

Chapter 88

“WHAT?”

Liam nods, his eyes filled with another kind of determination Peter has never seen before. It irked him to the core, his knees weakening, his eyes filled with panic. He swallows harshly, placing his hand against the table for support. He looks at Liam.

“What did you just say?” He blurts out. Liam nods, looking at Peter dead in the eye, unwavering and filled with resolution.

“Do you understand what you are saying? Have you any idea what this means? You want your daughter back?” Peter blanched unable to understand how Liam’s head works. However it might work, it is certain the man is now far gone, just like he was before.

“She’s my daughter! My daughter should be with me! Her father, or don’t you think?” He growls out, the vein on his neck popping out, anger rising in his voice.

“Did you forget you murdered the pup? You almost killed the mother and now you want her back? Have you no shame?”

Liam pauses, he scoffs, running his hands through his hair. “What dd you say?” He grits out, anger bubbling inside.

“Do you think Derrick and Erin would simply hand over the pup to you? Do you think they will just let you have the child? Think! Think! One more mistake from you and we will be digging our own graves.” Peter tried to reason with him but it falls on deaf ears.

“I am the Alpha of blue moon pack. I hold other packs beneath me. I am not scared of anyone. If I want my daughter, I will have her by all means.” He grits out angrily, his chest heaving up and down like he’s just ran ten miles, a forlorn look in his eyes yet his orbs embedded with nothing but deep hatred and anger.

“Alpha...” Peter voices out. It’s a wonder to him as to what caused Liam’s anger. After Melissa’s death, he had been closed off. He spent his entire day in the office Peter.

“If you do this, everything you’ve worked for, Erin and the pup, you will lose it all. Forcefully taking it shouldn’t be...” he’s cut off rather harshly.

Liam chuckles, it’s void and empty. “I am doing this for Erin. I’ve had enough of trying to make her see reason. Now I’ll just take and take and take it all till there’s nothing left to take. Till there is nothing left to take. Till there is nothing left to be given. I’ll start by taking the pup. With the pup away from her, she’ll decide to do the right thing.” He says through clenched teeth, his scent turned sour and rotten. It’s disgusting.

Liam shakes his head, his tongue darting out to lick his lower lips, his eyes, calculating and cautious. “I won’t make any mistakes. No more mistakes. Every mistake has died with Melissa and from her on, there is no more mistakes. Now, there will only be facts.”

Peter sighs resignedly. Liam has thought of this well enough and whatever happened to make him this furious added to it.

“What do you plan on doing?” For the first time that evening. Liam looks at him with calmness, a calmness still worries Peter.

“First, I have to see my pup.” He replied, his gaze holding a certain distinction to it, one that even Peter couldn’t understand.

“How?” He asks but the alpha merely shakes his head, withholding his words.

The sun high up in the sky and yet the air is cold. Erin wraps the shawl around the body, her feet tapping against the marble tiled floor anxiously, her eyes flickering towards the still shut door, her bottom lip caught between her teeth.

“He still hasn’t come out?” The voice had her flinching, after all the events that have happened in the past few months, it is now a part of her to flinch once she is approached. She turns to see Amelia behind her, smiling sheepishly.

Erin sighed, wrapping the shawl around her body even more. “Yes. He’s been there for twelve hours now.”

Amelia nods, taking a step closer to her, she placed her hand over hers, a warm smile embracing her face. “Don’t worry too much about him. He takes long sometimes.” She says in a bid to calm the other but it doesn’t work.

Erin nods, she’s been living in the roach for some years now and Derrick has never for once thought to just lock himself up in his study for this long, she knows, the pack’s deed has been stolen and he has to make a decision. What might his decision be?

“Standing out here and waiting for him will not...” The words die in her throat as the door upstairs screeches. Erin immediately looks up, her eyes meeting with his tired ones.

“Looks like it worked then. I’ll leave you be so you can talk and don’t worry, Anna is with me.” She says. Erin looks back up but Derrick had stepped into the study again, although this time, the door is left slightly ajar. Erin watches Amelia walks away, disappearing around the corner, with a deep breath, she starts climbing the stairs, each step feeling heavier than the last. The weight of their responsibilities presses down on her, and she can’t help but feel a sense of dread.

As she reaches the door, Erin hesitates for a moment. She can hear faint murmurs from inside, Derrick’s voice intermingled with the low rumble of his wolf. Whatever has happened is taking a strain on him. Erin palms her lips into a thin line. She heaved deeply and pushes the door open.

The study is dimly lit, the curtains drawn to keep the sunlight out. Derrick is standing by the window, his back to her. His broad shoulders are tense, his hand resting on the windowsill. He seems lost in thought, his usual air of authority replaced by a weariness that tugs at Erin's heart.

"Derrick," she calls softly, stepping further into the room. He doesn't turn around, but she can sense his tension. She swallows the bile in her throat, her hand tightening into a fist. She walks closer, her footsteps echoing in the silence.

He finally turns, his gaze locking onto hers. His eyes, usually a deep and comforting brown, are clouded with a storm of conflicting emotions. "Erin," he says, his voice weary.

Erin's heart breaks the minute she hears his voice call out her name. No matter how much he tried to hold it in, it was glaring that the missing document had him bothered and extremely bothered. The beta and Dylan have been out of the pack trying to sort things out.

Derrick groans, running his hand through his hair frustratedly. His jaw tightens, his expression hardening. "I've been through every possible scenario in my mind, every angle and I still can't wrap my head around this."

Erin could feel the weight of his burdens, the responsibility he carries not just for himself but for the entire pack. She takes a step closer, her heart aching for him. "You don't have to carry this alone, you know." Yes, they've spoken about it and he even seemed confident but there is just something about the whole situation finally settling in your head. That's what's happened to him.

He lets out a heavy sigh, his shoulders slumping as if the weight of the world has finally caught up with him. "I know, but I can't help but feel like I've let everyone down. The pack, you our future..." he trails off.

Erin closes the space between them, her hand reaching out to touch his arm gently. "Derrick, this isn't your fault. We're facing an enemy we don't even know.

Someone walked into your study and stole the document. That person we don't know and it is that person's fault."

He finally looks at her, his gaze searching hers as if trying to find the answers he seeks, He sighs and chuckled. "You know, I thought of something big to clear this atrocity out. Something unbelievable but do you know how hard it is to do something unbelievable? It's fucking difficult. I can't help but think how much of a failure everyone is going to think of me once the truth is revealed. What pack alpha allows such a document to be stolen right from under his nose?" He scoffs, pausing for a second.

"No one! That's it. I can't believe..." He trails off again, scoffing lightly.

"This is not your fault, Derrick. We will find it and whoever did this would be punished hard." Erin tries to reassure but it does nothing.

Derrick heaves heavily, his hand covering Erin's own, by this time tomorrow everything will be solved.