

Chapter 93

Maxwell is dragged down the dungeon, his hands tied tightly with ropes he couldn't cut through. He is dragged into the prison walls where his kind of people were. Derrick had been kind enough to give him a prison cell of his own.

Maxwell is pushed into the cell and is immediately locked inside of it. Alex stood still, some few steps away, watching as Dylan slipped the key of the lock in his pockets.

Maxwell, now a prisoner, gripped the iron bars of the cell with anger in his red eyes and disbelief coursing through his body. He locks eyes with Alex and growls, his wolf threatening to let loose. It's the first time Alex would see him so upset. The man has always been an embodiment of calmness, only that this changes everything.

"Is this how you're treating me? Maxwell, a member of the Alpha's family! Have you forgotten who I am? I am Maxwell, the uncle of your current Alpha King and the brother of the late Alpha. How could you treat me like this?" Maxwell yelled with indignation, gripping the iron bars of the cell so hard that the veins popped on his forehead. Alex tried to speak but was interrupted.

"The same brother you murdered in cold blood? Derrick's voice echoed through the dungeon, the whimpers of the other prisoners could be heard on seeing the alpha king himself walking into the dungeon. Alex and Dylan step aside, bowing their head at him. "Alpha." They both chant at the same time.

Derrick nodded and finally turned his attention to his uncle Maxwell. "Tell me, Uncle, are you the one who killed your own brother, the former Alpha, in his own pack?" Derrick pressed on.

Maxwell's face turned pale immediately, his eyes widened as Derrick's words sank in. He swallowed hard, feeling a sudden rush of anxiety.

“What? What are you talking about?” Derrick scoffed. He gave Maxwell some credit for trying to deny it, but it was futile now. There was no need for such a performance when the truth had come to light.

“How cheap are you? Maxwell? Killing your only brother for the throne! How despicable can you be?

“Those are false! False allegations being laid against me. Why would I ever kill my only brother who took care of me like he birthed me. This is blasphemous and I can tell you someone is trying to poison your mind against me.”

Derrick scoffed, his eyes boring into the cold eyes of Maxwell. “False accusations, you say? Maxwell, I have evidence against you for every thing you’ve done. You killed him and then even threatened Amelia. How can you stoop that low for the throne? You won’t go unpunished.” Derrick grits out, images of Amelia sobbing in his arms as she told him everything rushing back to him.

Maxwell’s face contorted with a mix of anger and fear. He could no longer maintain his façade of innocence. His grip on the iron bars tightened, his scent growing rusty and bitter. “I don’t know what you’re talking about! I would never harm Amelia, and I certainly didn’t kill my brother!”

Derrick takes a step closer to the hatred gaze, his voice low and menacing. “You threatened Amelia’s life and had her hiding behind, scared and frightened for her life and the rest of us in fear of what you’ll do to the rest of us.! Your own words condemn you!”

“Amelia is my niece! I would never! Someone is trying to get between us and you’re allowing it. Please Derrick.” Maxwell cried out, a tear falling to his cheeks. If Derrick didn’t know better he would’ve given the man a second chance and have him taken out of the cell.

Derrick scoffs again, he takes a step backwards and looks at Maxwell very well, he shakes his head in pity. “I see you will stick to your lie even in penury.” Derrick stood straight, his jaw locked, eyes filled with anger he couldn’t hide.

“You know, when you came back to the pack from wherever shitty place you were, everyone was wary. Everyone knew how hard you took it after you weren’t named alpha of the pack. We all saw it hit you like a wreck that you had to leave. I honestly hoped you wouldn’t hold so much anger inside of you but no! What has been revealed today is something I could never forgive. Your betrayal towards the throne and the family can never be forgiven.” Derrick spat out angrily, his eyes red, his hands clamped in a tight fist, vibrating with anger coursing through his veins. He swallows hard, looking at Maxwell and how as now shaking his head like he had truly been lied on.

“Have no fear, your punishment will be here soon.” He stated. Derrick looks at Dylan and nods, turning to leave the dungeon with Alex hot on his heels, Maxwell screams of being innocent echoed through the walls of the dungeon as Derrick walked away.

“Alpha...what are you going to do about him?” Alex asked as they walked towards the study.

Derrick walks into the study and Alex shuts the door close, watching with keen eyes as the alpha walks towards the window, a heavy sigh leaving his lips.

“We found out more things.” Derrick says calmly. This earned Alex’s undivided attention.

“Found more things? Like? What does that mean?” He asks, taking a step towards Derrick before holding himself back, he begins to try running everything in his head again.

“Derrick...” He calls out to the other again when he hears nothing else. Derrick turns to look at him, opening his mouth to speak but is cut off by the knock at the door.

“Come in.” He calls out.

Soon they are joined by Amelia, Erin Dylan and Vanessa.

“So you’re telling me, Maxwell has been in contact with Dimitri?” Alex asks, dumbfounded, his eyes going through the various things placed on the table that they found from the said man’s room. He had to give it to Maxwell though. He hid these in unimaginable places.

Erin glances at Derrick and slowly places her hand on his in a comforting manner. The alpha raises his eyes to look at her just as she smiled sadly at him.

“These-these are all the things that are out of my imagination. You’re telling me we might be facing the most dangerous situation soon and we don’t even know when the day might come?” Vanessa replies.

Amelia looks at her, shaking her head as she reached for the calendar on the table. “That’s not right. Look here.” She points to a circled number on the calendar. “This might be the day. From what we have all gathered, Maxwell stole the deed for the pack and gave it to Dimitri. We have no idea how long they’ve been in contact but if we go by all of these we have here, it shows they are allies.”

