

## Chapter 90

Maxwell's footsteps echoed through the dimly lit corridors of the pack's main building as he made his way to Dimitri's office. The air was tense, and his thoughts were a whirlwind of frustration and anger. His fist tightened harshly, Derrick's voice echoing in his head over and over again. He grits hard, the veins in head popping.

As he approached Dimitri's office, he could hear raised voices from within. He paused, eyebrows quirked up only slightly. Maxwell's hand clenched into a fist as he pushed the door open, storming in without bothering to knock. His scent left a very bitter and unpleasant stench.

Dimitri looks up at him, the other three members of his pack also halted, eyes wide with curiosity and shock. Maxwell's eyes rounded them up. His eyes back on Dimitri.

"Leave." Dimitri calmly orders the pack members. They are quick to grab their things and run out of the office in a blink of an eye.

"You know it's against the rules. You can't barge in here like that." Dimitri says with a weird calmness in his voice. It only irked Maxwell further.

"Spare me the bullshit."

Dimitri, who had been leaning against his desk, turned to Maxwell with an arched eyebrow. "Fine. Maxwell, to what do I owe this delightful intrusion?"

Maxwell scoffs, his glare was sharp as he closed the door behind him. "Don't act nonchalant, Dimitri. Did you hear what Derrick announced at the assembly?" He grits out, remembering the stupid spectacle Derrick had done, he's farther than Maxwell thought of, and now...

Dimitri shrugs, his lips palmed into a thin line. "I did. What about it?" He asks nonchalantly.

Maxwell sees red, his frustration boils over as he stalks towards the chair, slamming his fist against the table in a fit of rage, his face bright red. "Are you fucking with me this instant?" He growls.

"Fucking with you? You know damn well you aren't supposed to be here but you are? Aren't you? What were you expecting huh?" Dimitri growls back at him, the both of them heaving heavily in a fit of rage.

"Are you really so bothered about me coming in through the front door?" Maxwell asks after some seconds.

Dimitri steps back running his hand through his hair for a second, he scoffs and looks at Maxwell. "Calm yourself, Maxwell, your temper won't change a thing right now."

Maxwell's chest heaved with his labored breathing, his fingers curling into fists at his sides. "How can you be so calm about this? This-This is an impending doom in all of our plans. How dare he do this to us? How can he publicly announce his shamlessness?" he balks out angrily.

"We have to carefully plan our next move," Dimitri replied but Maxwell is having none of that. He's waited day and night for the past years for this day. The day he would finally have the pack in his hands and his nephew out of the way. He's waited patiently but not anymore. Now he will take action and see through it.

"Maxwell..." Dimitri trails off seeing the man blinded by rage and revenge.

"I can't wait anymore. I've waited for years and stayed low for as long as I can. When will I sit on the throne? Until when I'm crippled and old? No! I won't wait for that long anymore." He grits out, his fist tightening the more with every word that left his lips, and his knuckles turned white.

Maxwell turns to look at Dimitri, his eyebrows quirked up. "Don't pretend like you don't want this too. Sir had made us stop for such a long time now and what had it done to help us? What is the usefulness? I got the deed of the pack but it's useless? What else can I do, do I have to wait till we finally tire Derrick out before we take a move? No! I will not give up on this." His nostrils flare up, eyes widening with sickening ambition.

"We want the same thing, Dimitri. We both want to have the dark moon pack and waiting will not do us any good. Now we have to take matters into our own hands and work with what we have." He declares.

Dimitri sighs but doesn't disapprove of it. "And sir? What will happen when he finds out what you're planning?" He asks. Maxwell smirks, his body finally settling down.

"How would he find out if none of us tell him? Exactly. He'll find out when we are done with this." He grins at Dimitri who only grins back.

"Do I have your support?" He asks and the other nods. Maxwell smirks, it's finally time to have all of this over and done with.

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Amelia walks down the hallway and stops right in front of the door. She looks left and right then pushes the door open before stepping in. Inside Maxwell's room, the air felt heavier than usual. Amelia's heart beating erratically in her chest. After what she saw earlier today, she had made up her mind to see this through, and well, seeing it through meant coming into his room. Her eyes scanned the surroundings, the room was meticulously organized, each item in its place. The bed was spread and neatly arranged. It looked more normal than she would've wanted. Amelia swallows, she had no idea how long he will be out for and she'd die before allowing him to catch her this way.

She wiped her clammy palms against her jeans and hurried towards the drawers beside the bed. If he has been sleeping here then there is no way in hell, he

wouldn't put something here. She pulls a drawer open and rummages through it, she doesn't find anything though. Amelia sighed. Maybe, just maybe Maxwell is clean. Maybe she's going out of her mind by imagining he could have something to do with the deed of the pack that's gone.

She sighed, rushing to the other end of the bed where three more drawers were. Amelia looks at the wall clock placed at the head of the bed and gulps. She's been in here for five minutes already and hasn't seen anything.

She pulls open the second drawer and rummage though it. Nothing is suspicious here too. She shuts the drawer close and moves to the last one, her hand place against the lid when she hears it. Her heartbeat speeds erratically, sweat beads formed on her forehead, and her throat ran dry. The footsteps were getting closer and closer to the door. The footsteps halt right in front of the door, Amelia's heart pounding harshly.

At the last minute, the footsteps fade away like it was never there. Amelia heaves heavily. That was a close one but thankfully no one barged into the room. She's sure it isn't Maxwell considering she didn't smell him.

Amelia sighs, pulling the drawer open, and rummage through it. She doesn't find anything just like the others and attempts to pull the drawer back in when she sees it. A small box was placed in the very back inside the locker. Something Amelia had missed initially but now...she reaches for it immediately and tried to open it but it doesn't budge. It's locked and that's weird.

Amelia's mind raced on, her palms getting clammy with sweat. She rummaged through the drawer again. The key had to be somewhere. It couldn't be far from...

Bingo!

She finds a small silver key hidden in the same compartment. A smile makes its way to her lips as she slid the key into the lock.

The lock clicked open.

As the box lid opens, Amelia's eyes widened at what she found inside. A necklace. A gold blood-stained necklace. Amelia's breathing hitched, her eyes widening with recognition. Amelia's fingers trembled as she reached into the box and picked up the necklace, her heart pounding in her chest. The gold chain felt cool against her skin, and the pendant, a delicate crescent moon with a deep red gemstone, gleamed in the dim light of the room. A tear falls to her cheek as her fingers caressed the necklace. The same necklace the late alpha of the dark moon pack had. The same one he wore the day he was murdered in cold blood.