghost of Derrick and trying to win Erin back, he'll inadvertently help us. He will pave the way for us. Sir told me to do so and that's the only reason I approached him. Infiltrating the Dark Moon Pack will be incredibly difficult, but with Liam, we can do it," Maxwell replies, a wicked glint shining in his eye.

Dimitri nods, realizing that the man operates without emotions. They have a bigger target in mind.

"He'll try to remain calm, but not for long. He can't sit still knowing that Derrick and Erin are about to be mated. He'll do everything in his power to hold back, but he's impatient. He'll take the first step, and that's when we'll strike," Maxwell tells the blonde-haired man.

“By the way, did you check the file I brought you?” Maxwell asks. Dimitri raises an eyebrow.

“You got it that fast? Does it contain what we need?” Dimitri inquires. Maxwell nods, recalling how Erin had almost caught him, but he managed to take what he needed just before she arrived. One minute earlier, and he would have been caught.

“I have to go now. The mating ceremony is tomorrow, and I don’t want anyone asking about me. I’ve been away from the pack for a while now,” Maxwell says, a smirk ghosting his lips as he thinks of Amelia. He’s been patient enough. Now he’ll take what he wants.

“I’ll relay everything back to him,” Dimitri replies, standing up.

Maxwell nods, placing the glass cup back on the table. “Let sir know that we’re doing everything we can right now,” he tells Dimitri, though they both know that the man will only do as he pleases.

Maxwell retraces his steps, heading back the same way he came in, leaving Dimitri alone. Dimitri picks up the phone and dials a number.

Exactly a minute later, someone answers the call.

“Maxwell has brought the file we need. What should I do with it?” Dimitri asks, wasting no time.

“Bring it to me. I’ll check it and let you know. Also, stop everything you’ve planned. Don’t take any action,” the voice on the other end instructs.

Dimitri’s eyes widen slightly “But sir, we’ve prepared a lot of for this, and...” he trails off as he is interrupted

“Don’t question me. If I say stop, then stop. I’ll call when there’s news.” The voice hangs up, leaving Dimitri frustrated. If he’s been told to halt their plans, then he will comply.

After all, he never takes action without carefully considering the consequences. Dimitri can only wonder what will happen at the mating ceremony tomorrow. Even he, cannot wait to find out.