“We can’t sit still knowing Maxwell has already sold us out and we might be attacked any moment from now.” Dylan says, looking around the table.

“Attack?” Erin echoes.

“Yes, Dylan is right. I gave the speech yesterday therefore making whatever peaceful thing Maxwell wanted to do useless. He left the pack right after that and came back now. It’s certain he’s not going to hold back anymore.” This places all of them on the edge.

“We have to be prepared for the attack. Right now it is certain we will be attacked.” Derric says. He stands up, the others eyed him. They watched as he walked to the window again.

“What do we do?” Dylan asks just as Alex opens his mouth to speak.

“We fight! That’s the only thing left for us to do right now. Dimitri and his troops will be rounding in on us in a few days. We can’t depend on anyone but ourselves and to do that we need to be as strong as the multitude coming for us, if not stronger than them. We need to prepare for the fight coming to us.” He grits out, turning to look at all of them.

“Alex and Dylan, we need all hands on deck, which means every guard, the best, better and poor all have to fight. Gather everyone, male and female who have been practicing daily and even those whose skills are rusty.” He instructs Alex and Dylan who nods.

“We need to open the armory now. Every single person has to be prepared. Dimitri has taken over ten strong packs, he’s recruited even more wolves into his pack and I’m sure their attack will be severe. We cannot lack on this.” He tells the men who had gotten to their feet.

“Are You sure about this? Doing this will only have the entire pack in disarray and fear. Are you sure you want this?” Amelia asks Erin. She stood beside her on the small podium as they both watched the women gather around in the main hall. Immediately after the meeting they had with Derrick, Erin had sent for every woman, mated or unmated and above age sixteen to the main pack hall.

Erin glance at the woman, seeing the few at embedded in her orbs. She smiles at her, hoping to ease her nerves. It doesn’t work of course.

The murmurs increased in the hall, the news of the attack had spread like wolf fire already with half the pack already panicking. The same thing Amelia was scared about but then again, until when?

Erin clears her throat, hoping to quiet the crowd but it does nothing. She glanced at Amelia whose eyes are already on her, worried and not at all supportive of

Erin's plan. It doesn't matter though! Erin is the Luna and will do what she thinks is right.

"Are we really under attack, Luna? Is that why you've gathered all of us here?" A young girl speaks up from the crowd. Erin heaved deeply, opening her mouth to address the girl who had just spoken bluntly was quickly cut off by another.

"That's false news. Has anyone seen spears and daggers flying around? Obviously we aren't under attack. Who would dare attack the dark moon kingdom. We aren't just any kind of pack, we are the best." Another speaks up, confident and proud.

Amelia's breathing staggers as she watched the proud smile on the speakers face. How can Erin break it to them that they will be truly under attack soon. She shared a gaze with Vanessa whose arms was wrapped around her built, worried just like the rest of them.

Erin swallows hard as the murmurs tide in the crowd. The women arguing with themselves over the possibility of there being an attack in the pack.

"Everyone!" Erin voices out, her voice strong and firm, making the entire hall go quiet that if a pin were to drop, one would hear it. Hundreds of eyes on her.

"You're right. The pack will be under attack soon enough by our enemies." She starts, but perhaps she started wrongly. Murmurs and disbelief coursing through the crowds.

"It's true! Our beloved pack might be attacked soon enough and that is why I have gathered everyone of you here. We have to..." She was cut off harshly.

"The pack will be under attack and here we are discussing. Shouldn't we all be trying to leave the pack or is until we all dead and rotten?" A voice screams out, silencing every thought in Erin's head.

Erin stands firmer, her posture commanding and yet defensive. "You're going to abandon you pack because it will be attacked? Is that really who you are? Are you that scared and afraid that you can't stand to defend your pack. Where will you run too? Who will accept you? Your pack is the only one that will accept you wholeheartedly because it's yours. It's our home. Why should we run from this?" She voices out.

"That's true but we won't die! Running away should be the best solution we can come up with right now." The person from the crowd yells back at her. From the corner of Erin's eyes, she sees a guard moving to grab the ill speaker but she stops him, raising her hand to stop him.

"Then run but I promise you, you won't end up anywhere good. Do you know what happens to those who run and leave their pack? Even rouge's won't take you in. They're raped and spat upon. Thousands are out there without a pack and they'd give anything to be amongst a pack, a true pack. You think running away is all that but it isn't. You're ridiculed, spat on, washed and used like an old rotted used rag. You have a pack and instead of waiting and fighting for your pack, you choose to run away. I didn't realize we are breeding cowards here. Do you think the thousands staying and fighting for this pack are useless and stupid? No! We all believe in this pack. This is our Home! Our entire life. How can it be easy for you to leave without fighting for your home."

"Then what do we do? We've never been attacked. We have always done the attacking." Another voice yells from the crowd.

"We fight."

"Fighting is for the med." "We all stay in the pack. Men and women, so why can't we fight for the pack too? This is our home just as much as it is theirs. Why can't we fight for our pack just like they do?"

"I've never held a spear. I can't hold a dagger and I can barely fight in my wolf. What are we supposed to do, Luna?"

Erin smiles, this is the starting point. “We won’t hold spears and daggers and won’t fight in our wolf form but we will fight like we should. We will protect the pack from our enemy as we should.” She looks at Amelia and nods for her to step forward of which the other does.

“We will need...” She began to list them out, watching the grins on their faces grow wider. They will have this figured out soon enough.