

Chapter 87

“Will you be okay with this? Going there might not be the best.” Erin speaks up, arms folded against her chest, her bottom lip caught between her teeth, worry embedded in her eyes.

Derrick sighs, turning to look at her. “Certainly! Something is going on and they’re turning a blind eye to this. If they pretend they do not see it then I’ll let it go but for now. The pack’s deed has just been stolen from where it should be. No one should have it with them but right now, anyone could have it.” He says. His hands flailing about, frustration seeing unto his voice. It’s like they get out of one trouble and end up in another. Is there no break to this?

Erin swallows, nodding her head. She feels uneasy about the whole thing. Her wolf severely tried to dissuade her from allowing him to go yet. He has a point.

She clears her throat. “I have something to tell you.” She starts. Derrick paused, eyebrows raised.

“What is it?”

Erin palms her lips into a thin line, feeling rather awkward about it. She clears her throat. “Um...do you remember when I told you I had to tell you something but later told you to forget about it?” She says.

Derrick quirks his eyebrows up, confused, he shakes his head. “Not a clue. Can you be more clearer?”

Erin sighs, intertwining her fingers and resigning everything to fate. “I should’ve told you this sooner but I don’t...I just overlooked it.” She starts. This gets Derrick worried, he stands straight and alert, waiting for her to speak.

“Erin...” he trails off when he sees how quiet she was becoming.

She sighs again. "One night, during Vanessa's miscarriage crisis, I saw Uncle Maxwell in your study going through some files in the dark." She finally lets out. Derrick tilts his head sideways, taken aback by what Erin just revealed.

"What?"

Erin shakes her head, her mouth running dry. "I know, I should've said something sooner but I-I didn't think it might just..." she doesn't get to complete her words.

"Are you accusing Maxwell of what I think you're accusing him of?" He asks baffled. Erin pauses, taken aback by his tone of voice.

"What?"

"Erin, I don't know why you decided this is such a big secret because it isn't. Uncle Maxwell wouldn't do anything and if you're going to accuse him of anything then you have to get your facts right."

"Wait, what? Get my facts right? I just told you I saw him snooping around your documents in the dark and even ore so, he asked me to keep it a secret because Alex apparently asked him to get it from..." he cuts her off again.

"There you have it. Alex asked him to get it." He says, his voice rising a little higher than it would. Erin shuts her eyes close, swallowing the bile in her throat. This cannot be happening.

"Let's just forget about this. Someone stole documents but I'm a hundred percent certain it wasn't Maxwell. If I have anymore betrayers in my family, I have certainly rooted them out."

"Betrayers? You think Samantha and Agatha are the only betrayers?" Erin snaps, unable to keep her calm anymore. What kind of relationship does Derrick and Maxwell share that he would try to defend him like this?

“Oh, what are you saying then? That I have even more betrayers in my family? My pack? If you have something to say then go ahead and say it. Don’t go through the corners anymore.” He grits out, hands balled into tight fists.

Erin scoffs, running her hands through her hair exasperatedly. “You know what, Fine. I’m accusing Maxwell. I don’t think he has good intentions toward you. I don’t think a man that has good intentions towards you would sneak into your study and pretend like he was called there by your beta. I don’t think a man that has good intentions towards you would be seen there rummaging through your files in the dark. I mean, the light wasn’t even on.”

“You’ve said enough.” Derrick still refused to believe her.

“You know what I think? I think you’re scared.”

Derrick scoffs, unbelieving. “Scared? What else are you going to come up with? He had the opportunity to be King. He had the opportunity to be the alpha of this kingdom and pack but he chose not to.”

“He wasn’t allowed to be! What are you talking about? Are you trying to rewrite your history? Your past? I think you forget. He wanted to be the King of the pack and when he wasn’t allowed to. He was frowned on! He left the pack sulking, with tears in his eyes and didn’t come back. Tell me how I am wrong about this?” She bites back at him.

Erin shakes her head, walking slowly towards him. “You know what I think? I think you’re scared. Uncovering more betrayers in your family scares you. I know how you felt when you had to banish Samantha and even ask Agatha to leave. I understand they’re family but you have to understand, you stand in a place where hundreds would kill themselves to stand. You don’t have the liberty to be lenient towards anyone. I found Maxwell suspicious that day I saw him in there and when I asked Alex if he had sent Maxwell to get something, he was confused. He asked me what I was talking about and I had to play it off. It was clear to me right there and then he lied to me but why? Why would your uncle lie to me?”

Erin stands right in front of him, eyes on him as he spoke. "What if I prove to you that he wouldn't betray me? He didn't do this?" He asks.

"Then I would be relieved, extremely relieved. I would take back my words and apologize to you." She replied.

Derric nods, tongue darting out to lick his lips, he nods. "Alright then. Tomorrow you'd see. He has no hand in this. Someone else has done it." He replied although Erin could see it, the last string of hope hanging on desperately in his heart, hoping and praying his uncle hasn't betrayed him too.

"What do you plan to do?" She asks. Derrick sighs, "Something that would help prove this is wrong." He replied.

"Would you still be going to the council of elders?" She asks, remembering what he had instructed Alex to do.

"Not anymore. What I am about to do will alert them even in their place."