

## Chapter 92

Derrick's mind raced as Amelia's words echoed in his ears. The shock hit him like a physical blow, leaving him momentarily breathless. Maxwell, his own uncle, responsible for his father's death? It was a revelation that tore at every fabric of his reality. Anguish and fury swirled within hi, threatening to consume him whole.

He clenched his fists, his nails digging into his palms as the weight of the truth settled upon him. The man he had looked up to, the one who was supposed to protect and guide him, had betrayed them all in the most heinous way possible. The pain of a loss and betrayal was almost unbearable.

"What?"

Amelia stands up, wiping her tears again, she stretches her arm forward and shows him the necklace. Derrick's eyes trail the necklace on her fingers, his eyes widening in recognition. "T-The necklace, where did you get it?" He asks, his voice low and thick with emotion. Erin swallows harshly, watching the pitiful scene unfolding in front of her, her eyes clouded with unshed tears. She watched as Derrick's finger hovered against the necklace.

He swallows hard, his Adam's apple throttling up at the action, he looks at Amelia again. "Where did you find it?" He asks the woman who breaks down in tears again, clasping her hand over her mouth to silence the noises she was letting out.

"Answer me AMELIA!" Derrick yells at her and the two women flinch in surprise shock.

"M-Maxwell's room. I went in there searching for something, anything and I saw this." She says just as Derrick takes the necklace in her hand. His breath stutters, his eyes stuck on the necklace. It's really the late alpha's and not just that, the blood stain was still evident on the necklace.

“You saw Maxwell kill our parents? Kill my father?” He asks, desperate for an answer from her. Amelia sobs even harder at the questions. She clasps her hand over her mouth, sobbing loudly. Amelia nods, confirming it.

Derrick’s knees weaken only slightly, he staggers back a bit, Amelia’s words ringing in his head over and over like a chant. His Uncle Maxwell whom he trusts with his life killed his father for the throne. Just to be the alpha king of the dark moon pack? He killed his own brother for this? He thinks back to all that’s happened ever since his father died. The way Maxwell pushed for the enthronement and brought up his age, how eager and almost desperate he had been back then, and how Amelia would always yell and cry whenever she saw him. How she’d run tearfully but it didn’t occur to him that this might be it.

“Derrick,” Erin’s voice cut through the tumultuous storm of his emotions. The man looks at her, his eyes filled with anguish, pain and anger. Erin swallows harshly, taking a step towards her mate. Derrick looks back at Amelia again.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” The woman sighs, wiping her tears again, She shook her head helplessly.

“I couldn’t. He threatened me and I didn’t have the courage to tell you. I felt at ease when he left the pack that I didn’t think there was any need to say it again. I didn’t want to fill you with the immense hurt and pain like this. I just...I just wanted to protect you.” She replied basking in tears again. Derrick nods, swallowing tightly, he pulls Amelia closer to him and hugs her. The two siblings stood there sharing the pain.

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“What? Alex balks in shock, rising to his feet, eyes wide with shock.

“Alpha, do you realize what you’re saying?” Dylan voices out, equally as shocked about we just heard.

Derrick stared at them hard, his eyes filled with anger neither of them had ever seen their alpha wear.

“Maxwell is no longer a family member of mine! From henceforth he is a threat to the throne and will be taken as such. Anywhere he is seen, I want him seized immediately without a word. I want this carried out with utmost discretion.” He warns the two men who nod, although still reeling in shock from what Derrick had just revealed to them.

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Meanwhile, in Dimitri’s pack, Maxwell sits, a glass of martini in his hands, he lifts it to his lips, taking a sip of the alcohol. He drops the glass back to the table and grins at Dimitri.

“Doesn’t it feel fucking amazing?! To finally have what you’ve been searching for at the grasp of your fingers. In two days, the dark moon pack will finally be yours.” He grins back at the man whose smile only widens at Dimitri’s words.

“With me as the alpha king of the dark moon pack, you will be free to do your trade with the kingdom and carry out everything you’ve been denied through Derrick. With this new alliance of ours, our packs will be greater than ever.” He says, lifting his glass to Dimitri who clicks his.

“You know, after today, all you need to do is update me regularly and make sure the way to the kingdom is all open for free access for us. It will take nothing to have Derrick and his people bleeding to their deaths just like his father and mother did.” Dimitri says cockily, sipping his alcohol again.

“I’ll have to maintain a low profile until D-day. I can’t have anyone suspicious of me at least until then. I’ll constantly send a message and when I give you the signal you can troop in. Derrick can enjoy the whole of tomorrow because, after that, he will be done for.” The both of them chuckled at their nefarious plans.

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Maxwell made his way back to the pack, his heart buzzing with excitement at the new development he's made with Dimitri, with this, everything is now set for him. He's waited years and years for this particular moment and now it's within his grasp. His smile was wide and large as he stepped into the pack's territory. It's been hours since he left in a fit of anger after the meeting Derrick had with the pack. He couldn't believe his ears when Derrick had said what he did. He never for once thought he would be so stupid to even come out and say a thing like that, therefore rendering what he had stolen useless. It's good though, this made him finally make up his mind. He was going to go easy on him because of the fact that they were family but not anymore.

"Halt!" A voice barks at him, his voice carrying authority sending him freezing up for a slight second. He raises his eyebrows seeing the guards troop out of the shadow.

"What do you think you're doing? Don't you know who I am?" He grits out, his face turning red at the blatant disrespect. He turns slowly to see who has the audacity to stop him.

"You?" He blanches as soon as he faces the person.

Alex nods, gesturing at the guards to surround the said man.

"What is the meaning of this? Do you realize who I am? I am Maxwell!" He barks out angrily as the guards surround him.

Alex steps forward, his eyes cold and distant, his gaze unyielding. "You are declared a threat to the throne by Alpha Derrick and will no longer be allowed to proceed further." He stated calmly.

Maxwell's heart pounded in his chest, a mixture of disbelief and panic coursing through his veins. How could this be happening?

“Derrick did this?”

“Alpha Derrick has accused you of very heinous and grave crime! You are to be held accountable and taken in immediately.” Dylan steps forward, he looks at the guards.

“Seize him immediately!” He instructs, his voice cold and harsh. Maxwell could hardly believe this happened to him as he was immediately grabbed like a cheap criminal and dragged away.